

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF LONDON

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FRANZ SCHUBERT, MAN AND COMPOSER

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: HIS LIFE AND TIME



AN UN-NAMED GATEWAY IN THE TOWER GROUNDS.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF LONDON

BY
C. WHITAKER-WILSON

WITH TWENTY PLATES



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PREFACE

IN attempting an account of London extending over a period of two thousand years—that is to say, from 67 B.C. (twelve years before the coming of the Romans) to A.D. 1933, I have relied for my text almost entirely upon contemporary writings, some published, some still in manuscript. Exceptions to this procedure apply only to the last two chapters dealing respectively with Edwardian and Post-War London. In the former case there has been no need for references of any kind inasmuch as I have treated the period as one of transition between Victorian days and our own. In the latter I have devoted my attention chiefly, though not entirely, to places and buildings still in existence which remind us of the past. Some of these have done duty as my illustrations.

In the story I have paid as much regard to the people as to the place (more if anything) because I have thought the place rather dull without the people. Finding my people in early times to be Kings, Queens, Princes, and others of rank, I have followed the activities of such personages throughout my narrative, but I have not forgotten statesmen, poets, painters, dramatists, and men of letters generally. I have tried to remember the famous and yet not to ignore the infamous; to view the city but also to

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review the citizens; to regard the Roman bath in Strand Lane equally with Shell-Mex House—in fact, to reverence England's Old Sweetheart from the point of view of a true lover.

Owing to the vastness of the subject, my sins of omission must be many. I can only hope those of commission are correspondingly few.

C. WHITAKER-WILSON

GRANGEWAYS, PINNER
24th June 1933

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The Author wishes to acknowledge permission to reproduce the photograph of the Roman Bath kindly given him by the Rev. W. Pennington-Bickford, M.A., Rector of St. Clement Danes. The photograph of the Garden Court, Staple Inn, was specially taken by Mr. J. Dixon-Scott. For the remaining eighteen pictures the Author is indebted to his friend Mr. Frederick Muller.

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TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF LONDON

PLACE AND PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

ROMAN

(67 B.C. to A.D. 407)

TWO thousand years ago London was really British. In the year 67 B.C. few if any foreigners lived in it. Whatever faults it may be said to have possessed, it was decidedly British.

A pleasant little town. There was not much more than three hundred acres of it. Directly north of the Thames all that was London stretched between two slopes that might almost have been called hills. The river Fleet coursed down one, and the Walbrook down the other side of these hills, both eventually joining the Thames. They still do so after two thousand years, but it has to be underground.

The Fleet and the Walbrook have long since emulated the Styx of ancient times. Perhaps they, too, eventually find their way to the abode of the terrible god Pluto? If they do, it is noteworthy that they discharge a timely office on the way, for both serve to keep the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral in a moist and therefore satisfactory condition. It will be a sorry day for Wren's masterpiece that witnesses the diversion of the drying-up of either of them.

At the time this story begins both rivers were full of trout. It may have been a trifle marshy on the banks, but there is reason to believe that the general statements

about pre-Roman London (so far as its bogs are concerned) have been somewhat exaggerated. It is more likely that the subsoil was chiefly sand and gravel resting on the firm blue London Clay. There is geological evidence of this.

The little town occupied a splendid position. Nobody could have been credited with enough foresight to point to it and prophesy that one day it would be the metropolis of the western world, but it must have appealed to Britons as having considerable natural advantages.

Actually it took very little sailing-time to reach the fine estuary that faced the Continent—that faced the whole wide world. It seemed to those simple souls that all the world lay somewhere outside the great estuary of the Thames.

The land lying directly about the estuary was probably higher than now. How much higher is a matter for conjecture, but geological evidence points to considerable subsidence during the centuries.

The tides may not have come up very far. Chelsea Reach, for example, was probably not affected by tidal changes. The river at that point was quieter altogether.

Fish abounded in it. For that matter, fishing was profitably indulged in up to the time of the Stuarts. Fishing craft, as well as humble little huts on the river-side, must have presented a picturesque appearance with woods and patches of furze dotted here and there in irregular profusion.

The Walbrook, or Waelbroc, rose in Shoreditch and emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate, slightly west of where Cannon Street station now stands. Its course was not much more than a couple of miles, but it brought a fair amount of water, particularly as tributaries from Moorgate flowed into it somewhere south of Finsbury Circus.

Another rivulet crossed the site of Coleman Street. Still another flowed between Cornhill and Gracechurch Street, bisecting the actual line of King William Street. Such names as these were not then known; they are given here as a guide to the mental eye.

The Tyburn must have flowed even in those days. It

rose in Hampstead. After coursing over Belsize Lane, slightly west of where King Henry's Road now is, it crossed Avenue Road to Acacia Road. It then flowed along Upper Baker Street and continued somewhat irregularly until it crossed Oxford Street. It then proceeded down South Molton Street, over Piccadilly, across Green Park and so to the Thames. To Londoners of that age it must have been a mere country stream—but there it was and its waters were sweet and good to drink.

The Westbourne also rose in Hampstead. It crossed Edgware Road, spreading into a shallow bay-water. Hence *Bayswater*. When Hyde Park was made, the Westbourne was dammed up to form the Serpentine. It still leaves the Park underground, crossing under Kensington Road at Knightsbridge and falling into the Thames at Ranelagh Sewer.

The Fleet and the Holebourne (meaning the stream flowing in a hollow) were perhaps better known. The Fleet flowed between the sites of St. Pancras and King's Cross stations, along Farringdon Road. It joined the Thames at Blackfriars.

The actual names of these rivers appear for the first time at various periods in London's history. It is quite impossible to say when they were so named, or by whom. On the other hand, their antiquity can hardly be doubted; for this reason they are mentioned here as being part of the natural scenery of London two thousand years ago. They still exist, but only as subterranean streams.

Why London was so called is one of the difficult points about it to decide. To suggest that the Romans called it Londinium, and that subsequently we altered it to London, is not enough. Neither is it in accordance with fact. It is certain that London had a name long before the Romans ever set foot on British soil, but what, exactly, it was called is not easy to determine.

In any event it may be taken for granted that London is neither a variation nor even an abbreviation of *Londinium*. The word is probably old Celtic, once spelled *Londinion*. Londinium would be the natural pronunciation for the

Romans to adopt. They would call it that almost unconsciously.

In an effort to establish a Celtic origin for the name of our capital city it has been suggested that the word was once *Llyn-din*; *llyn* to mean a lake and *din* a fort. Apart from the fact that London had no lake (though it may have possessed a fort), *llyn* is a modern Welsh word. It is hardly reasonable to conclude that modern Welsh was the general language in London two thousand years ago. Why should it have been?

Another derivation suggests that *lon* is short for *longa*, which in Old Celtic meant a ship. *Don* was taken to be *dunon*, meaning a fort. If that was so the Romans should have made *Longodunum* out of it, or something very similar. The lake-fort idea would have resulted in *Lindodunum*.

There is an Old Celtic adjective having the meaning of fierce or, better, commanding. That word is *Londos*. In my opinion, London owes its name to that word. Whatever may be the actual truth I am convinced that *Londinium* is not nearly such good Latin as it looks, and I urge that it may be concluded that the Romans merely latinized the name as they found it when they arrived here with Julius Caesar in 55 B.C. They were not the inventors of the name.

How long Britons had lived in their little town before the coming of the Romans must ever be a matter for discussion, probably only conjecture. It does not concern me here. It is therefore enough to mention that Pytheas, the Greek explorer, who (according to his own account) traversed the whole island about 300 B.C., said he liked the people he met in Britain, particularly the Cornish.

Some of the later Greek geographers doubted the word of Pytheas, and suggested he did not traverse anything like the whole of Britain on foot. Neither did they credit his accounts of what he had seen. Pytheas, however, declared (amongst other things) that he found the Britons civil and ready to trade. This would seem to suggest that our

forefathers in those remote times were not as uncouth as some historians have led us to believe.

I am inclined to agree with those who think that London was a prosperous centre long before the Romans came here, despite the assertions of others who consider that no British town existed prior to the advent of Claudius in A.D. 43. Although I have never been persuaded that all Tacitus says is gospel truth, it is difficult entirely to disregard his definite statements (A.D. 61) in which he declares Londinium to have been an important centre of commerce. This could hardly be true in a town of recent building.

At all events it is quite certain that in 55 B.C. Julius Caesar found enough to interest him. He admired the granaries in Kent and the state of the corn. Also he complimented Britain on the solidity of its buildings, which he considered equal or even superior to those he had seen in Gaul. No doubt he handled our gold coins, some of which he found to weigh up to 120 grains. That they represented considerable purchasing power must have been obvious to him.

Moreover, Caesar considered Londoners well dressed. A little addicted to using woad-stain, perhaps, but not otherwise amiss. This is saying a good deal, because Caesar himself knew something about fashion. He was pleasurably surprised to find our people wearing quite good linen, warm wool for the winter, and leather garments decently cut with buttons as fasteners.

British tankards, bowls, and cups, beautifully ornamented and in bronze, were in common use and would seem to point to at least an elementary culture.

The farmers of the district were evidently flourishing. Caesar observed cattle and livestock generally on his way to London. He had already admired our ships, even though he was annoyed by the fact that they were too lofty to be comfortably boarded from the decks of Roman galleys; but ships having sides a foot thick, and of good British oak, were not to be despised. Caesar further noted the use of iron bolts and nails. Some of these vessels must have been two hundred tons at least; as many as a

hundred and twenty men could be taken aboard in case of hostilities.

Caesar's first landing in Britain occurred on August 26, 55 B.C. It has been said that he had heard of the excellence of British oysters, but whether this is true or not is more than most historians have cared to say. If it is true, it is likely he heard of them while staying in Gaul.

His first coming was obviously a visit to obtain some idea of the nature of the country as well as to estimate the strength of such opposition as he was likely to encounter. He may not have been surprised that he found Cassivellaunus more than a match for him. At all events, he hastily retired. His second attempt, the following spring, met with better success. It was on a larger scale altogether. This time Caesar brought five legions and two thousand cavalry for the project, his flotilla of eight hundred ships doubtless presenting an imposing appearance. Most of these ships were shallow-draft barges constructed for the purpose during the previous winter.

Caesar says very little about his experiences until he reached the Thames, where he observed the Britons massed on the opposite bank. This was barricaded with long wooden pikes. By questioning prisoners—how he managed to understand them has always remained something of a mystery—he discovered that similar pikes were secreted just beneath the water. Despite this, he crossed and proceeded towards London by a commercial track eventually to become famous as the arterial Watling Street.

It is indeed unfortunate for us that Caesar did not leave a closer description of his activities or of what he saw. As he came over Shooter's Hill towards Greenwich he must have had a very fair view of the estuary which, at high tide, probably appeared to be a wide stretch.

He did observe that there was, as far as he could tell, only one place where he might safely ford the Thames, but that 'only with difficulty.' He must have guessed that there would be several places higher up the river, but if the country was really as marshy as some have thought it

to have been he may have decided not to risk taking an army further west. Also the question of opposition in the woods by those who naturally had knowledge of them may have been a deterrent.

Exactly where he forded the river has been the subject of discussion. Halliford, Sunbury—even Kingston, Petersham, and Brentford, have been suggested. Sunbury was a guess on the part of Napoleon and may be dismissed as unlikely. It is more probable that he crossed quite near Westminster, because it is on record that a ford existed there in mediaeval times. Furthermore, relics of various kinds have been found there. Skulls of the British and Roman type, as well as implements of warfare and part of a Roman military boot, suggest a skirmish of some kind.

It is more than probable that Caesar's engineers built the first permanent bridge over the Thames. Caesar himself has left no record of having done so, admittedly; on the other hand, he rather fancied himself and considered it dissonant with Roman dignity to proceed over a river by any other means.

At all events, that was his attitude when he crossed the Rhine. He has described the building of the Rhine bridge, which he completed in ten days, quite fully. Fully for him, that is. Caesar was not a man of many words if they had to be written words. After his army and accoutrements had safely passed over he ordered the bridge to be destroyed. If he could bridge the Rhine, which at that particular point must be more than double the width of the Thames at Westminster or Chelsea, surely he would not have thought twice about bridging the British river with only half the amount of water to deal with?

At this point we can leave him—the more so as he left us, never to return. Before departing he imposed a tribute, but whether it was ever paid seems doubtful. Strabo says it was, but others disagree with that view. Hostages were held against default, a fact which might or might not have been a deciding factor in the situation.

Life was not held in too high an esteem in those days. If we are to believe Strabo, customs on imports and exports were demanded and paid at most Gallic ports.

After Caesar left it was a case of Britain for the British. No Roman set foot in this island for ninety years. Caesar could not, in his wildest dreams, have considered the campaign a success, but it is a wonder he did not make a third attempt to bring Britain within the sway of the mighty Roman Empire, for he was then at the apex of his career.

He seems to have spent his time busily. The year 46 B.C. has come down to us as the longest on record on account of Caesar's having inserted sixty-seven extra days into it so that the calendar should synchronize with the sun. The year was known as the Year of Confusion. Even so, as Caesar and his friend Sosigenes argued, it was a deal better than continuing as they were, which meant postponing the vernal equinox from March 25 to about the middle of May. Whether the year 46 B.C. had 432 days in it so far as London was concerned is not easy to say, but it is quite likely that some sort of adjustment was made.

There was a humorous side to it. July was named after Julius Caesar; August was so called after the Emperor Augustus. Caesar lengthened July to thirty-one days, which resulted in Augustus subsequently lengthening August to thirty-one days. He said he objected to Caesar's month being longer than his. Consequently February had its twenty-ninth day abstracted, so that August might be the same length as July. This accounts for the fact that July and August are the only *successive* months in the year having thirty-one days—and that to satisfy the vanity of a Roman Emperor.

The next visitor from Rome to London was the Emperor Claudius, who had good reasons for completing what Caesar had left undone. Claudius was a genial soul, quite unlike most of his predecessors. He hated warfare and preferred to preside over administrative councils.

Unfortunately for him, his predecessor had left him a

bad legacy. Caligula was hardly sane. He had already lowered Roman prestige in London by a strange military action. He had landed a large army on the coast of Gaul, only to withdraw it again seemingly without reason. It is almost certain that if tribute had been paid by the people of London in the past it was then withheld. Britons decided to risk such consequences as there might be from default.

Roman Emperors in those days were expected to be war-lords and to live in uniform, at least during certain seasons of the year. Claudius hated uniform and had no interest in visiting camps for purposes of inspection. The rough legionaries--the Tommy Atkinses of the period--had in consequence no great use for Claudius. Even Caligula--mad though he was--used to show himself a soldier by turning up occasionally in military attire. From all accounts he presented a grotesque appearance, but the legionaries forgave him that. They probably extracted a certain amount of amusement out of him.

The legionaries themselves would have been content with an occasional inspection of the frontier camps. Most of them were too comfortable to require to be moved. On the other hand, high military officials had expansive ideas for the Roman Empire. Claudius was accordingly pressed into doing something definite.

If Claudius had any *private* reason for sending an army to Britain it was to suppress the Druids. For some reason he hated Druidism, which had, by that time, spread to Rome. A State reason was undoubtedly that some of the British Princes had been amassing considerable wealth. Prasutagus, King of the Iceni and husband of the notorious Boadicea, was one.

When it was known at the camps that Claudius was really in earnest, and that sixty thousand men were to be sent to Britain (which was reputed to have an appalling climate) there was very nearly a mutiny. Claudius made no attempt personally to smooth matters out. That delicate task he turned over to the veteran Plautius, a general deeply respected by all ranks. Plautius did what

was required and appointed young Vespasian—later to be himself a Caesar in Rome—as his second in command. They sailed and eventually reached London.

Not without opposition, of course. Plautius and Vespasian each took one side of the Thames and sat down to wait. The campaign deteriorated into a miserable guerilla warfare. Nothing particularly exciting happened until the revolt of Boadicea in A.D. 62 when London and Verulam (St. Albans) were burnt out.

From London's point of view one of the spectacles of the project was the entry of the Emperor into the town. Claudius set the fashion in male attire immediately he appeared; Londoners had never seen such a purple cloak. Neither had they beheld such uniforms. They could not all expect to dress in the purple of an Emperor of Rome, but they admired the colour and subsequently learned how to strike variations of it for their own private use. The pageant was staged to perfection and made a deep impression.

Where the final battle to effect entry into London was actually fought is difficult to say with certainty. It is, however, quite certain that the Romans camped between the Fleet and the Walbrook—in other words, upon the site of St. Paul's Churchyard. Wren came upon what may have been relics of the Roman army some centuries later.

After Queen Boadicea's unfortunate affair and subsequent suicide, London enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity. Roman rule had its disadvantages, but there is evidence that Londoners made strides in trading.

It is difficult to give a clear account of anything that happened between Boadicea's death in A.D. 62 until the close of the third century because no classic writer mentions London or its people. By piecing together such geological evidence as is available it seems safe to say that London town was at that time very little larger than Hyde Park and not unlike it in shape. Fifty thousand souls must have been the full population.

The walls were erected after the sack of London by

Boadicea. The north wall probably ran along the course of Cornhill and Leadenhall Street. Another ran from the site of the Tower to Aldgate, bending round by Bishopsgate, when it ran east to St. Giles's churchyard. Here it turned south to Falcon Square; to the west by Aldersgate round the site of Greyfriars towards Giltspur Street; then south to Ludgate and down to the river. Pieces of the wall are still to be seen in various parts of the city. London Stone, near Cannon Street Station, is generally supposed to have been the central point from which distances were measured. Wren, however, thought it to have been part of some statue or ornament in the Forum.

In times of peace London went about its daily business with a good will. Large supplies of food and milk arrived daily at one or other of the gates, and were probably put under examination before being allowed to proceed. Although under military rule, it is true to say that London was by no means a military centre. I should be inclined to describe it as wholly administrative—the Civil Capital of the Roman Province of Britain. This meant more than south-east Britain—at least, it did by the time Hadrian built his famous wall from the Solway to the Tyne. As a matter of fact, the country was divided much as the B.B.C. has recently divided it for the benefit of listeners—into regionals, London remaining the chief centre of administration.

At the beginning of the fourth century the Emperor Diocletian, realizing that the cost of living in London was extraordinarily high, contrived to spare a little time from his favourite occupation of harassing the Christians and devoted himself to standardizing prices of commodities, settling wages, and other such matters. The list of his findings was exhibited, but that seems to be all. It was found to be unpractical—not to be wondered at, seeing whence it came—and was eventually ignored; but during the reign of Constantine the town of London as a commercial centre was particularly active.

The Roman occupation of London lasted sufficiently long to seem to each rising generation to have existed

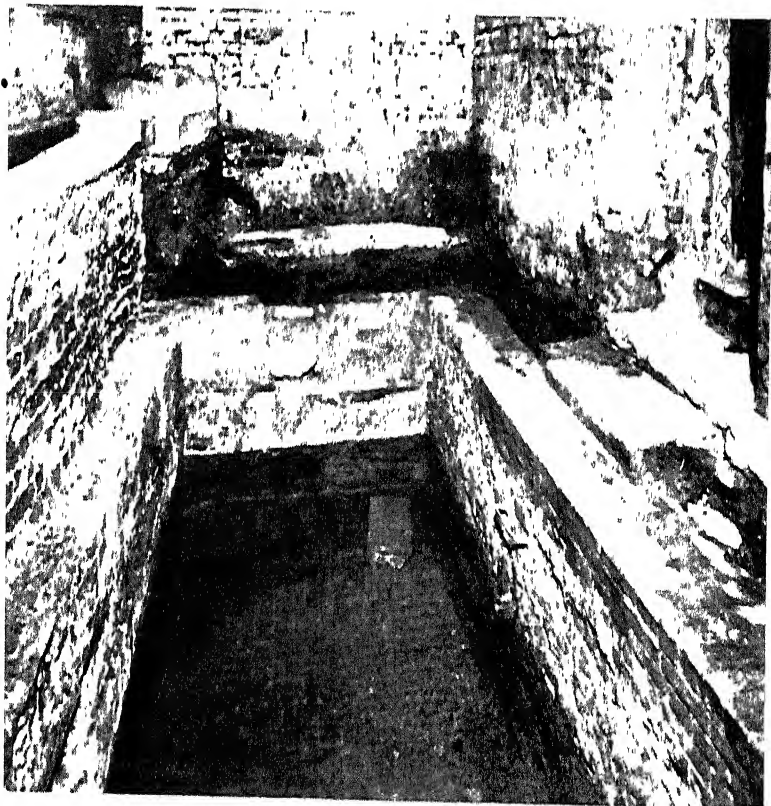
always. Londoners must have learned, almost in their infancy, to respect the Prefect who was at the head of affairs and directly responsible to the Emperor in all matters affecting the place and its people. Their fathers, at all events, entertained a healthy respect for the Quæstores, who collected taxes with untiring energy and regularity. Some of the money thus collected was handed over to the Aediles, who maintained the public buildings and looked after the roads. There is no doubt that a road-fund existed in Roman times.

The Praefectus Vigilum was the Chief Constable. The Praefectus Annonae was the Director of Food Supplies. The latter probably had his offices not far from Ludgate, the gate leading out to the western side of the town. It may have been nothing more than a postern, but the Ludgate was a strange-looking erection. The image of the Celtic god Lud, no beauty, was permitted to decorate it. Whether the Romans admired him or not is, of course, not on record. Perhaps the fact that they allowed him to remain there instead of replacing him with a Mercury or an Apollo proves that they did.

The Romans were a clean people. The Britons were probably not. Baths were built in several parts of the town, the largest of which was the one near Ludgate. It is quite likely that, at first, Britons regarded these baths as a luxury rather than as a necessity, but there is no doubt that the Romans taught them a good deal in elementary hygiene. A Roman bath still exists in Strand Lane.

The streets of London at this period were extraordinarily narrow. It is difficult to reconcile a sixteen-foot way with the type of building that evidently was erected. Sixteen feet seems narrow indeed when one thinks of the height of some of the better buildings. It has been proved that the height was not inconsiderable.

To cross the bridge into London from the Surrey side a few years after the Roman occupation must have been interesting. There was much to see. A temple, here and there, to Diana or Apollo; a forum; a good theatre; possibly an acropolis. These must have stood out against



A RELIC OF EARLY HYGIENE;
THE ROMAN BATH IN STRAND LANE

some of the immature constructions remaining from earlier times.

Villas near the river, with their reddish-brown tiles, warmed the scene in the light of a setting sun. Some of these houses were worth a visit, those of the richer merchants being resplendent with really beautiful mosaic floors. On entering a man's dining-room one would find that the floor offered a fairly good representation of the god Bacchus riding a tiger. Such things were common.

If we are to believe the tradition of St. Peter's, Cornhill, it was possible to attend divine service at a Christian church in the year 179—to wit, at that same St. Peter's, Cornhill. It would be safer, however, not to believe the tradition. It is doubtful whether Christianity was represented in London much before the end of the third century.

So far as St. Paul's is concerned, tradition has it that the earliest building on the site was a Roman temple dedicated to the worship of Diana. It is more than likely that a temple did stand there, particularly as it was a suitable height between the rivers Fleet and Walbrook, but there is no direct evidence in favour of the theory. Historians have referred to a certain bishop, Restitutus by name, who converted this temple into a Christian church but, again, there is nothing definite to relate regarding him.

The custom of early to bed and early to rise was one which the people of London followed closely in those days, particularly in the winter when use had to be made of every scrap of available daylight. Perhaps street-lighting was allowed; if so, by oil lamps. Bronze lamps have been found during excavations at most periods. Some are of considerable size and capable of producing a fair light. Tallow candles were used by the poor.

We are left in ignorance of the furniture of the period. Nothing in the way of chairs or tables have survived. Bronze bells and ornaments have been found in plenty. Also a quantity of pottery. Red glazed-ware, probably sent over from Gaul; knives, spoons, and two-pronged forks; silver plate; boots and shoes without heels; jewellery.

Amusements were naturally simple and elementary in appeal, but there does not seem to have been much dancing. The Romans either considered it undignified or else barbaric; probably both. Whether plays were popular at the amphitheatre excepting in the summer would seem doubtful. It could hardly have been possible to heat the building. The theatre, by the way, stood between the town walls and the Fleet inlet.

House-heating was effected by hypocaust, an invention ascribed to Sergius Orata about a hundred years before Christ. It was used in Italy for heating baths. Probably in London also. Romano-British houses of the better type were not considered complete without a workable hypocaust. This was an external furnace capable of driving hot gases through flues in the walls. Sometimes they passed to a central flue from which branches led to subsidiary flues built into walls. The flues were composed of tiles, and the system can be accurately described as that of central heating. The resultant smoke was reduced to a minimum, but as the furnace chimney could not have been high there may have been smoke nuisance. Even so, we may conclude that there were no London fogs in those days, though mists may have been common near the river at certain times of the year.

In the summer Roman London was delightful. A walk along the banks of the Thames meant disturbing beaver and bittern. If Londoners required a little more excitement, a picnic in St. John's Wood or on Hampstead Heath, walking out at Ludgate and past the cemeteries, might have resulted in an encounter with wild boar, even wolves.

In the sweet air of the early morning one could walk along to Chelsea Reach and watch salmon being caught. For a few pence one could purchase trout and ensure an appetizing breakfast. To walk home along the open Strand from which the view to the southward was as attractive as it was extensive, the hills of Surrey standing out in clear perspective; to wander along the pretty lane of Fleet Street which led down a gentle slope past the River of Wells; to enter the town itself through Ludgate, past

the Temple, the Forum, the Theatre should have been an aesthetic pleasure. London certainly possessed all the charm of a prosperous country town.

Upon the reoccupation following the sack by Boadicea, which was only effected gradually, a general scheme of reconstruction on more 'modern' lines was thought out. Naturally enough, Londoners wanted to build new London of stone to replace the beautiful and imposing buildings they had learned to love.

Britons and Romans were enemies no longer. They had shared common adversity. There may have been private indignation amongst the British residents when they thought of all that had caused Boadicea to revolt, but so far as their homes were concerned—and home interests have ever been deep interests—they were no worse off than the Romans.

When it came to putting their ideas into actual practice it was found that there was a serious shortage of stone. The nearest quarries were at Merstham in Surrey; the next nearest were those at Maidstone for Kentish rag. Nobody had the heart, much less the money, to venture to send to either place for material wherewith to build their new homes and public places. There was too much danger in leaving the district. Rumours were abroad that life and limb were not safe anywhere.

There was only one remedy—to improvise brickyards locally. Brick earth was to be had in plenty; thus new London was chiefly brick-built. Stone saved from former wreckages was used for important buildings which were thus faced, but London was otherwise a brick-built town.

Londoners were disheartened. Even the Roman survivors seem to have given up all thought of beautifying the town as only they knew how. The common sorrow and misery may have brought Britons closer to those whose fathers had conquered *their* fathers, but no doubt they thought, with embittered feelings, of the Londinium of earlier days. It could hardly have occurred to them that Britannia ruled no waves, though it may have been recognized that Rome was still the hub of the universe.

These were days when early English first became mellowed with classic Latin, when rich colours from foreign lands first delighted a simple people.

Roman rule was not without fault in many ways. Even so, at the best it was better than anything we had known. Hatred of foreign military domination had its counterpart in love. Many Romano-British marriages may have been happy enough. If the children featurally resembled their Roman fathers they may have been dark, with blue but more often brown eyes. If they resembled their British mothers they invariably had fair hair, and eyes as blue as the sky reflected in the clear waters of the Thames.

Then came the days when Rome herself was in peril. In 407 the legionaries were recalled from Britain. When Roman administration had gone there was nothing to take its place. Many wives had to part from their husbands; others, more fortunate, were allowed to go to Italy to begin life over again.

Once the native element was free, Roman laws and customs—to a certain extent the language—began to disappear, but Londoners could never *forget* the Romans. Too much remained, even now, of which full use was still made: roads, bridges, lighthouses, drainage works, fortresses.

Christianity had come. A few enthusiasts thought it had come to stay, but in 303 a desolating persecution under Diocletian unnerved every one. St. Alban was the first martyr, at Verulam, a place ever to be called St. Albans in memory of him. In 314, however, Britain boasted its own bishops at councils on the Continent. The Council of Arles was attended by the Bishops of London, York, and Lincoln. The Church in Britain assented to the findings of the Council of Nicea in 325, and British Bishops were present at the Council of Rimini in 359.

Never in its history was England so unsafe, so open to foreign attack. Never was London, as an administrative centre, so helpless. For generations no Englishman had been permitted to raise a finger in the government of the

land or its capital. It naturally followed that there was now nobody capable of doing anything definite. What happened was only what could have happened under such conditions; Britain, like an uncared-for rose, began to slip back to type. The old tribal instincts had never really died, because such things are of the blood and take ages to suppress.

As it turned out, there was not time in which to degenerate in this fashion for the next few years, as London was to live through exciting times. Even so, it is a wonder the Romans did not make a more lasting impression on the inhabitants of Britain, if only on account of their having ruled for so long a period.

Britons may not have been impressionable in those days. At all events, the history of our race points to a systematic rejection of Latin influences, unless introduced by Englishmen. Sir Christopher Wren brought about a renaissance in architecture based directly on Romanesque lines. It was accepted because he did it, but Romanesque architecture has never been popular outside London. So far as the larger provincial towns are concerned the natural tendency has been to revert to Gothic, especially in ecclesiastical architecture.

Wren brought London of 1700 nearer in appearance to Londinium of 400 than it had been for a thousand years. He built after what he called 'the good Roman fashion.' Had he lived in Londinium, even ten years after the Romans had left it, he would have found much with which he agreed professionally. On the other hand, he would have found it anything but Roman in thought. Half a generation after the Romans went back to Italy the native instincts of all true Britons had reasserted themselves. Times were rapidly changing.

CHAPTER II

SAXON

(407 to 1016)

OBSCURITY envelops London and the doings of Londoners practically from the hour the Romans left it until the coming of Augustine. We must be content to regard the town as Romano-British with less and less accent on the *Romano* and more and more on the *British* as the years rolled on ; but when the Saxons came it was still a Romano-British army that fought them.

The Latin language was certainly no longer a barrier. The Britishers probably regarded the Romans who remained much as we regard the Welsh in these days. While we have not the slightest objection to their Celtic inflection, we instantly complain if they conduct their conversation in the actual Welsh language. It must have been the same with the British and Romans in those days. The Romans might speak English with a foreign accent, they might even occasionally postpone their verbs to the end of their sentences, but so long as they did not expect the natives of Britain to *talk Latin*, all was well.

In the absence of 'news' all we can do is to suppose that Londoners jogged on as best they could for the next few years. Such men as were sufficiently capable must have made a show of taking responsibility, but I think it is true to suggest that the difficulties of government were great. Had the people been assured of peace they might have found a way to prosperity, but, unfortunately, peace in those days was a rare condition.

The British King Vortigern (whom the Romans seem to have called Guorthigirnus, and who occasionally referred to himself in legal documents as Wyrtegeorn) seems to have

made a brave attempt at keeping some sort of order. Hardly had he settled himself on his throne, so to speak, when news came that the Picts and Scots were about to invade his territory. Realizing the strength or, perhaps better, the weakness of his army, Vortigern called in the help of the sea pirates Hengist and Horsa, described by Bede as 'Jutes belonging to a tribe' from which Jutland takes its name.

Calling in sea-pirates seems to us to be a doubtful measure. Probably it seemed so to Vortigern, but, from what I can make out from contemporary accounts, there was no choice in the matter. Something had to be done, and done quickly. The project, as a matter of fact, was a decided success. The Picts and Scots were made to behave themselves. Contemporary accounts say that the pirates were duly thanked for their services and given Thanet as their reward. It is also inferred that they were quartered there.

This seems to me to be rather strange. Why should they have been quartered in Thanet whilst in operation against northern enemies? It appears to be true, however, that neither Hengist nor Horsa were satisfied with Thanet. They quarrelled with Vortigern over Kent. When he refused to present it to them they annexed it with an insolence that may or may not have surprised him. His view was that it was almost as bad to have them there as the Picts and Scots. Horsa was eventually killed. Hengist, according to the Saxon Chronicle, reigned in his stead until 488. In *Historia Brittonum* it is stated that Vortigern married Hengist's daughter, but that is the only authority.

The Saxon conquest followed. The coming of the Saxons is no part of the history of London, for which reason an account of it is withheld here. It is sufficient for the purposes of this book to make some attempt to describe London under the Anglo-Saxon system, the basis of society.

It will be appreciated that the majority of folk lived on the land in those days, including many actually resident in London. The beginning of the Saxon system seemed

fair enough inasmuch as every one was treated more or less alike. Each family was given a hide of land, about forty acres. Families of one kin formed a mark or township, so called from the *tun* or enclosure surrounding any group of dwellings.

Several townships formed a hundred. Several hundreds formed a shire with an independent organization. A system of shires formed a kingdom. The Kingship was elective, but nobody unable to prove direct descent from the god Woden was chosen. How such genealogy was established is a question to which I have not been able to find an answer.

Londoners in Saxon times belonged to one of three classes. Of these the highest were the Eorls, or nobles. Directly below them were the Ceorls, a class of simple freemen. They were quite distinct from the Thralls who were nothing better than slaves. Every Ceorl, as a free-man, was a full citizen and was privileged to have a voice in the assemblies and an independent share of the land.

The Thralls had no rights whatever. Their lot was indeed a poor one. Even the Serfs, a class that grew up between Thrall and Ceorl, had a better time inasmuch as they could till the land for their own benefit, even if they could not actually own it. The Serfs ultimately became a large and not unimportant section of the community. As the population increased so it was found necessary to increase this class which had to learn to support itself.

The plan worked admirably. The Serfs kept the land of their lords in good condition, grew vegetables for their own purpose, worked for a little money on special schemes which the owners of the land might have in view, and made themselves generally useful. They were favoured by law inasmuch as they could claim the protection of their masters. The privilege meant much to them.

The most praiseworthy quality about the Saxon system lay in the fact that a man might work and get on in life. This may not have applied to the Thralls or slaves; one fears they remained more or less as they were, but it was

possible, in London especially, for an ambitious Ceorl to climb the social ladder.

A Lord in those days was a loaf-giver. The term *lord* means that, the Anglo-Saxon word being *Hlaford*. Each of these lords collected a band of followers whom he called his Thegns and whom he fed, lodged, and clothed; also he paid them for various work they did on his land.

The Thegns rather fancied themselves. In course of time they managed to form a clique of their own. They were made to take responsibility in their work, and were indeed lords of all they surveyed in their own particular branch of their over-lords' property. The consequence was that, in Alfred's reign, any Ceorl who managed to acquire five hides of land became thegn-worthy, and leased further land from one of the nobles. Success in this direction might further mean that the Thegn, in course of time, became eorl-worthy, and was at last 'somebody' in Saxon society. The Thegns were undoubtedly the *nouveau riche* of those days.

London prospered under the system. Acquisition of land in the near vicinity led to the formation of little townships that ultimately became suburbs. It should be interesting to Londoners of the present day to know how many districts in and around the metropolis existed in Saxon times.

Wimbledon seems to have thrived in very early days. It was the scene of a battle between Ceawlin, King of Wessex, and Æthelberht of Kent. Æthelberht was the aggressor and also the sufferer: he only just escaped with his life.

Wimbledon, as a word, has undergone several changes in spelling, but the original form was probably *Wibbandūn*. In Domesday it is mentioned as forming part of the manor of Mortlake. Its further history shows that Henry VIII in a generous mood settled it for life on Catherine Parr; Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles I, also possessed it for some time. It was incorporated in 1905.

Woolwich existed in Roman times. Ædward the Martyr made some sort of grant of it to the Abbey of

St. Peter's at Ghent, about the year 964, by which time it was an attractive little hamlet. A Roman cemetery stood on the site of the present arsenal.

Woolwich grew slowly. Even as late as 1500 it was still a small fishing village, but soon afterwards a dockyard was built there and it became a naval station. Pepys speaks of it frequently, especially when he himself was Secretary to the Admiralty. Ships had been built there, however, since the time of Henry VII. Woolwich did not become a Royal arsenal until 1805.

Hammersmith was once 'a place with a haven,' possessing the picturesque and dignified name of *Hermondewode*. It is to be regretted that the name was not perpetuated, but in mediaeval times it was changed to Hammersmith, the isle of Hame. It was occupied by the Danish invaders of 879 as their headquarters.

From the earliest times the manor of Patricsey, or Peter's Island, belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries it reverted to the Crown. We now call it Battersea. Much the same sort of thing took place with regard to Woden's Stede, now known to us as Wanstead. *Stede*, or *sted*, is a *place*.

The change of names has rarely been for the better. I, personally, regret Hampstead having been made out of the pretty word—*Hemstede*, meaning a *homestead*. Also I deplore the fact that Finsbury did not remain Vinesbury, as it once was. Again, the charming village of Syenes suffered when its name became Schene, pronounced *Shayn*; but it suffered still more when it was transmuted to *Sheen*. The actual village and district was rechristened 'Richmond' by Henry VII, who was himself Duke of Richmond in Yorkshire. Charles the First, by the way, was responsible for the park.

Acton may have existed in Saxon times, but I cannot find any mention of it. In 1220 the name appears as Oaktown, owing to the presence of an extensive forest in the district. Wandsworth is mentioned in Domesday; it was a hamlet built round the river Wandle, a tributary to the Thames.

Blackheath has considerable claim to antiquity, the more so because it was actually crossed by the Roman Watling Street. Wat Tyler fought there in 1381; Jack Cade knew it in 1450; Charles I played golf on it in 1646.

Even Hendon was known in Saxon times, the manor belonging to the Abbot of Westminster. Finchley is much younger. It seems to have become famous as the haunt of both Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. The latter was caught there in 1724, but the district was still dangerous to traverse alone at night in 1800.

Hackney is not spoken of earlier than the thirteenth century, but it existed in Saxon times, a fact proved by the finding of even Roman relics in the Marshes. The word was then *Hackenaye* or more often *Hacquenye*. In 1290 the Bishop of London was lord of the manor there. Like Finchley's, its reputation as a haunt of highwaymen was an evil one.

Tooting is mentioned in Domesday as *Totinges*. Streatham is, however, mediæval. There was a medicinal spring at Sydenham in the time of Elizabeth, and a spa, called Beulah Spa, existed at Norwood in Stuart days. That word was obviously *Northwood* at first. There happened to be a fine forest of oaks there.

Plumstead Manor was given by King Edgar in 960 to the monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and there is every reason to suppose that Plumstead, or *Plumstede*, existed in Saxon times. It was a great fruit-growing district, from all accounts.

Greenwich is practically Roman. The Danes used it as an encampment, and for centuries it remained a prosperous little fishing village. Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth were born at Greenwich; Edward VI died there. Charles I lived at Greenwich Palace before the outbreak of Civil War; Cromwell occupied it during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration Charles II pulled down most of the building—all except what was called the Queen's House. Wren wanted to demolish the latter, but Mary II would not hear of it. That accounts for Wren's having conformed to the design of what was already

standing in his time. Greenwich Hospital is now a Naval College.

There is a mention of Rotherhithe in Domesday. It was a once Saxon manor. Putney (in Domesday, *Puteler*) was included in the manor of Wimbledon. Harold owned all the fishing at Putney. Elizabeth frequently visited Putney Palace. In the garden of the *Green Man* at Dulwich (a noted hostelry) there was once a spring producing spa-water, but Dulwich itself may have existed in Saxon days. Peckham is actually mentioned in Domesday as *Peccheham*. The name of Camberwell does not appear in early history at all. Barking Abbey belonged to the Benedictine nuns in Saxon times. It was destroyed by the Vikings in 870.

Other districts, not actually known to the Saxons, may be mentioned here in no particular order. Tottenham, visited by Henry VIII in 1514; Kilburn, famous for its tea gardens in 1773 and as late as 1829; Kilburn Priory flourished in 1376; Walthamstow, a pretty hamlet in 1500; Leyton, where John Strype (the famous archæologist) was nominally vicar under Charles II (he was never actually inducted, it seems); Chiswick, in the wilds of the country in the thirteenth, and Ealing in the twelfth century; Pimlico, named after a rascally Italian tavern-proprietor who made some famous ale there in the days of Charles I.

It is now time to consider some of the interesting personalities who took a hand in affairs from the time London recovered from the sack by Boadicea until the end of 1016 when the Danes came.

The first, and in some respects one of the most commanding, was Æthelberht, fourth King of Kent. Bede says his supremacy in 597 stretched over every English kingdom as far as the Humber. The point to relate about him here is that through his influence Augustine was guaranteed a safe passage to Canterbury. Æthelberht was also directly responsible for the appointment of the good Mellitus as Bishop of London.

This was important for London, inasmuch as Æthelberht and Mellitus between them designed the first



THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE WOOL STAPLERS :

GARDEN COURT, STAPLE INN

St. Paul's. Unfortunately we know very little about this, the first of three cathedrals to be built on the same site, the date of its completion being no more certain than that of the laying of its foundation-stone. All that is certain is that it passed through many vicissitudes during a life of roughly four and a half centuries. It was destroyed by fire in 1087. What happened after that belongs to Norman history and will be related in the right place.

Mellitus was sent here by Pope Gregory who had, for some time, shown interest in the people of England. Gregory was a man of extraordinary insight, and Mellitus was not chosen by him without forethought. As for Æthelberht, his reign lasted fifty-six years. Before he died he completed a code of laws to regulate the administration of justice. The document is still in existence and is probably the oldest in the English language.

Whether Alfred the Great did very much for London, as a town and as a centre of administration, is not easy to say with certainty. On the other hand, he did so much for England that it seems impossible that London did not benefit. His complete integrity and superb statesmanship (if such a term can be used of such a period) were enough to make him really great. A lesser man might have been dimmed by legend and lore. There has been enough about him to make him as misty as a Greek god. His piety and deep scholarship left a mark on the intellectual section of the community in London inasmuch as he translated most of Bede's work; Alfred's knowledge of Latin was in advance of that of any other man of his day. No doubt he would have spent more time in London than he did had the Danes let him. As it was, he was either crushing them or recovering from a crushing of their infliction.

In 959 the Bishop of London was no less a person than Saint Dunstan himself. Christianity had by this time become more or less firmly established, and Dunstan was a great leader of thought. Whether his position as Bishop of London was a political one or not seems to be doubtful, but after his translation to the archbishopric

of Canterbury he was easily the most powerful man in the country.

For nearly two centuries Church and State had grown up side by side. Priests of recent appointment were English, no longer Roman. English customs connected with religion were formed and practised during this period. For instance, the season of *Yule*, an Anglo-Saxon word once connected with a somewhat elaborate festival of sun-worship, has long since been associated with the Christmas of the Church. Until well into the fourth century, January the sixth, the Feast of Epiphany, had been the chief festival in this part of the year. Until the year 354 it had served as Christmas Day, as indeed it still does in the Armenian Church. The Twelfth Night of our own mediaeval days.

The change-over to December 25, the date of the solar festival in Rome before the advent of Christianity, was not made without opposition, nor without suggestions of alternative dates such as November 17, April 19, and May 20.

Christmas in London of Saxon days was a civic as well as an ecclesiastical feast. Even kissing under the mistletoe was a popular custom. The Anglo-Saxon form of the word mistletoe was *Mistel-tan*. *Tan*, or *leinn*, meant a *twig*; *mistel* was a diminutive of the German *mist*, signifying *refuse*, the connection probably being the slime in the berries.

A branch of the plant was held above the head of the person about to be kissed, the words *Was Hael!* (*Be in Good Health!*) being spoken as a sort of half-jesting benediction. The words may be examined with interest. A more modern form of them may be recognized in the now obsolescent *wassail*. To wassail is to drink the health of some person or cause, especially in the particular type of spiced wine drunk at Christmas in Saxon times.

One of the earliest descriptions comes from the pen of Hengist, already mentioned. He describes a reception given to King Vortigern whom, as his prospective son-in-law (if we are to credit *Historia Brittonum*), he had invited to

spend Christmas with him. Hengist relates how the beautiful Rowena entered the King's apartment bearing a wassail-bowl. Dropping on to one knee, she hailed the King thus: '*Was Hael, Hlarford Cyning!* In English: *Be in health my lord the King!*'

The custom spread but, like all customs eventually adopted by children, it suffered distortion. It soon developed into one of children carrying a wassail-bowl of evergreens, singing carols the while. The custom is still retained in parts of Yorkshire, but the *wassail-bowl* has become a *vessel-cup*.

It is doubtful whether the waits sang carols in London so early as this, but the word comes directly from the Saxon *wacan*, to watch or to wake. In the fourteenth century the waits were actually watchmen who sounded the night-hours on a musical instrument. There is an entry in the black book of expenses of Edward IV in which provision is made *for a wait that shall nightly sound the watch withyn thysse courte 4 times from Shreve Thorsday to Mychelmas*. The stipend for this post was fourpence a day, with a personal allowance of half a loaf and half a gallon of ale. It was not until the sixteenth century that the waits became minstrels instead of watchmen and minstrels combined. There is evidence that in early times, although seriously engaged in sounding the night-hours, the waits were attached to the court in lighter duties. The association of the London Waits (in their pretty blue gowns and red-and-silver sleeves) with Christmas came about naturally enough. Christmas in Elizabethan times was marked by every possible sound of revelling and music-making. In the eighteenth century the waits became much as they are now.

To give the history of Easter as a festival, though interesting in every way, does not lie within the confines of this work. On the other hand, it must be observed that, owing to varying methods of calculation, it was a common occurrence in Saxon England to have two Easters, one for the south and the other for the north and north-west, including Wales. Thus, in 651, Bede says that Queen Eanfleda was

fasting and keeping what she believed to be Palm Sunday in London, while her husband Oswy, King of Northumbria, was feasting and celebrating Easter merely because he happened to be in a different part of the country.

The observance of Whitsun—the *Hwita Sunnandaeg* of Saxon times—was a new venture (so far as the Church in England was concerned) at this period. White chrisoms, worn by those about to be baptized—it must be remembered that Whitsun was the fashionable season for entry into the Church—gave rise to the name *White Sunday*.

Despite the influence of the Church at large, Saxon England was anything but one politically. Neither can it be said that London's examples were followed to any extent in the country generally. When London exerted its influence it had to be through religion alone.

So that when infanticide and the putting-away of a wife at will was made illegal, it was entirely through the influence of the Bishops, who denounced in no uncertain terms both gluttony and drunkenness. Furthermore, they established fasts and forbade Sunday labour. As they had already established strict laws as to behaviour in the London streets of a Sunday, it may be said that, on the whole, London was orderly.

Perhaps one of the best moves of all was the full protection of the slave. A slave used to live in fear that his children would be kidnapped and sold. The Bishops now sought to protect him, not only from this but from being himself sold out of the land in which he was a slave. Furthermore, penance was demanded from his master for his murder. Sometimes he was even allowed the right of purchasing his freedom, but I have found no serious attempt by the bishops to *abolish* slavery, despite definite evidence proving their attitude towards it.

It is interesting to note here that the Great Plague of 1665 and the Great Fire of London in 1666 were but repetitions of history. In 961 there was a serious outbreak of plague in London, followed by a devastating fire. This fire did much damage to St. Paul's, but this seems to

have been repaired at once by citizens who exhibited a marked public spirit.

In 982 another and worse fire occurred. This completely obliterated any Roman features that may have remained in Saxon London. There cannot have been too much time to set about restoring London after this fire, because the history of the town from then until 1016 is little else than a record of raids. Even so, there were good times in the reign of Ædward the Martyr, a master hand at converting the prosperity of his reign into personal pomp and circumstance.

It is not certain how Ædward regarded Dunstan's fight with the clergy, who insisted on disregarding the vows of celibacy, but a great deal of publicity was given to the matter at the time. Dunstan was very determined, and London saw a good deal of both him and the King.

Ædward owed his coronation to Dunstan. Unfortunately, he was the victim of the perfidy of his step-mother, who was directly responsible for his being stabbed. She wished to ensure the succession of her son, afterwards known as Æthelred the Redeless or (more commonly but also more inaccurately) the Unready. The word really means *counsel-lacking*.

The Danish invasions proved to be expensive for Londoners. Æthelred was incessantly badgered by the Danes for the payment of Danegeld, and London was expected to contribute a large share of what seems to have been a very heavy tax. Æthelred eventually agreed to a wholesale massacre of the Danes on November 13, 1002, the festival of St. Brice. Among the dead was Gunhild, sister of Sweyn, king of Denmark. Her death led to an invasion, first by Sweyn himself, and secondly by his son Canute (Cnut).

The citizens of London were forced to acknowledge Canute. There was no alternative. Their great hero, Ædmund Ironside, failed to drive him out, even though he won the first seven battles with no little distinction. The loss of life, it was said, was heavier than in the case of Æthelred's shameful massacre.

Sweyn's triumph was short-lived. He was actually acknowledged 'full king of England,' but died at Gainsborough a week later. Æthelred was then invited by the nobles to return from Normandy whither he had fled to be safe. He was informed he might return and take possession of his kingdom, but was given to understand quite plainly that he must govern more sincerely and deal more justly than he had done in the past. Otherwise no conditions were imposed.

A miserable period for London followed. Æthelred returned, but the Danish army in England refused to acknowledge him and proclaimed Canute. North of Watling Street the Danes held everything, and Canute was determined to go on. He had no mind to lose a kingdom for the want of struggling for it. Æthelred's timely death more or less put an end to that part of the warfare.

It was then that Ædmund Ironside stepped in. The Saxons adored him. He was their hero. They desired to elect him their King, the more so as he had twice relieved London from siege. Ironside was willing enough, and proposed to settle the dispute between himself and Canute by a personal duel, but the latter declined, pointing out that he was not of sufficient build and strength in comparison with the sturdy Saxon. He suggested a wiser and better course to be an equal division of the kingdom.

This proposal was hailed with delight by both armies, everybody being heartily sick of fighting. It was thereupon agreed that Ædmund should have London and the South, Canute to reign over the North. Ædmund, however, died suddenly two months later. Whether he was murdered or not is a mystery, there being even a doubt as to whether he died in London or Oxford. At all events, Canute was proclaimed King of England.

Up to now the Danish Prince had behaved as might be expected of a conqueror in those days. Londoners, who had suffered from several sieges at his hands, were consequently disheartened at the prospect of his coming. The misery of the past few years had told upon the residents.

Was London never to be free from raids? There had hardly been time to put the place in order after the fire. Also the mortality from plague, still lingering here and there, was none too comforting. Danish Princes had a bad name in London, and this particular one seemed very powerful. All sorts of rumours were spread in the town. Taxation would be unbearable; trade depression would continue.

Had they known it, they need have had no fear. This young man from Denmark—he was only twenty-two—was to be the kindest, wisest, and most thoughtful ruler London had known since the days of good King Alfred.

That there was some reason for doubting him at the outset is plain enough. Nobody could swear he knew what happened to Ædmund Ironside. He had simply disappeared. On the other hand, there was no possible doubt as to what had happened to his brother Ædwy. He had been brutally murdered. Every one knew that. Ædmund's sons had been packed off to Hungary as exiles, together with all nobles Canute had cause to suspect of treachery. It is not to be wondered at if Londoners talked in whispers in their cottages. Walls had ears in those days, and it did not pay to be accused of holding a seditious meeting in one's house.

So London was sceptical. Then the news flashed across the town that Canute was about to marry Emma of Normandy. That relieved the tension somewhat; Emma was a favourite with Londoners. So that when Canute arrived, and politely requested to be crowned in the English fashion, London offered no resistance.

The climax came when prominent citizens were asked to be present and, more still, when they were offered good government positions by the new King who, it must be admitted, had captured every one by his appearance. On the other hand, it was noted that Ealdormen of royal blood had been removed and nominees of Canute put in their places. Still, what matter? Altogether, they thought, things might be worse. Perhaps they could really look forward to peace and prosperity; perhaps it was at long

last true that better times were in store for London and its people?

When Canute appeared riding horseback in the streets of London he found his progress slow, for the citizens thronged the streets to cheer him on his way. Could anything good come out of Denmark? The question was asked often enough those first few days. As a matter of fact, a great deal of good was to come out of Denmark but, later, much that was not so good. At all events, King Canute created a sensation at his coming which, had London only known it, was as nothing in comparison with the profound gloom at his departing.

CHAPTER III

DANISH

(1017 to 1042)

NATIONAL Councils, even if regarded as parliaments pure and simple, would seem comparatively modern in origin. History, however, points to the contrary, for the Witenagemot (pronounced *witten-ah-gemoat* and often shortened to *witan*) met regularly in Saxon times. *Witan*, from *witena*, signifies *wise men*; *gemot* is a *meeting*. The Assembly of the Wise.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives evidence that in the early days of the Witan, that is to say in the seventh century, these councils were attended by all and sundry. Judging from the evidence given they were lively meetings. Every one who had an opinion to express managed to get his say in somehow, even if he were immediately howled down by the rest of the members.

This type of meeting undoubtedly was the survival of the *folk moot* (or *folkmote*) the origin of which is lost in antiquity. All freemen attended a folk moot, but it is difficult to believe that much business was transacted. By the time Canute came to the throne the folk moot had become the shire moot, a sort of county meeting.

The Witenagemot was by no means an assembly of the freeman in general. Quite on the contrary, it was not easy to gain election to its membership. A mental qualification (*relatively* more searching than any similar qualification for parliament in these days), had to be vouched for. To be a member of the Witan one had to be a thinker in Saxon times; one had to be something of a scholar; one had to be a fluent speaker.

The only meetings of this character at which all and

sundry might attend were those of exceptional interest, such as the election of a King. Now that England at last owned one monarch the Witan superseded the folkmoot, which was now regarded as unnecessary to the government of the country.

The witan, therefore, must be regarded as the parliament of the age, but it must here be pointed out that it went out of use after the Norman Conquest. William the First did not approve of 'assemblies of the wise.' He considered his own wisdom sufficient for the needs of all men.

While the Witan was in existence it served a good purpose. If the King happened to be strong-minded and forceful in character the Witan hardly functioned at all. If, on the other hand, he was found to be weak and vacillating the Witan bristled up in splendid style and took a definite hand in the management of affairs.

A distinguished Witan existed in the time of Alfred, who held the members in high esteem. Perhaps his Witan was the most exemplary of all time. At all events, he framed his laws entirely with its consent, and after deliberating on even the finest details.

The composition of the Witan varied a little, but it can be taken to have generally consisted of the King and his sons, the bishops and ealdormen, sometimes the abbots, under-kings when they existed, and a number of *ministri*, or ministers. These last-named were generally the King's thegns.

There was no fixed place of meeting for a Witan. The assembly met wherever the King happened to be, but it met at least three times a year—more if anything important happened to occur.

A brilliant Witan was called at Luton in November 931. Present were the King (*Æthelstan*), two Welsh Princes, seventeen Bishops, fifteen Ealdormen, five Abbots, and fifty-nine *Ministri*. At another, in 934, there were the two Archbishops and seventeen Bishops, four Welsh Kings, four Abbots, five Ealdormen, and fifteen *Ministri*.

Great excitement prevailed in London when the news

spread that Canute had summoned a large Witan to meet him. It might have been a folkmoot judging by the crowds in the streets of the town. Canute, however, gave strict orders that respectful behaviour was to be maintained, and citizens were permitted to watch the procession of fair-haired officials through the streets. If the day was sunny the sight must indeed have been attractive.

As soon as the meeting opened it was obvious that the astute Canute had nothing to hide. He spoke plainly, but courteously. He told them he wished them to regard him less as conqueror than as a friend. Naturally (he considered) one of the first matters on the agenda must be the settling of the succession of the Crown. Once that was over, he thought they could pass on to other and more interesting matters. He continued by an amazing speech in which he discussed the question of the royal succession as though it could not possibly be regarded in any other light than one entirely favourable to himself. In fact he swept the councillors off their feet.

One of them had the pluck to stand up and mention the arrangement that had been made between Ædmund Ironside and his Majesty over the division of the kingdom. Canute smiled. That was the very question he was coming to. He thanked the member for reminding him of it. Had anything been done in the matter? Canute knew he was on dangerous ground here. If only a single member had the pluck to say 'yes,' a hot discussion would have followed, and something would have been said about the sons and brothers of Ædmund Ironside. Canute knew how London had adored Ædmund and (one supposes) had not forgotten he had refused to meet this Saxon hero in a personal duel.

Even so, Canute waited for his reply, challenging every member to look him in the face. Then one of the members tremblingly suggested that the King should be named the guardian of Ædmund's children. In other words, if King Canute would take the matter into his hands entirely the Witan would signify their gratitude. Had Canute heard them—perhaps only an hour before—

telling each other that this new King would have to be made to understand that Ironside's children, &c. &c. . . . but there! Canute's personality had won them completely.

The King now intimated that the Witan would like him to take the oath. Oaths had been taken before, some of them thought. And to what purpose? But could any one possibly doubt the integrity of this handsome young man, who rose with such dignity of grace to swear to rule justly and wisely and, above all, peaceably? Not even the oldest of them could call to mind a similar instance. They listened to him as he solemnly swore the oath, and then waited in silence.

Canute rose and walked round the assembly, smiling at each member with whom he shook hands. 'Clasping their hands with his naked hand' is the contemporary account. I take it I may use the more modern phrase.

Canute was certainly a just man. He was kind as far as his Viking blood allowed him, but he was true to his breeding when he saw nothing against having Ironside's two infant sons, Ædmund and Ædward, put to death. He would have argued that they might be innocent now but, later on, they might become a menace. It was, however, an act of decency on his part (according to his way of thinking) to have this done abroad rather than in England. He therefore made preparations to send them to Denmark. Fortunately for them, the Swedish King, moved by their innocence and attractive appearance—they were lovely children—sent them to the court of Hungary, where he knew they would at least be well looked after, and also be safe from Canute. Ædmund died early and violently, but Ædward married a daughter of the German King.

One of the most interesting psychological studies in the history of England as it affects London is the gradual change of heart in Canute. His worst defect was his hot temper, the cause of more than homicide laid to his account. Neither was he above maiming hostages, a delicate art

he had learnt from his Viking forefathers. So far as London was concerned, Canute came, saw, and conquered.

Once safe on the throne there was nothing of the conqueror about him. Londoners were loud in their praises. He told them over and over again to forget that he was a conqueror and try to remember that he was endeavouring to do his duty as a ruler and adviser. Gradually the people took courage. It was felt that Canute's presence in their midst added an air of distinction to the town of London. Citizens felt they were being neither degraded nor oppressed, the more so because it was a common sight to see the King stopping his horse to chat to some of his subjects, or to give a coin to a beggar.

The King was, London noticed, gradually displacing Danes and appointing Englishmen wherever he could. When he announced he intended to send the Danish Army home, citizens were simply amazed. He kept a picked guard of Danes and English combined. The few Danes that remained had been chosen by him for their bravery and for no other reason. Any soldier could apply for admission into the King's guard, but the standard was high.

London was delighted. When Canute appointed Godwin to be Earl of the West Saxons, there were wild demonstrations of joy. Goodwin was popular in London. When Canute was asked why he had made the appointment, he replied that it was for no reason other than that he considered Godwin a man of outstanding character. Godwin enters London's history at a later date.

When Malcolm of Scotland suggested Canute to be a usurper, and that the throne of England belonged to the legitimate heir of King Æthelred, Canute showed his teeth. No doubt he realized that Malcolm was only voicing the opinions of his wife; he knew, of course, that Queen Margaret was the daughter of Ædward. All the same, he collected a strong army and settled the matter there and then. There was no further expression of opinion on the part of the Scottish King.

Once back in London, Canute went on with his work

of peace. It was said that the humblest subject, living in a cottage on the banks of the Thames, might call and ask to see the King, and be sure of a welcome.

Canute was musical. Nothing appealed to him more than to have singers round him. Many were the sing-songs of Danish and Saxon folk-songs held at his court. He even wrote lyrics for the composers of the day. His latest poem was always sure of a success. It was learnt and recited at court before obtaining general vogue in London.

Wrote the King :

'Merily sung the Monks within Ely
When Canute the King rowed thereby.
Row, my Knights, row near the land
And hear we these Monks' song.'

Some one set it to a tune of sorts, and the streets of London resounded with it.

Canute liked the monks and spent much time with them. Their influence on him was wonderfully strong. So much so that he began to think over his past deeds, some of which had been hard enough. As he could not undo them, he set out on a pilgrimage to Rome with a wallet on his back and a staff in his hand. London missed him sorely, but it is on record that London's loss was other towns' gain. Canute went into every church on the road between the Low Countries and Rome, never forgetting to leave some remembrance of his visit. 'God bless the King of the English !' was the saying of the hour.

That he was sincere can never be questioned. In a remarkable letter sent to London from Rome he says :

'I have vowed to God to lead a right life in all things, to rule justly and piously my realms and subjects, and to administer just judgment to all. If, in time that is passed, and in violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. . . . I want no money raised by injustice.'

No wonder they thought the sun shone out of him ! No wonder they thought he could stay the ebb and flow of

the sea ! His death on November 12, 1035, cast a deep gloom over the capital of England. Citizens went into real mourning, and many were the tears that were shed as his body passed through the streets of Shaftesbury. He was buried at Winchester.

London had grown considerably during Canute's reign. Building operations of all kinds had been going on ceaselessly. A tour of Danish London would have taken the visitor some time, even had he devoted his time solely to an examination of the churches. London has always been a city of towers ; Danish London was no exception.

Thoroughly English in appearance must have been St. Dunstan's, named after the great Bishop. There is evidence to prove that it was standing in 1012. St. Ædmund's was another to remind citizens of past history. St. Mildred's, Bread Street, and St. Olave's, Hart Street, were first built in this period. St. Benet Fink (Fink was the name of the builder) was begun if not finished in Canute's day. It was burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666 and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, but it no longer stands, having been destroyed in 1843 for the Royal Exchange. I give this piece of information with reserve ; accounts seem to differ as to when Fink actually lived.

At all events, churches like St. Margaret Patens, St. Mary Somerset, St. Mary Woolnoth, or Wulfnoth, with their strange ' surnames ' (generally after a builder or benefactor), seem to have flourished in Danish and early Norman London. As for St. Mary Aldermary, it was then called the Elder Mary Church, a name given to it early in the reign of the Conqueror when St. Mary-le-Bow (so novel with its crypt) caused a distinction to be made between the two churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

Mention has already been made of St. Peter's, Cornhill, whose traditional founding was believed to go back as far as 179. That, of course, is open to question, but by the time Canute came to England it presented quite a mature appearance. St. Michael's cannot have been very new-looking ; records place it well back in Saxon times.

I hoped (when I began the research for these early chapters) to be able to indicate the dates of construction of many of the city churches with something approaching accuracy. Experience, however, has taught me that safety lies in the discovery of the first mention of a church in historical records and a supposition that it must have been built at least a few years previously. Whereas there may be an isolated instance, here and there, of a definite date being known of the foundation of a church (such as St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield—definitely dated 1123), in by far the majority of cases it is difficult to get nearer than half a century.

Even so, it is possible to get some sort of view of ecclesiastical London in the days of good King Canute. Many churches must have existed in his time, or soon after it, that are merely names now. If I only mention those rebuilt by Wren, but no longer existing, it should be enough to show that Danish and Norman London must have been a city of spires or, more correctly, one of towers.

St. Christopher-le-Stocks, ultimately destroyed to make way for the Bank of England, was one of Wren's first considerations merely on account of its importance and antiquity. St. Olave Jewry; St. Dionis Backchurch; St. Mildred, Poultry; St. Michael, Queenhithe; St. Michael Bassishaw; St. Mary Magdalen, Knightrider Street; St. Antholin, Watling Street, were all rebuilt by Wren, but subsequently destroyed (from one cause or another) between 1876 and 1886. St. Michael, Crooked Lane, was pulled down in 1831 to make way for the new approach to London Bridge; St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange in 1841 for the Sun Fire Office.

Chronologically speaking, to mention St. Giles's, Cripplegate (not of Wren's building), is to be slightly ahead of time but, as I am likely to be both ahead *and* behind in some of those mentioned above, it can hardly matter. The year 1090 is definitely the date of the founding of St. Giles's. Its founder was Alfune, a man connected in some way with St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The church,

now appearing in the late perpendicular style, was extensively repaired in 1360, but was partly destroyed by fire in 1554. It escaped destruction in 1666.

The name Cripplegate is not the Cripples' Gate, as has been suggested. Gates in the Roman walls were called *crepels*. St. Giles's stands near to one of these old gates. Both Milton and his father were buried there; a bronze statue to the former, rather attractive in appearance, stands near the north door. Incidentally, Oliver Cromwell was married in this church.

According to Stow, Abchurch Lane was named after the parish of St. Mary Abchurch, or Upchurch. The word signifies the upper church, and a church has stood there since very early days. It is difficult to give a date for the erection of the first St. Mary-le-Bow, but a church existed there in Saxon times. As for St. Paul's cathedral, by the time of Canute it must have presented the appearance of a venerable pile.

The rest of what are now known as 'the Wren churches' probably also existed in Saxon times, but there, again, it is not easy to be definite regarding them. St. Swithin, London Stone; SS. Annes and Agnes, Aldersgate; St. Martin, Ludgate; St. Margaret, Lothbury; St. Bridget (St. Bride), Fleet Street, and St. Vedast Foster must date back a long way. There is evidence that all Wren's churches were restored, patched up, and often entirely rebuilt centuries before his time. His work was entirely due to the fire of 1666.

In 1090, on November 16, a terrible gale struck London. Six hundred houses were blown down, some of the wooden structures on the river-side being washed out to sea. St. Mary-le-Bow was entirely destroyed by this gale, but rebuilt soon after. Thus the present church (of Wren's building) is the third on that site.

Thus far nothing has been said about Westminster. Saxon Westminster was but a slight development of Roman Westminster. In these days it is a city in the administrative county of London, bounded on the east by the city proper, on the south by the river, on the north by

Paddington, St. Marylebone, and Holborn, and on the west by Chelsea and Kensington.

In early times the Thames was bordered by a great fen on both sides. The river actually washed the shore of an island—just where the Abbey now stands. This island was anything from three-quarters to a mile in circumference, and was known as Thorney Island, or the Bramble Islet. Various channels were made by streams from Hampstead, the Tyburn being the largest.

Tradition has it that King Lucius founded a church on Thorney Island about the year 170, but no one of importance in the architectural world has ever given credence to the legend. Sir Christopher Wren was very definite. I here quote his opinion as expressed in a report to the Dean of Westminster (Bishop Atterbury) in 1713. The text of this report appears in full in my biography of Wren.¹ I quote his opinions here, which I place side by side with what purport to be historical statements. Wren says :

‘ That a Temple of Apollo was here in Thorney Island (the Place recently called where the church now stands) and ruined by an earthquake in the Reign of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, I cannot readily agree.’

Further on in the report :

‘ To pass over the fabulous Account that King Lucius first formed a little church here, A.D. 170, out of the Ruines of the Temple of Apollo, destroyed by an Earthquake a little before: but it is recorded with better Authority, that Sebert, King of the East-Saxons, built a Monastery and Church here in 605, which being destroyed by the Danes was, about 360 Years after, repaired by the pious King Edgar.’

Wren evidently believed in this latter church, for he continues : ‘ This, it is probable, was a strong good Building, after the Mode of that Age, not much altered from the Roman.’

Stow says it was erected ‘ to the honour of God and St. Peter, on the west side of the City of London.’ There

¹ *Sir Christopher Wren, His Life and Times* (Methuen, 1932).

is also a beautiful and splendid legend recording a visit from St. Peter himself at the dedication of this church.

Sebert was a good-living, pious Christian, but his sons reverted to idolatry and left the church to the tender mercies of the Danes. Later, in 185, King Offa of Mercia granted the conveyance of certain lands by charter to the monastery of St. Peter. King Edgar (referred to by Wren) undoubtedly restored the church. It is also supposed that he made some attempt by charter to define the boundaries of Westminster as a district. Roughly, this meant that it extended south from what is now the Marble Arch to the Thames, and east to the city boundary—to the river Fleet, in other words.

Edward the Confessor began the erection of a beautiful new church in 1050. On this point Wren says :

‘King Edward the Confessor, repaired, if not wholly rebuilt this Abbey church of King Edgar, of which a description by Mr. Camden was published in 1606.’

From what ‘Mr. Camden’ says the church was cruciform with one central and two western towers. It was not completed until after Edward’s death, but the consecration was solemnized in 1065. Some accounts give 1066, in which case Edward was not present at the consecration as he died on January 5 of that year. Other writers give the year definitely as 1065, from which it may be inferred that Edward saw his Abbey opened for service. It is difficult to decide the point.

This brings up the building of Westminster Abbey to the period under review, slightly ahead of it, in fact. The story of how Edward came to build the Abbey follows in the next chapter.

Another quite ancient-looking structure by this time must have been the Tower. Even if we do not pay much attention to the possibility of there having been an early Roman fortress on the site of Tower Hill, we can hardly disregard the Roman work there. In Canute’s days the Tower was looked upon as being quite useful in its way, but by no means impenetrable as a fortress. It was garrisoned.

William the Conqueror held no good opinion of its invulnerability. It may have been that the Bishop of Rochester (Gundwulf) first suggested to him that the fortress should be added to. Whatever Gundwulf may or may not have been to the Church as a divine, he certainly understood architecture. White Tower stands for ever to his credit. Wren profoundly admired it. He was responsible for a restoration of the exterior.

Wren also effected some repairs to the interior of the magnificent Norman chapel of St. John. While his workmen were engaged at the foot of the staircase leading to the chapel, a wooden chest was discovered. This proved to contain the bones of two children, thought to be those of the two Princes, Edward V and Richard, Duke of York. A royal warrant (Charles II) addressed to 'Sir Christopher Wren, Knight, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works, was worded thus :

'To signify His Majesty's Pleasure that you provide a White Marble Coffin for the supposed Bodies of the two Princes lately found in the Tower of London, and that you cause the same to be interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, or such convenient Place as the Dean of Westminster shall appoint: and this shall be your Warrant. Given under my hand, the 18th day of February 1674.

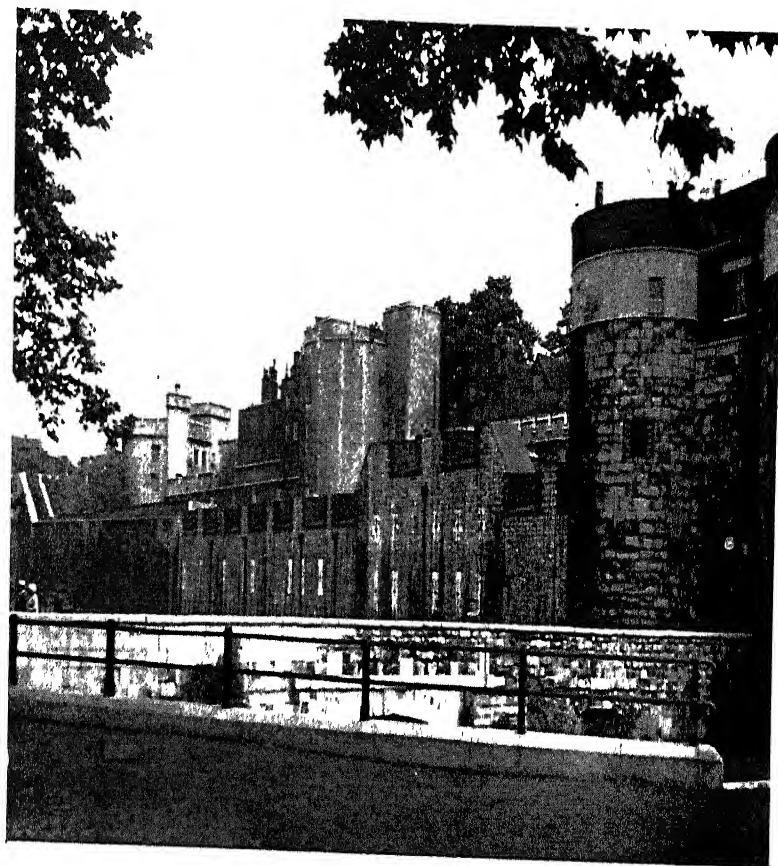
'ARLINGTON.'

The chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula does not belong to the Danish period; it was not built until well into the fourteenth century. It is therefore somewhat difficult to visualize the Tower as it appeared in the days of Canute, so much having been built on since; but in 1080 the White Tower, just finished, must have been an object of admiration.

The death of Canute caused the greatest confusion and consternation in London. Apart from the fact that every citizen felt he or she had lost a friend, it was generally thought that there would be trouble over the succession. Canute had left the kingdom by will to Hardicanute,



THE SCENE OF LONDON'S DARKEST HISTORY :
THE SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF THE TOWER



THE SCENE OF LONDON'S DARKEST HISTORY :
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his son by Emma. London, led by the Earl Godwin, thoroughly approved. The only feeling amongst responsible citizens was of apprehension, because nobody knew anything about him. Very few could boast they had even seen Canute's son. Nevertheless, Canute the King had wished him to succeed, and that was enough for London.

Unfortunately, Harold Harefoot (Hardicanute's illegitimate brother) seemed likely to make trouble. He was very well known, as it happened, particularly in the north. In other circumstances Harold might have been welcome in London, but as Canute had expressed definite wishes in the matter nothing more was to be said.

Above all, London was desirous of avoiding civil war in any shape or form. To avoid it, Godwin suggested a perfectly legal course—a reference to the Witan. When the meeting was called nobody seemed to have anything original to say, and it was finally decided to resort to the old division by the course of the Thames. Hardicanute to take power over London and the south. It was pathetic, really. Any suggestion that would keep the peace, no matter at what cost, was put forward for discussion.

While all this was going on the banished Princes, Ælfred and Ædward, fancied their own chances. Ælfred went so far as to land and seek his mother's help. He was kidnapped on the road and sent to London. Harold personally insulted him, an action that brought him into strong disfavour with Londoners who, in any event, objected to his presence there. The wretched Prince was forced to ride naked to Ely, with his feet tied together under the horse's body. A mock court, composed of Danes, was set up. As a result of their findings Ælfred's eyes were torn out. Fortunately for him, he died a few days later.

Godwin was blamed for most of this, and there is little doubt that he could have prevented it, but the Witan acquitted him of all complicity or direct guilt, largely because of his allegiance to Hardicanute. Still, for all that, the guilt remained in the eyes of London's citizens.

It now seemed as though civil war was inevitable. Judging from contemporary accounts, it would have been

possible to have interviewed personally every resident in London without fear of a denial of Hardicanute, *so long as* the interview took place within the four walls of his house. In the streets, however, there were shouts proclaiming Harold 'King of all England.'

What about legislative authority? That was the question on every one's lips. What was the Witan doing? The answer was that the Witan was doing nothing, and Londoners began to feel that their council had very little power when it came to the point.

The fact was that Canute had seen to that for them. His personality had been so forceful even though so pleasant and reassuring—that the Witan had unconsciously reflected his views. Now he was not there to advise or dictate, nobody felt secure. The Witan, however, held its own in one matter: it refused to sanction the accession of Harold Harefoot. Citizens were heartened by this show of strength, but only a little. Members of the council were pestered out of session hours to do something definite, but such promises as were given seemed to come to nothing at the next meeting. They had lost their Canute, and they were feeling the full force of that loss now.

Nevertheless, a profound impression was created when it became known that the Archbishop of Canterbury had taken a definite line. People could hardly believe their ears when assured that the Archbishop had actually refused to crown Harold. Archbishop Ælnoth was a strong-minded soul who feared God, but no man. He met Harold with perfect composure. Instead of performing the office of coronation, he calmly produced the crown and sceptre (which had been in his keeping ever since the death of Canute) and laid them on the altar.

'Harold,' he said, 'I will neither give them to thee nor prevent thee from taking the ensigns of royalty; but I will not bless thee, nor shall any Bishop consecrate thee on the throne of England.'

It must have been a scene worth witnessing. Harold begged Ælnoth to reconsider his decision, but the old man shook his head. 'No,' said he. 'I have decided.' Harold

thereupon raised the crown and placed it on his own head. Ælnoth left him without a word.

The effect of all this in London was profound. Londoners were expected to own a self-crowned King, a monarch whom the Church despised and refused to acknowledge. Had Hardicanute put in an appearance the tension might have been relieved. They would have fought for Canute's son. As for Harold himself, he simply vanished. Passionately devoted to hunting, he preferred the country to London. It was said that he rarely needed a horse, so swiftly could he run in pursuit of game. Hence the cognomen Harold *Harefoot*. Such achievements were well thought of in those days ; even so, Harold gained nothing by his powers in this respect.

Hardicanute was in Bruges. What sort of rumour reached him is not on record, but it must have been fairly wild because he began preparations to *invade* England, despite the fact that he was heir to its throne. Just as he was preparing to set out, news reached London that Harold was dead. Instantly the two factions in London, thankful to have avoided war, united in favour of Hardicanute, and a deputation of English and Danish thegns left for Bruges to invite him to ascend the English throne peaceably.

What their opinion of Hardicanute was when they actually came face to face with him has not been recorded, but the shrewd amongst them must have summed him up fairly well. Hardicanute was a hard drinker ; his friends were like him. He would come, he said, but they must come too.

There were misgivings in London when he arrived with a long train of Danish chieftains and courtiers, but there was no doubt as to what to expect when it was known that he intended to keep a large standing army composed entirely of Danes. When it was found that he intended to pay for the army by enforcement of the hated Danegeld, there were riots. Things came to a head in Worcester when two of the King's collectors were murdered. As a revenge Worcester was burnt out and the surrounding land laid waste.

The Church had, of course, acknowledged Hardicanute.

He had been crowned with considerable pomp. When the monks found that they had to sell chalices from the altar to pay their Dangelde, resentment rose to its height.

Nobody regretted the death of Harold, but nobody admired Hardicanute for having his body dug up from its grave, beheaded and thrown into the Thames. Godwin was compelled to assist in the gruesome disinterment—another cause for disgust, because Godwin was still liked in London. Whether it became widely known at the time that the body had been recovered by fishermen and secretly interred in the churchyard of St. Clement Danes in the Strand is not certain, but it has been recorded by early writers.

Godwin now suddenly lost his popularity in London. The old murder of Ælfred was now openly flung in his teeth. Had Ælfred been alive, he might have been on the throne instead of this drunken Dane, was the opinion of most people. Godwin, by means of his own oath and those of many peers, as well as a magnificent present to Hardicanute (who was merely out to gain anything there was to gain), secured an acquittal. Public opinion, however, remained unchanged. Even so, Godwin was yet to be a power in the land.

As for Hardicanute, he devoted himself mainly to eating and drinking. It was said that no two other men combined could eat more or drink more than he could at a sitting. Gormandizing consequently became the fashion of London's society. Banquets were held night after night in fashionable houses. It was said that the King never refused an invitation to dine out, and that hosts having the honour of entertaining him always provided extra viands.

Table manners were at a discount, seemingly. In place of rules of etiquette a few admonitions occasionally found their way into script. The following extracts are from quite an early source :

' Byt not thy brede, but breke as myche as thou wilt etc.

Do not cram thy cheekes out wyth food lyke an ape.

Dry thy mouthe when thou schall drynke.

If thou spitt over the borde or elles upon it, thou schalle be holden an uncourtayse mon.

'Clense not thy teethe at mete with knyfe, styk or wande, or
drynke with food in thy mouthe,
After mete, when thou shalt wasshe, spitt not in the basin.'

A little verse on the subject may be entertaining :

'Not smackynge thy lyppes as comonly do hogges,
Nor gnawynge the bones as it were dogges.
Such rudenes abhorre, such beastlynnes flie,
At the table behave thyself mannerly.

'Pyke not thy teethe at the table syttynge.
Let not thyne elbowe nor thy fyst
Upon the table whylis thou etist.
Bulk (belch) not as a beene were yn thy throte.

'Thy spone with pottage to full do not fyll,
For fyllynge the cloth if thou fortune to spyll.
For rudnes it is thy pottage to sup,
Or speak to any, his head in the cup.
Nor suppe not with great sowndynge,
Nother potage nor other thynge.'

Whether any of the foregoing applied directly to Hardicanute and his gormandizing friends is hard to say. He reigned, if such a term may be used of him, for less than two years. He ended his days as he would have wished. He had accepted an invitation to honour a wedding-feast of one of his Danish thegns at Clapham. The revelry went on far into the night. The King, no doubt feeling it his duty as chief guest, stood up to make a right royal and jovial speech in honour of the occasion, but fell to the ground, cup in hand. He was removed to an adjoining room, but death followed in a few moments. Thus the last of the Danish kings of England died drunk.

No doubt the news was received with anything but regret. For all that there must have been the extraordinary tension ever present at the death of a sovereign, hated or loved. Such a tension would exist to-day. It was felt at the death of Queen Victoria and at that of King Edward VII. Perhaps it will always be felt.

In this instance there must have been more apprehension than usual, because the last of the Danes had

gone. Nobody, I imagine, cast back in his thoughts to the bygone Roman London, but the oldest of the residents could recall Saxon London. It may have been that the shrewdest had visions of an English London, with an English King on the throne.

At the best, he was to be only half-English (had they known it) and decidedly Norman in feeling. Still, for all that, he was known to be gentle in spirit. Nobody could have been expected to realize that his accession was the beginning of the Norman Conquest, but Londoners were ready to welcome almost anybody except a Dane. So passed England into the reign of Edward the Confessor.

CHAPTER IV

ENGLISH

(1042 to 1066)

OF the three periods of London's history reviewed up to this point, it has hardly been possible to call one *English*. This first was plainly Romano-British, the second was Saxon (even if modified by the prefix *Anglo-*), and the third (owing to the influence of Canute and, perhaps, the negative influence of Hardicanute) could only have been described as Danish.

Most writers, in dealing with the twenty-four years that elapsed between the death of the last Danish King and the coming of the first Norman King, have been inclined to look upon the period as that of a Saxon restoration.

It would be nearer the truth to regard the coming of Edward the Confessor as the beginning of the Norman Conquest, especially as he actually nominated William the Conqueror as his successor; but I have not pressed that view too far in this chapter, because I have found evidence of so much that was unquestionably English. If only on account of Harold's bringing the period to a close in 1066, I feel English influence to be too strong to ignore. I have therefore decided, with all respect to other views, to regard London in the days of Edward the Confessor, and the more unfortunate Harold, as an English London.

Edward had lived in Normandy since quite early youth. For this reason it may not have been surprising to Londoners that their new King should be Norman in sympathy, or that he should speak a foreign language more fluently than their own. There is evidence that they liked what they already knew of him, but even if it had not been so

they must have felt that the Earl Godwin was likely to have a great deal to say in the new government. Every one knew that Edward was Godwin's nominee.

The general rules of succession had been passed over. That must have been obvious to every citizen. Rumour had it that there was not much likelihood of opposition from the Danes, who had no great descendant of Canute to propose. Hardicanute's friends had never been popular, and were now informed that they could do worse than go back to Denmark. London certainly had had more than enough of them.

Perhaps it was fortunate that Edward was in England at the time of Hardicanute's death. The roystering Dane had sent for him (for some reason best known to himself), and had given him a warm welcome. In what light the simple and pious Edward regarded the Danish King is not on record, but it may be guessed fairly accurately.

Godwin's position in London had taken a turn for the better, but that murder of Ælfred still hung round him. Many citizens refused to have anything to do with him, and awkward questions were being asked. *Why* was Godwin so much in earnest over Edward? There must be something behind it, was the general opinion. Godwin had changed sides so frequently. Not without success, everyone admitted. Godwin generally suited himself; that was what it amounted to. He had managed to persuade Canute to create him Earl of Wessex and Kent, by virtue of which office he now controlled practically the whole of the south of England.

A fluent speaker, too. London was amazed at his rhetoric. He had spoken for two solid hours at a meeting of the Witan, and had insisted that Edward should be King. A few had murmured against him and were now feeling uncomfortable about it. Godwin had eyed them carefully, and had told his clerk to take their names down. Perhaps they guessed what was in store for them. It was in store for them whether they guessed it or not; every man of them had been marked down for banishment. Godwin spared none. He drove them all into exile im-

mediately after Edward's proclamation. As for Edward himself, despite what Godwin had done for him, nothing could blot out that murder of Ælfred.

It may have been that he had supped of an evening with some of the better-class citizens and had discussed Godwin freely ; at all events he distrusted the Earl immediately he heard that his cause had been taken up by him. Knowing that Godwin had feathered his own nest by annexing extended territory, fresh honours, and increased general power, Edward imagined he had met a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Godwin, if not actually sheep-like, was certainly lamb-like. He was extremely affable, and took an early opportunity of seeking Edward alone. He knelt before him, swore fealty, and implored forgiveness of the past. He protested his innocence regarding the murder of Ælfred. He looked into Edward's eyes and knew he was looking into the eyes of a weak man. Had it been Canute's steely gaze he would have looked at the floor while he told his lie. Nobody ever lied successfully to Canute.

Edward smiled weakly, and offered his forgiveness quietly and very formally. Godwin knew the value of such forgiveness, but seemed overcome by the King's clemency. So much so that he declared the one dream of his life to be that the King should marry his daughter Eadgyth. No doubt Edward felt that Godwin, not daring to make an attempt to become King himself, thought the next best thing was to see that his daughter became Queen.

Eadgyth—perhaps she might be called Edith—was a beautiful woman, with a grace of carriage greatly admired in London. She was pleasant in manner, cheerful, intellectual, pious, generous. There was nothing of her father about her.

It is amazing that Edward could think of taking to wife the daughter of the man he hated with all his soul. Why he married her has never transpired, for he certainly never loved her. He treated her with complete indifference from the hour she became his wife. Even so, his treatment of Edith was nothing compared with his treatment of his

mother, whom he firmly believed to have been concerned in Ælfred's murder. In this instance he made Godwin do his bidding; he, Earl Leofric, and Earl Siward were forced by Edward to disband Emma's court. This, Edward assured them, was his reply for having been banished to Normandy to languish for want of money.

I have given these details as an indication of one side of Edward's character, and also to show how London regarded him. The whole affair was, of course, public property. On the other hand, it must be remembered that, ultimately, Edward was regarded by Londoners as possessing sterling qualities. They realized his piety, and knew it not to be an affectation. Edward, though morose and inclined to shun society, was at least sincere. Otherwise, of course, he would hardly have been surnamed the 'Confessor.'

That he regarded his exile in Normandy bitterly is not to be doubted, but he formed a close attachment to those around him there. After all, the Normans had been good to him. They had given him food and shelter when his own mother had forsaken him. He went there at thirteen. He was now over forty.

Londoners were apt to regard him as foreign in habit and thought. He seemed to speak French very well and English very badly, a fact that rather turned them against him. Another cause for discontent was the presence of Edward's Norman friends. London was not at all pleased when the archbishopric of Canterbury was given to Robert of Jumièges. Furthermore, English nobles living in London found themselves excluded from court functions. Indeed, it was said that, however good one's French might be, there was little hope of success at court.

Again, it was noted that Edward used the Norman style of writing in all documents. He admitted he preferred it to the English style. The introduction of the Great Seal was his idea also. It was used in place of the English cross.

The general resentment showed how really English London was. The majority of the residents were irritated by the young people, particularly those who had sufficient

means to be fashionable, when it was found that they were having their tunics, streamers, and mufflers cut in the latest Norman fashion.

Godwin was outspoken on the subject more than once. It paid him to be. He knew that by displaying a little tact he could win London to him again. He thereupon set his face against everything Norman, taking good care to be personally dressed in the Saxon style. He never ceased to vilify Edward wherever he dared, and naturally made much of the King's treatment of his daughter.

Matters came to a head in 1051 when the Count of Bologne visited the King. A quick-witted man, he noticed favouritism at court the first night he arrived, but he brought himself into deep disfavour by treating with ill-concealed contempt all Englishmen with whom he came in contact.

London watched his departure with no regret. On his return to Normandy he slept at Canterbury, proceeding to Dover the following morning. A mile out of the town he halted, left his travelling horse and mounted a war charger, dressed in mail. His retainers did likewise. The people of Dover were naturally furious at witnessing what purported to be a sort of triumphal entry of a Norman count, particularly as they were treated to much uncalled-for insolence. When it came to choosing the best private residences in which to stay the night, one of the Norman retainers was hurled to the ground by an infuriated householder. A fight ensued and the Norman was killed. The Count, on hearing of the incident, rode up to the house with his men, entered, and slew the Englishman on his own hearth. The party then galloped through the streets, striking many of the townspeople with their swords and crushing to death several children.

This naturally led to massed resistance in which the English gave a good account of themselves. Many Normans were killed, and Count Eustace was prevented from embarking. He thereupon galloped back to lay his complaint before the King. Edward, believing every word of the Count's description, ordered Godwin to punish

the people of Dover. The Earl, in whose government the town lay, definitely refused. 'It ill becomes you,' he told the King, 'to condemn, without a hearing, men whom it is your duty to protect.'

Edward's reply was to threaten Godwin with banishment. Godwin turned on his heel and left the King's presence without a word.

That night he armed. There is no doubt that Edward played his cards exceedingly well. London was the centre of his armed forces, but he kept his court at Gloucester. He was ready for Godwin when Godwin was ready for him. Meanwhile the court became more Norman than ever. Duke William arrived on a visit, and was made much of by the King. Londoners had an opportunity of seeing the Duke, who rode in and out of the town daily. They recognized him again, later—when he came as William the Conqueror.

The next event of interest for London was the return of Godwin, who sailed up the Thames to Southwark. His popularity returned with him, for the officers and men of the royal ships, instead of attacking, went over solidly to his cause. The citizens of London followed their example with amazing enthusiasm, and the cry was 'London for the English!'

Godwin sent a polite and respectful message to Edward, requesting complete restoration of his territories and honours, promising peaceful submission in return. Edward refused. Godwin had to use all his influence to prevent bloodshed. This he was able to do, and at last Edward gave way. There was a feigned reconciliation, and Godwin was invited to visit the King at Windsor.

It seems that Edward could never forget the murder of Ælfred. One night, at dinner, he referred to it. According to Henry of Huntingdon, Godwin said: 'O King . . . if I have contributed even indirectly to his cruel fate, may God choke me with this morsel of bread.' According to the story he ate the piece of bread and was choked. This account, though substantiated by other chroniclers of the period, is hardly good enough to stand. It is, however,

based upon fact. Godwin did die at the King's table, probably of apoplexy.

Thus far, King Edward has not appeared in a very favourable light. On the other hand, it is certain he had much to endure from Godwin. His Norman sympathies were hardly his fault. He had been sent to France as an exile when, in these days, he would have been leaving his preparatory school. He had never known family life, much less a mother's love. He was delicate, even fragile. He was studious, and, above all, deeply religious.

It is therefore not surprising that at twenty he seriously considered entering a monastery and forgetting he was heir to a throne. He seems to have altered his feelings—at least, the more definite of them—by the time he was thirty, but he still desired to be left to his religious observances.

Some time during exile he vowed that if he should ever sit on the throne of his fathers he would undertake a solemn pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter at Rome. He undoubtedly came to England with that idea in view. Godwin, however, told him that his absence from England might have serious results, and virtually forbade him to go.

Edward, conscientious over a matter of this kind, petitioned the Pope for absolution from his vow. The Pope's reply absolved him on condition that he built a monastery and an abbey church to be dedicated to St. Peter in Westminster. Edward promised the Pope to do this, and made the building of Westminster Abbey his life's work.

Whether there was much of Sebert's church left, or what the condition of it was, if it still stood, is more than history relates. We can safely disregard the church supposedly built by King Lucius, even if we incline to the view that Sebert built one, and that it was subsequently restored by King Edgar. In any event, we are in complete ignorance as to its form and size.

'King Edward the Confessor repaired if not wholly rebuilt this Abbey-Church of King Edgar,' says Wren. I am personally of opinion that he did 'wholly rebuild' it, because the Pope asked definitely that a church should be

built. Nothing was said about restoring an existing building.

Of the Confessor's church nothing now exists above ground. Wren says it was cruciform, with a central and two western towers. He further describes it as lofty, vaulted with square and uniform ribs. Also, he considers, there was an apse at the east end. The roof was timber, covered with lead.

Wren points out that these ancient buildings were without buttresses, relying upon the thickness of their walls for strength and durability. The windows, he says, were very narrow and generally latticed. He notes that it was not until the days of Henry III that it became the custom to erect chapels to the Blessed Virgin, but observing that, in his opinion, a chapel did exist behind the altar in Edward's time. He adds that the foundations of it were 'under the steps of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel.'

So that, excepting as an interesting point in the history of Westminster, the Abbey Church of St. Peter no longer links its name with that of Edward the Confessor. We are left to imagine him riding daily to the scene of construction, conferring with his master-designers and masons. It is probably true to say that hardly a stone was set in its place that the King had not seen. No doubt the Confessor's church was beautiful, because it was modelled on the best he had seen in Normandy. Its stained-glass windows, depicting passages in the life of Christ and St. Peter himself, were probably more attractive than some of the appalling glass to be seen in London in these days. It is even said that the church contained 'a magnificent organ.' Organs, indeed most musical instruments, were not greatly advanced in the days of English London. Still, it is to be expected that Westminster Church would have the best of what there was to have.

The vestments used are likely to have been really magnificent. Embroidery was an art understood in those days. The procession of priests, with clouds of incense rising to the dim roof, with the choir chanting the purest of



WITHIN THE ABBEY PRECINCTS :
DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER

plain song, must have created a wonderful scene as they approached the high altar for Mass.

The Abbey was indeed an ornament to what had once been the Bramble Islet. Canute had built himself a palace not far away, its southern windows commanding an extensive view of the Surrey hills. Both Hardicanute and Harold had lived in it in turn.

Apart from the irritation caused by Edward's Norman sympathies, and Norman accent when talking, London society was peacable in these early English days. Everybody had to work hard, because everything was home-made. A man's wife made every stitch of clothing worn by herself, her husband, and her children. A London business man prided himself that he always looked smart, and expected his wife to be decently garbed when he entertained friends.

Food was to be had in plenty, and was probably cheap. There is every reason to believe that the markets were full of it. They ate more at a sitting than we eat all day; obesity was common, but seemingly admired. Household utensils could be bought in 'Chepe,' but they were more often home-made. The average Londoner was good at making most things in common use. He even forged the tools with which he made them.

The only real problem was salt. That had to be bartered for. Nobody could do without it. I doubt if you or I would have relished some of London's salted meat in the days of Edward the Confessor. Anthropology teaches us that men's palates change with the passage of time. In English London of the eleventh century, when a man salted his family joint he did not use half-measures. *It was salt.* Even his barley bread would have dried up our mouths most unpleasantly.

Perhaps the Londoner assuaged what must have been an acute thirst by drinking a tankard or two of mead, pigment, or morat. Mead was generally a home product. It was made from a simple recipe of honey, strongly fermented, and water. Its sweetness may have acted as an antidote to the salt. Pigment was more of a luxury.

Made with honey and spiced wine, it left a burning sensation in the mouth. Morat could be really strong. The presence of mulberries mixed with the honey accounted for the fact.

Beef, mutton, pork, game, plenty of fresh eggs and good butter, as well as fresh fish and most kinds of fruit, were to be found on every citizen's table. Even the poor fed well.

Where the great difference lay between rich and poor was in the decoration of the houses. In quite early days it was the fashion to spend lavishly on mural decoration. The Romans had taught us to be house-proud. Consequently, the walls of an average London villa in English London were hung with beautiful tapestries, generally of silk, and always strong in colour. An Englishman in London of those days prided himself on buying colours that one could see. He had no use for your delicate shades! He was something of a carpenter a furniture-designer, too. Benches, seats, and chairs were handsomely carved. Tables were often inlaid. Silver and gold inlays were common in the houses of the rich. Also your Londoner knew something about landscape-gardening. If he could beg or buy a piece of stone from a builder, he set to work to fashion a bird-bath, even a statue if his skill warranted it. He went in for shrubs and flowering plants. He found the London clay to suit his roses no less than we have done since.

Mirrors became fashionable in London during this period. Everybody who could afford a mirror for his hall or dining-room bought one, or else the silver wherewith to fashion it. These polished silver reflectors were amazingly accurate. Distortion through faulty craftsmanship was comparatively rare.

Rich hangings for the bedroom had been brought in by the Romans. In English London they were highly in vogue, with a tendency to considerable elaboration and strength of colour. The rich washed in silver basins; the poor were content with bone. Glass before the Norman Conquest was good and not too dear. After the Normans

arrived it improved vastly. In fact, some of it was a sort of crystal, capable of being polished to a high degree. About twelve precious stones were known, but these were denied all except the wealthy. If a man stole anything in those days he paid dearly for his dishonesty. There *were* burglaries, of course; fully two-thirds of them were to obtain a gem of some kind.

It was the fashion to take warm baths. The Romans had not come in vain. At this period Londoners, going entirely by fashion and vogue, suddenly became scrupulously clean. Had it been the fashion to be dirty, nothing would have persuaded a citizen to take a bath, hot or cold. Fashion was not merely a Dame in those days, she was a Queen. Cold baths were considered a penance, and the taking of them was often commanded by priests after confession.

Most of the Roman baths were sunk in the floors, but the fashion in English London (except perhaps with those who still inclined towards keeping up what (to them) were old customs) was to use large washing tubs hung from the ceiling by chains and pulleys. The general custom had a homely touch about it. Two or three people bathed at the same time.

Soap did not come into general use in England until as late as 1824, when the establishment of the Leblanc soda process brought about the manufacture of it on a large scale. On the other hand, Pliny speaks of two kinds of soap, hard and soft, as used by the Germans in the second century. He considers it to have been a Gallic invention for giving a bright hue to the hair. Shampooing was certainly known to the Romans.

Whether soap was used in London by the Romans is not clear. Hot sponges and scented herbs were used to 'rinse' the body, but whether these were ideal as a dirt-remover is another matter. A kind of soap existed in the thirteenth century made from beech ash and goats' tallow. Olive oil as an ingredient, so popular to-day in certain widely-advertised soaps, is not a modern invention by any means. It was introduced into London from Mar-

seilles quite early in the fourteenth century. The real popularity of soap began when Leblanc made caustic soda from common salt. The point is interesting as an example of a common and indispensable commodity being of comparatively recent development.

We now come to the famous year 1066 in which so much happened in London. On the fifth day of it Edward the Confessor died. He had been failing for some time. Despite absolution from the Pope regarding his proposed pilgrimage from Rome, despite the fact that he had kept his promise to build Westminster Abbey (now consecrated for public worship), Edward felt he must go to Rome before he died. Godwin, it will be remembered, prevented him the first time; now the Witan definitely refused to allow him to leave England, pointing out that he had no children, and that there would be trouble over the succession in the event of his death abroad.

As usual, Edward obeyed. He had none too much strength to spare, and had long given up permitting himself the luxury of losing his temper, but the question of a successor to the throne of England naturally occupied his thoughts a good deal. Plainly, he wanted Duke William to succeed, but realized that Norman influence in London had decreased during the past few years.

He then made what at first proved a popular move. An embassy was sent to Germany to invite Ædward the Æthling (or the Outlaw, as he was then known) requesting that he might be restored to the care of England. Ædward came immediately with his wife Agatha and three attractive-looking children - Ædgar, Margaret, and Christina. London literally shouted for joy. The old race of English Kings was to be restored. For years Londoners had sung songs about Ædmund Ironside, and how he had fought the 'devils of Danes.' They had never forgotten him. To have his son and grandchildren safely in London was almost more than they could bear. Ædward was thoroughly lionized, we may be sure.

Then it all seemed to go wrong. For some reason Edward did not receive them into his presence. Nobody

could understand why. Those who liked Edward sought to defend him by saying he was ill and disinclined for company ; those who liked him less said he was guilty of bad form. Before they had sorted out all the rumours it was made known that the royal visitor was dead. A magnificent funeral and burial in St. Paul's followed, but London was still sorely puzzled. Strange he should die so suddenly ; a young man, too ! Why did the King not receive him ? Something must be wrong. Foul play ? Such were the rumours in London.

The suggestions were by no means unconnected with Godwin's son Harold. Everybody knew he was keeping a watchful eye on events. Was it true that Harold had poisoned the young Prince ? Some said yes ; others were not so certain. It was never proved either way. Neither is there any reason for us to think that Harold was even indirectly responsible for Ædward's death ; the Æthling may not have been as robust as he looked. The event was regarded in London with suspicion, naturally enough ; all we can do is to note the fact and leave it at that.

Another point is that the death of the Confessor benefited William of Normandy just as much as Harold himself. If there was going to be any dispute it would be between those two. If the Prince was really murdered—there is no evidence that he was—it may have been at the hands of the emissaries of William and not of Harold at all.

At all events there it was, and Edward was very ill. When required to take an intelligent interest in State affairs he was found to be merely childish. Consequently, it was difficult to get his attention when asked definitely to name his successor. That seems to me to explain the two accounts by contemporary writers. The Norman chroniclers say definitely that Edward named William. They also declare that, when Harold practically forced an entry into the dying King's bedroom, Edward spoke very clearly and distinctly.

'I have bequeathed my kingdom to William,' he is reported to have said. On the English side the writers

are equally definite in declaring that Edward named Harold, and that he told the bishops he considered no one more fitted to govern them than the son of the great Godwin.

The point is too interesting to dismiss without a little speculation. Personally, I think the Normans were right and the English wrong. Edward never forgot the goodness of the Normans to him in his early life. On the other hand, he hated Godwin with a bitter hatred. Why *should* he name Godwin's son? His own death was so near that he must have decided that it did not matter now how definitely he showed his real Norman sympathies. After having examined the evidence with interest and not a little curiosity, I have come to the conclusion that William of Normandy was the rightful heir to the English throne. That is admitting, of course, that the method of allowing, and even expecting a king without personal issue to name his successor is to be accepted. I have accepted the method because it was the custom.

The question is: Would Edward name William, whom he had welcomed as a guest within the last few years, and who was related to many kind friends in Normandy whom Edward still remembered with affection, or would he name the son of a man he had hated with all his soul? The question seems to me capable of one answer only. I cannot believe that Edward named Harold.

If the case is as I have put it, our attitude towards William the Conqueror is a mistaken one. The one date in history we all remember is 1066. Most of us, even those who take no real interest in historical matters, know something about the battle of Hastings; moreover, we think of poor Harold falling at his standard, pierced in the right eye by a dropping arrow, and are apt to regard him as one of our own putting up a magnificent fight against a foreign intruder.

We can still afford to appraise Harold's personal valour. Neither need we blame him for opposing the foreigner. We should have done the same ourselves in those days. A kingdom at stake has always been good enough. One

fight for a kingship. It may have been that there was a doubt as to what Edward actually said. He was known to be childish at the time. If so, it may have been a case of fighting it out. Logical, and not altogether unreasonable, in the human aspect.

The battle at Senlac was a magnificent affair. No one denies that. It began at nine and lasted until half-past four without a stop. Where we have to be careful is in our judgment of the result. We ought to regard it less a case of the victory over an oppressed Englishman by a domineering usurper than as the defeat of a brave man who thought his chances of a throne were good enough to stake his life on, even if he knew in his own mind that he was not the rightful heir by the laws then appertaining.

That, I feel, is the fairest way to think of Harold. It certainly stretches a point of law in his favour. If, on the other hand, the Norman account is true, and Harold fought with the knowledge that he had broken a solemn oath, we must modify our view still more. An oath is an oath. I am not in a position to say whether the story is true or not. I can only give it as I found it in writings of the period. The story is entirely Norman in origin; the English writers do not confirm it in any way.

The story is this: Harold went to Normandy to obtain release of his brother Wulfnoth and his nephew Hakon, hostages for the Godwin family in the custody of William. During a ride with Harold on horseback, William said: 'When Edward and I lived together as brothers under the same roof he promised me that if he ever became King of England he would name me his successor.' If Edward promised this to William he was exceeding his right in advance, so to speak, because if he had had children there would have been no question about it. The eldest of them would have succeeded. However, William continued: 'Harold, I want you to help me in the fulfilment of this promise. If I obtain the kingdom by your aid, whatever you wish shall be granted.'

Harold, knowing his life and liberty were more or less in William's hands, agreed to do what he could. William

thereupon proceeded to demand that Harold should fortify Dover Castle and hand it over to him ; that he should show his goodwill by marrying William's daughter Adele ; that he should leave *one* of the hostages he had come over to claim ; finally, that he should send his sister over to Normandy to marry one of William's chiefs.

Harold promised, but William was not satisfied with a mere verbal assent. In those days the only way to terrify a man into keeping a promise was to prevail upon him to swear an oath on the relics of the Saints. That, usually, had the desired effect. Although exposing the real crafty character of the Norman Duke, his own chroniclers describe a scene at Bayeux quite closely.

William sent to the churches for all the relics of the Saints, which he placed in a large box. He then called a great assembly in his council chamber and seated himself on a chair of State, magnificently clad with a diadem on his head and a jewelled sword by his side. When Harold entered he rose and addressed him.

'Earl Harold,' he said, 'I require you to confirm by oath your promises to me.' Harold was handed a missal and, seeing no alternative, swore. The book was laid down on a rich cloth after the oath was taken. The book was then removed and with it the cloth. Underneath were the relics of the Saints over which Harold Godwinson had sworn away a kingdom.

No English writer of the period gives one word of this. It is entirely Norman in origin. If true, it hardly redounds to William's credit, the coarseness of the trick being its own condemnation. On the other hand, Harold *may* have fought at Senlac with a memory of what should have been binding.

If the Norman account is not true we fall back upon the position as the Confessor left it. William was heir to the throne. I regret my inability to discover who first called William by the title of Conqueror. To my way of thinking the title suggests a wrong set of circumstances, even though the actual sequence of events at Senlac makes him the victor of the battle. The fact remains that it *does*

look as though William were merely claiming what was his. The word, in those days, meant the *Gainer* in any event, so that perhaps he may be allowed to retain his title.

He certainly arrived in London as a conqueror, even though he delayed his actual entry for a few days after London had succumbed to what would have been an unpleasant siege had there been resistance on their part. William had burned Southwark to matchwood on his way, and had been as far as Berkhamsted to the north, and Sussex to the south, in order to prevent supplies reaching London. There is no doubt that the south of England felt the full significance of the Conquest.

Londoners had no reason to be otherwise than proud of their defences against William. They gave in at the last rather than submit to months of siege. They watched with interest and no little disgust some rapid building on what was afterwards known as Tower Hill. No one was allowed to go near the Tower, but it was soon made known that William was encamped somewhere outside the walls and that a fortress was being built for his reception. He was evidently taking no risks. About the third week in December the fortress was ready, and William arrived while London slept. The next news was that he would be crowned in King Edward's new Abbey church in Westminster on Christmas Day.

Most of London spent Christmas in the streets. Everybody turned out to see the pageantry. The streets of the city—it was not technically a city yet, but the term is not amiss here—and the suburbs, as well as all approaches to the Abbey, were lined with double rows of soldiers. William rode through them, entered the Abbey, followed by priests and monks. A good many English were persuaded to attend. William thought it would look well to be surrounded by his new subjects.

The coronation began impressively, which was more than it ended. At the beginning the Bishop of Coutnaces asked the Normans in their own tongue if they would receive William as their King. The Archbishop of York asked

the same question of the English, speaking, of course, in that language. The affirmative answer rang through the Abbey. So loud was the cheering that William's Norman cavalry, on guard outside the Abbey, heard it.

Unfortunately they mistook it for a cry of alarm raised by their compatriots within. Being under orders to remain on the alert and act quickly should occasion require, they rushed to the nearest houses to the Abbey and set fire to them. Others entered the church, brandishing their swords. Smoke from the burning dwellings, fanned by a strong breeze from the river, poured into the Abbey where the confusion was now greater than outside. The Normans thought a rising had taken place. The English thought they had been tricked and were about to be massacred. Altogether the scene was one of intense alarm and terror. The Abbey was soon cleared, every door being opened to let the terrified congregation out into the street. William alone remained, with the Archbishop of York and a few priests, to finish his coronation despite the apparently bad omen. Then he hurried outside and took part in quelling the disturbance.

Whether compensation was offered to the householders who saw their homes burned down before their eyes on Christmas Day is not on record, but citizens who took leave to be sceptical where William's oath to rule justly and tolerantly was concerned might be forgiven, one would think. William swore to treat the English as the best of their English Kings had done, but whether London believed that or not, it must have been evident that London was no longer English London, and that it was indeed laid under a foreign yoke.

There seemed nothing for it now but to await events and hope that some measurement of peace and prosperity would come their way. Naturally, there would be changes in almost every department of social and municipal life, for Edward, with all his Norman sympathies, had never even tried to efface English customs outside his court. The court was Norman, but London was English. Now it looked as though London was likely to be as severely

under military rule as it had been when the Romans came. The more optimistic of the residents thought William might carry out his oath, but the one point upon which London as a whole agreed was that of taxation. What would it *cost* London to pay for the doubtful pleasure of so powerful a King in its midst? That question was discussed at the dining-table in every responsible household, but it was a question to which it was not easy to find an answer.

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CHAPTER V

NORMAN

(1066 to 1154)

ROUGHLY speaking, seventy-six years elapse between every appearance of what is known as Halley's comet. Halley himself first observed it when it showed to considerable advantage in 1682. It was named after him because he predicted a return in 1757. The point in mentioning it here is that one of its recorded appearances was during the spring of 1066, when it was thought to be a star of ill-omen for England. The Norman Conquest in the following autumn was (quite naturally) thought to be the fulfilment of an astral prediction.

Now that it had all come about, Londoners were no longer apprehensive that their days might be evil. Indeed, they were inclined to remind each other that, after all, they had kept William outside the walls until they more or less chose to let him in. The fact that they would certainly have been starved into submission was ignored. Even now their songs celebrated past achievements. How they had beaten off six successive attacks by the late lamented Canute were sung with as much vigour as if he had proved their enemy all through, instead of the best friend they had ever known. There was a fine spirit in London in those days.

William had apologized in his characteristic short and sharp fashion for having burned Southwark to matchwood on his way in. Not that anybody had thought much of his so doing. Southwark, at that time, was merely a line of huts built along a couple of irregular-looking embankments and a ramshackle causeway. It was not much

loss. Still, it was nice of William to be so apologetic about it.

I doubt whether the residents of London town were really alive to what had exasperated William most of all. The fact that they had taken their time to consider whether they should let him enter the town, or whether they should resist for an indefinite period, had sent the blood to the Norman's hot head. He was led to understand that citizens were merely disgusted when Harold's body was borne through the streets on the way to Waltham Abbey. He had imagined they would be overawed and subdued.

There was a great scene that day when the bell rang for Folkmote. St. Paul's Churchyard was thronged with citizens gathered there to hear the decision. In a sense it resembled the night of August 3, 1914, when London awaited the declaration of the Great War.

There must have been something very picturesque in the scene. The craftsmen were there dressed in their leathern doublets; the merchants in their smart cloth. One old workman with a raucous voice roared his refusal to agree to letting the Norman in. The cry was taken up eagerly. 'Keep him aloof,' was thundered from a thousand throats.

The Bishop of London entered the pulpit at Paul's Cross and held up his hand for silence. He was of another opinion. 'We kept out Canute,' shouted some one. 'Yes,' replied the Bishop. 'You did, but you took him in the end and you never had a finer King.' There was no gainsaying the fact. 'True enough,' agreed several merchants. 'Then,' said the Bishop, 'why not take William? He may be as good.'

The good prelate lectured the crowd on the unpleasantness of siege for at least an hour. In the end he, together with the Portreeve and several other officials, went out of the town gates and bid the 'Gainer' welcome. William accepted the Bishop's invitation and arrived later—in the dead of night. The crafty Norman never trusted a fellow-creature all his life.

Now that he was crowned—London took the Arch-

bishop's word that he *had* been crowned beyond some strong feeling in Westminster over the burning of those houses and the unnecessary loss of life, citizens seemed fairly satisfied. Not that they had much cause to be otherwise. William strove to make himself popular. He immediately confirmed every charter granted to London and asked to be allowed to study English laws. Having done so, he professed himself pleased to abide by them. By establishing good courts of justice to uphold those laws he made his first diplomatic move.

The general opinion was that he seemed well-disposed towards London, even if he had an objectionable habit of throwing up fortresses, towers, and castles in various parts of the country, but Englishmen were not particularly gratified when foreign nobles were married to widows and heiresses of English lords who had fallen at Senlac.

What irritated London most of all was the regency of the new King's half-brother, Bishop Odo, while William was away in Normandy. Unpleasant rumours reached London daily, especially from Kentish farmers who came up with produce. 'Oppression' was a word too often uttered. On the other hand, there were brave stories of the capture of Norman soldiers who strayed too far from their fortresses. These were retailed, not without embellishment, over the supper-tables of an evening.

There is no doubt in my mind that London missed William. Bishop Odo was most unpopular. Several letters were sent to Normandy which must have been singularly gratifying to William. Plainly, they wanted him back. Would he come? He came.

It was near Christmas again, and William decided to spend it in London, right royally at that. He asked every Saxon chief (whose name he had only even heard) to spend it with him. Christmas, 1067, was celebrated in London more lavishly than any other within the memory of even the most aged. The new King seemed to be entertaining more lavishly than Hardicanute at his most extravagant -- and that was saying something.

That their new ruler was a born soldier, nobody doubted. Londoners had watched events in the north as well as circumstances permitted. They realized that William was subduing Englishmen there as he has done in the south, but their attitude was strangely amicable. They themselves had found William hard, but just—up to the present, at all events; they thought their northern brothers unwise to resist him. Had he failed to subdue the north, had he for one moment showed weakness or that he was coming to the end of his tether in the military sense, London would have risen as one man against him. Nothing succeeds like success, especially when it is military success.

William was even something of a hero in London when rumours were spread that his soldiers had complained of the forced marches. London was even a little proud of a King who calmly dismounted from his charger and walked with his men, faring as they fared. News travelled slowly in those days and rarely lost anything on the journey.

Far from it. So that London's real darling, Hereward the Wake, was credited with impossible feats of bravery. Even William was reputed to hold him in high respect. In the end, Hereward made his peace and honoured William.

Judging from contemporary writings, I have come to the conclusion that Londoners were never so much at ease as when they knew William was within their walls. I cannot think they really liked him personally—they could hardly have done so considering his harsh dealing with the country generally—but I am certain they knew that while he was there they were safe. They may have cursed him nightly as the curfew rang, but most of them recognized the necessity for minimizing the use of artificial light in wooden houses.

It did not interest London in the slightest that William should leave every now and then in order to see that his Norman duchy was as safe as he was trying to make his English kingdom, but there was no way of preventing him

doing as he pleased. Whether he retailed what happened on one of his visits is not on record. The information comes from Normandy. It seems that he visited his eldest son Robert who, by the way, never wished to be King of England at his father's death. He told William he could leave England to William Rufus or Henry, as he chose. He himself asked for the duchy of Normandy. This William had promised him. Even so, he was not particularly gratified on finding that Master Robert had grown up into a good-looking young lad and was keeping a court. He seemed to be surrounded by admiring nobles and to be assuming a grand position in the land.

Candidly, William thought it rather bad taste on Robert's part, and asked him what he thought he was doing. 'Oh, Father,' replied Robert, 'I rehearse for the day when the Duchy becomes mine.' 'Do you?' said William. 'Allow me to tell you this, my boy: *I never take off my clothes until I get into bed!*' And he left Robert to think it out.

London appreciated that side of William's character. A strong man and a strong King—the 'strongest ever' might have been the phrase used describing him. London knew exactly what to expect from such a man. Citizens hated to read (in Domesday) of the huge tracts of land in Yorkshire labelled *wasta*. They knew what it meant. William, when he punished rebels, laid waste the land so that none should even live to tell the tale. *Wasta* was all that did tell it.

William frequently rode to the charming village of Stibenhede. It had land to twenty-five ploughs, and William loved it for its pretty winding lanes. Not much ploughing goes on there now; it has changed its name to Stepney. Flveham, probably pronounced Fluham (now Fulham), possessed land to twenty-four ploughs and a manor connected with St. Paul's. Pancratium, judging by the appearance of its name, was old even in those days. The modern name, of course, is St. Pancras.

A tiny hamlet, not possessing much land, was Isendone, now Islington. Hochestone, one of the most picturesque

of all these villages, nestled snugly against a deep forest. It is difficult to reconcile it with the modern Hoxton.

Streets, in the modern sense, did not exist in Norman London. Nobody seemed to think of building to a line of any sort. The streets were simply irregular cuttings. Often the surface consisted of earth with the grass rubbed off. Sometimes there were rough stones, occasionally sand. Thames Street was then one of the most important thoroughfares in London owing to its proximity to the river. It was moderately straight on the river-side.

In Chepe (Cheapside) and other City streets were the selds—large sheds with awnings for protection against the weather—where one bought certain types of commodity. If you bought milk it was in Milk Street; bread in Bread Street; wood in Wood Street. If you required a chicken for lunch you went into Poultry for it. On Friday, when you fasted like a self-respecting Christian, you repaired to Friday Street to see what was being offered for sale, and chose accordingly.

The man who served you wore a rough-looking tunic with close sleeves; over it a still rougher coat of skin, especially in the cold weather. Often this skin had hair on it. Your salesman might go barefoot, but he took care to bind his ankles for protection against thorns should he travel to and from one of the outlying villages.

Should you encounter one of the clergy in Friday Street (it was more than likely on a Friday morning) you recognized him by his pelice, or skin coat. Some of these were of goodly appearance. When celebrating Mass in cold weather a priest slipped his alb over his pelice. An alb thus became a super-pelice or, as we have it nowadays, a *surplice*.

A lady of birth in the days of King William wore long flowing garments with undergarments of equal length. Wound about her head was a *courrechef*, or kerchief.

It was the custom of the wealthy to buy rich materials from abroad. Good fabrics could be bought at any of the annual fairs, but these were not considered rich enough in

colour. The poorer classes depended almost entirely upon homespun material, a sort of plain-cloth having the appearance of wool sacking.

Besides the great annual fairs, weekly fairs were held in London. They began on Sundays, but the Church ruled that they must be held on Saturdays. They were really markets of a kind at which it was possible to buy everyday necessities quite cheaply so long as you were prepared to haggle. If you were in a hurry you paid top price and subsequently had to endure annoying remarks from your neighbours who had paid less for the same article, merely by adhering to their own point of view.

In the latter part of William's reign, when close-fitting garments had come into fashion, the great object in life was to purchase just enough material to cover your figure. The object of the vendor was to make you buy more than you needed. Purchase, to be successful, depended upon the accuracy of your knowledge of your exact requirements.

The women of Norman London were not allowed to wear close-fitting garments. Moreover, they had to be full length. The only economy in their case was at the waist, where reduction by sheer force was practised in relation to the strength of the cloth. What *could* be pulled in *was* pulled in.

Middle-class men, who seem not to have cared for elaborate fashions, contented themselves with a useful tunic combined with knickerbockers belted at the waist. In summer these were of washable material and had the advantage of being moderately cool. William himself was generally well-dressed, from all accounts, but whether he actually set a fashion is another matter.

The Conqueror's death occurred at Rouen on September 9, 1087. He sustained injury from a heavy fall from his horse during a fight with the troops of the French King for the possession of Mantes. This French war was unpopular in London, and William was censured for undertaking it.

He lingered for six weeks after the accident, surrounded

by doctors and nurses who evidently did very little for him. Then, and then only, did the heart of the Conqueror soften. It is on record that his remorse for past cruelties was pitiable to behold. He sent money to Mantes for the rebuilding of churches and other buildings of which he had caused the destruction. He even pardoned State prisoners, including his half-brother Odo.

William and Henry, his two younger sons, were in constant attendance at his bedside, not out of affection for their father so much as for what they could obtain for themselves. William refused to bequeath the crown of England, saying he had not inherited it but won it by the sword. At one time in his career he declared the opposite. At all events, he now left the decision to the Almighty, but added a rider to the effect that he would like his son William Rufus to succeed him. Judging by the character of the said Rufus and subsequent events in England, a cynic might be forgiven for suggesting that the Almighty did not make the decision.

As for Rufus, he preferred not to wait for the actual death of his father but hurried to Calais, where he actually heard that the Conqueror had breathed his last. Robert, of course, claimed the Norman duchy.

The news of William's death arrived in London with the advent of his son, but it is difficult to determine the attitude of Londoners regarding either event. All I can conclude from contemporary evidence is that William I ended unfortunately by making himself unpopular over his action towards France, especially when it became known that the war was really caused by a personal remark of the French King.

William, at the time, was at Rouen in indifferent health. Philip said that he was 'lying-in,' and that when he was delivered there would be 'a great display of candles at the churching,' a coarse jest directed at William's corpulence. William, furious at the insult, swore a mighty oath that he would light a hundred thousand candles at Philip's expense. He kept the oath. He entered France at harvest-time and utterly destroyed Mantes by fire on

August 15. The triviality of the whole affair undoubtedly disgusted Londoners, who were now faced with the coronation of an unkingly looking individual, red of face, yellow of hair, corpulent of figure.

There is little doubt that the second William was unwelcome, especially as the reign of the Conqueror had not been too happy for London, and less still for the north. On the other hand, nobody dared to hope that there would be an English restoration now. Evidently the Normans had come to stay.

If citizens really imagined they could look forward to an era of peace under the son of the Conqueror they were soon disillusioned. For thirteen years London was to be in a state of turmoil. So that when on August 2, 1100, Rufus perished by an arrow from an unknown hand in the New Forest, no tears of regret were shed in London for a King whose chief characteristics lay in the depths of his personal vice.

In the Conqueror Londoners had found a man of strength and distinguished by the purity of his married life, by his temperate habits, and by what may be described as a sincere piety. Those who knew him best realized that his cruelties were undertaken in cold blood, as often as not, merely in pursuance of a policy. It was only when he wantonly destroyed Mantes in a black rage because of the jibe of the French King that he really lost London's sympathy. There were many who had admired the fine-looking Norman. Even though he grew stout in his latter years, he always preserved the kingly air that had characterized him all through.

Rufus, on the other hand, was loathed in London. He bawled when he spoke, and never uttered a sentence without a blasphemous phrase in it. His gait was ungainly; he shaved badly and wore his hair long. Even in his calmest moments he shouted every word he uttered; in a rage he stammered and became inarticulate. His associates were usually of a low type. He had no use for clean or intellectual conversation. The rumours about his private life cannot all have been true—at least, if they were, they

must have constituted something of a record in vice—but he never attempted to refute even the worst of them.

In Henry London was better pleased, the intellectual classes especially. Henry was something of a scholar. Not that there is much evidence of the existence of many scholars in London who could appreciate his scholarship, but the fact impressed London immensely. Well it might, after thirteen years of Rufus!

Henry could read and write Latin fairly fluently. Also he possessed what amounted to a barrister's knowledge in these days. He had a strange hobby. Devoted to natural history, he collected the famous Woodstock (Oxfordshire) menagerie which he kept in a beautiful park there. A trip to see this early Whipsnade was one of the things to do in fashionable London. The menagerie was the first of its kind.

Though by no means a chaste liver like his father, Henry might have been a finer man altogether had his reign been less troubled. That he was a strong ruler was keenly appreciated in London. Those who compared him with the lawless Rufus undoubtedly thought well of Henry Beauclerk.

Henry strove for peace. When he failed to obtain it he cannot always be blamed. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle describes him as a good man, and 'great was the awe of him. No man durst ill-treat another in his time. He made peace for man and deer.' Orderic Vitalis, the famous priest who lived in Henry's time, said that 'from the eighth year of his reign, in which he acquired firm hold on both sides of the sea, he always sought for peace and for the nations under him, and rigidly punished with austere measures the transgressors of the law.'

Henry's death caused more excitement than actual regret in London. It was well known that he had taken the greatest precautions to secure the succession of his daughter Matilda, but Londoners objected to a woman ruler. There was no question of Matilda's son Henry (afterwards Henry II) coming to the throne because he

was not yet four years old. Regencies were unheard of in those times.

Then there was the King's nephew Stephen, of whom Henry had always been very fond and whom London admired for his good looks and pleasant manners. When Henry died neither Stephen nor Matilda were in England. Stephen arrived first, and London turned out to give him a royal welcome. Never had there been such a scene within the memory of any living citizen. They even chose December 26—St. Stephen's day—for his coronation. As soon as crowned he made a great show of going to Reading to attend Henry's funeral—an action that appealed to Londoners as being in the best taste.

The splendour of the Court, the following Easter, made a deep impression. London flattered itself there was a style about their new King. The cut of his clothes settled the fashion in male attire for London society.

In 1141 it became known that Matilda was attempting to make good her claim to the throne. Londoners, however, were very decided in their views. They had raised Stephen to the throne, they admired him, they saw no advantage in having Matilda in his place. So strong was public opinion that she took good care to keep out of London until the Earl of Gloucester had succeeded in paving the way for her entry. How he managed to persuade the citizens that peace and prosperity would be theirs if Matilda wore the crown is one of the amazing incidents of Norman London. He did manage it, and she was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

Matilda was hardly a success. Her temper was vicious in the extreme, as London soon found out. When they also discovered that she was draining their financial resources, and generally treating them in a haughty fashion, deep resentment arose.

London was not the scene of the fight that ensued, but the news soon came through that King Stephen was imprisoned at Lincoln. Later in the year his supporters—many of whom were Londoners—managed to secure his release in exchange for the Earl of Gloucester.

A great ecclesiastical council was summoned in Westminster at which Stephen appeared. He addressed the assembly, complaining bitterly of his hardships. He was restored to the throne, but it was understood that Matilda's son Henry should succeed him. When Stephen and Henry appeared together in the streets of London the scenes of enthusiasm were past description. Henry did not have long to wait, for Stephen died on October 25 of that year—1154.

Two of the most interesting characters of Norman London were the archbishops Lanfranc and Anselm. Lanfranc possessed the first legal knowledge in the kingdom. His opinion on matters connected with ecclesiastical law were often accepted because they were so plainly set forth as to leave argument out of the question, but Lanfranc had not the slightest imagination. His writings are dull on that account. He was profoundly respected in London where he was seen periodically. His interest, when Primate, seemed to centre in Canterbury whose cathedral he rebuilt in the Norman style after the Great Fire of 1067.

Lanfranc always contrived to create a sensation wherever he went. The solemnity of the coronation of Rufus was wholly the result of the austere presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. William himself certainly added no dignity to the proceedings.

Anselm was Lanfranc's successor. There was, as a matter of fact, an interval between the two primates because Rufus had seized the revenues of Canterbury, and had purposely kept the see vacant. During William's reign Anselm was seldom seen in London; indeed very few citizens could even say they knew him by sight. During the last two years of his life he was resident in Westminster where his presence was deeply respected.

A gentle soul, Archbishop Anselm, fashioned of the sort of material of which Saints are made. He was canonized in 1494—a worthy dignity for him. No one would ever dream of canonizing Lanfranc. Perhaps it is true that it is hard for a lawyer to be a Saint. On the other hand, the recognition of the fine character of Anselm

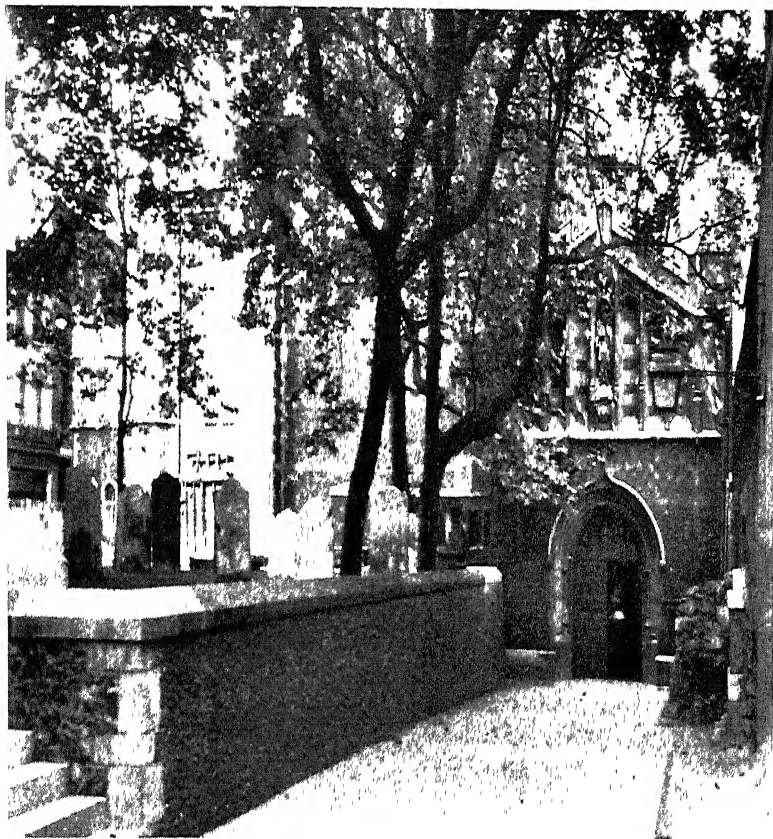
was a great thought. According to early engravings, Anselm was a spiritual-looking man, but deeply lined about the brow and mouth. He is believed to have possessed a deep, musical voice.

The church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, is the finest remnant of Norman days London possesses. The founder, an Augustinian monk named Rahere, was a courtier—it is said a minstrel, to Rufus. He was a frivolous youngster—he could hardly have been anything else to have been welcomed at the court of William II—but, as he matured, became conscious of the aimlessness of his life. He thereupon went to the other extreme and took holy orders about the year 1120. On a pilgrimage to Rome he fell ill and was kindly treated in an Italian hospital. Overcome with gratitude, he made a vow to found a hospital in London. One night in a dream—perhaps a vision—St. Bartholomew appeared to him and bade him add a church to the hospital foundation, dedicating it to his name. This he did on his return and became an Augustinian canon.

Rahere was the first master of 'Bart's.' Later, he built a priory specially for canons of the Augustinian order. The nave and transepts still exist. The church in the full Norman style, complete with triforium, apse, and ambulatory. The delicacy of the mural arcades is a feature of the interior.

The Normans were never afraid to use stone. Their buildings were always solid. Often they filled their rounded pillars with a core of rubble, but everything looked solid enough, even though the builders had a habit of leaving the masonry a little rough. Their buttresses were broad and generally slight in projection; their columns were nearly always round with rather low and somewhat insignificant bases. A Norman roof was either vaulted in the shape of a barrel or else definitely groined. A point of interest in St. Bartholomew's is the tomb of Rahere himself. The effigy may be the original, but the canopy is in a late Perpendicular style. Rahere died in 1144.

By the end of the Norman period St. Paul's was pre-



THE DREAM OF RAHIRE THE MONK :
ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT, SMITHFIELD

senting an imposing appearance. Henry the First took great interest in it, but in his day it could not have been very far above ground. The year after Henry's death—1136—a fire broke out in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, causing serious damage to the Cathedral. This, of course, was a set-back. As a result, the Tower was not completed until 1221, perhaps a year or two later.

Municipally, London was headed by the Bishop and a Reeve, together with various members of the free population. (It must be remembered that slavery still existed.) The Office of Bishop and Portreeve are now represented by that of the Lord Mayor.

Early records mention heavy punishments for assaulting an officer or a city dignitary. Other offences mentioned in early writings are falsification of coinage, adulteration of food-stuffs, inaccurate weighing, and exposure of articles unfit for consumption. If you sold bad food you had it burned under your nose; if you sold sour wine you had your bath-tub filled with it, and you were 'ducked' until you were thoroughly inebriated. Punishments fitted crimes in those days.

The year 1115 was noted for a remarkable occurrence. According to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in this 'the 15th year of Henry I, the 15th of October, the Thames ran so low that between the Bridge and the Tower the water was sufficiently diminished for a great multitude of men and boys to walk over the river, the water scarce reaching to their knees. This lasted the whole day. At the same time a similar phenomenon was observed in the Medway, and at Yarmouth the sea receded.' It would be interesting to know whether anybody in London thought the number fifteen had anything to do with the strange occurrence. Surely it must have been noticed that it was on the 15th of October, in the fifteenth year of the King's reign, and also that the year was 1115.

It is doubtful whether the appearance of the Thames-side had undergone material change from quite early days. The mud-flats at low tide were just as ugly, especially when viewed from the open Strand. From the other side of the

river the picture might have been gradually improving. Houses of quite good appearance were being built on the south side of the Strand. These had pleasant gardens leading down to the river.

It was always best to go by water from the city to Westminster; nearly every one did that up to Stuart days. Pepys usually went by barge from the Tower to Whitehall. The footway from Temple Bar to Whitehall was rough in Norman times owing to the presence of thickets and bushes. Whitehall itself was really a former backwater of the Thames now partially covered by St. James's Park. For that reason it was liable to be flooded after heavy rainfall. Charles I complained that Whitehall was too much surrounded by water.

Westminster was still to remain open for many years. There were slums near the Abbey, but very few buildings of importance graced the district at this time. Tothill Fields was a waste tract through which the Tyburn flowed to the Thames. Five Fields (Eaton Square) went under what was called Bloody Bridge, now Sloane Square, and remained open till the sixteenth century. Thorney Island in Norman times was still quite open except for the Abbey and its immediate surroundings; it remained so until as late as 1740. Chelsea was a separate village until the reign of George IV. Tothill Fields, by the way, is now roughly the site of Vincent Square.

Bermondsey Abbey was founded in 1082. The district was undoubtedly attractive in those days of Rufus, who gave the monks his manor there and actually built them a church.

The appearance of Southwark must have improved vastly by the end of the Norman period. The Conqueror had burned most of it, so that everything had a moderately new appearance. St. Mary Overy's, built in 1106, added greatly to the attraction of the district. Even in the old days, long before William burned Southwark, a church of a convent had stood either on or near the site. Tradition has it that this convent was built by Mary Audery, the daughter of a ferryman. She dedicated it to the Blessed

Virgin. It was supposed to have been turned into a college for priests by St. Swithin about the year 850. It was also believed that the Augustinian monastery of Norman days was a rebuild of the existing structures.

The similarity of Mary Audery and Mary Overy seems, at first sight, to be a case of a slight change of name. This might stand so long as the tradition is true. A safer explanation, however, is the more usual one—namely, that *ofer* means a *bank*, and *rie* a river; St. Mary's Over-the-River. At all events, the monastery of 1106 was well built and in Norman style. It retained the name of St. Mary Overy until the Reformation when Protestant opinion was responsible for it being called St. Saviour's—a name that could hardly offend even the most ardent opponent of the Roman Church. The building was greatly restored—in fact, partly rebuilt—in the nineteenth century. Further restorations took place in 1907. A Bishop of Southwark has existed since 1905, when St. Saviour's became known as Southwark Cathedral. Its style, taken as a whole, is Early English.

Southwark as a place has existed since Roman times and has always been a main thoroughfare into London from the south. It was made a parliamentary borough in 1296 (Edward I) and became familiarly known as 'The Borough'—a name that has not even yet entirely dropped out of use.

In Norman and early Plantagenet times Southwark was looked upon as a borough worth developing. Farther along the bank, going west, was St. Thomas's Hospital, founded in the reign of Rufus. The cost of this building—it was probably quite small—was defrayed out of the proceeds of a ferry over the Thames near London Bridge. It was destroyed by fire in 1207 and rebuilt in 1228. Edward VI endowed and incorporated it in 1553. The present building was opened by Queen Victoria in 1871.

Until the reign of Edward I (1272) Southwark preserved its independence from London. Edward VI, however, handed it over to London about 1552, for the extraordinary sum of £647, 2s. 1d.

Unfortunately, Southwark eventually became the home of criminals attracted by the sanctuary offered in St. Mary's. There were five prisons in the borough at one time. In fact, it is true to say that London made a practice of dumping its undesirables on the southern bank. Naturally they returned when it suited them, and London still suffered from robberies. Edward III, thinking that London had better govern Southwark, granted them for ever the town and borough complete—a privilege confirmed by the fourth Edward. It still remains in force, but only nominally. Southwark has long since learned to manage its own affairs.

Brixton and Kennington are both mentioned in Domesday, but neither seems to have been developed to any extent in Norman times. Brixton was the fashionable district of early Georgian London. Many rich merchants built themselves mansions in Brixton. Kennington and Kensington are the same word which, in Norman times, was *Chenitun*. In other words, the King's Town. Hardicanute spent a good deal of his time at the manor there. There was once a large common at Kennington, now covered by the park opened in 1852. St. Mark's Church covers the site of the execution-place of those who took part in the Jacobean Rebellion of 1745. The Oval was built a hundred years later.

Lambeth was perhaps further advanced in Norman times than any other southern borough. Edward the Confessor gave the manor of Lambeth to the bishopric of Rochester. Bishops had their official residence in Lambeth until the sixteenth century, but the actual manor was acquired in the Norman period for the see of Canterbury. The Palace was not built until 1490.

Altogether London 'without the walls' was gradually developing. Within the city there was perhaps less alteration. A notable church college and also a famous sanctuary dedicated to St. Martin stood, from 1056 until the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII, just off Cheapside. All that now remains to tell the tale is the name St. Martin-le-Grand.

Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate, belongs either to the Norman or else to the early Plantagenet period. It has been so restored that it is difficult to say which parts actually belonged to the Benedictine nunnery. The church has two parallel naves separated by an arcade of six lofty arches. Before the Restoration a screen separated these naves. The north nave was known as the Nuns' Choir, the south being reserved for parishioners.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is a good example of Perpendicular architecture. It was once the gatehouse of the priory of the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The priory itself belonged to Norman London ; it was built in the early part of the reign of Stephen. Wat Tyler was responsible for its destruction in 1381 when it was rebuilt, only to be dissolved with the others in 1540.

St. Katherine's hospital on the east side of Regent's Park is, in a sense, a reminder of Norman times. In 1825 the land on which it stood was purchased to build what are known as St. Katherine's docks, the money being devoted to the building of the hospital in Regent's Park. The foundation was one of the few charitable acts of Queen Matilda in 1148. Strangely enough, the hospital was re-established by another Queen in 1273—Eleanor, wife of Edward I. Her idea was to support six poor bachelors and six poor spinsters. What happened if any of them united in wedlock is more than history relates, but the tradition held. With English Queens has always rested the patronage of St. Katherine's. Henry the Fifth's widow rested there prior to her burial in Westminster Abbey, and the institution has long since held the title of a Royal Hospital.

So that Norman London, though by no means ideal, at least furnished the foundations of some of London's charitable institutions. With the passing of King Stephen came a great change, a development in method of government, an advance in power of the Church, a new movement in social life, reform in dress, manners, customs, habits. The Norman Kings reigned less than ninety years. The

88 TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF LONDON

Plantagenet Kings, viz. Henry II, Richard I, John Henry III, Edwards I, II, and III, and Richard II, covered a period of nearly two-and-a-half centuries, by the end of which London had assumed a shape more familiar to us.



BUILT WHEN CLERKENWELL WAS LONDON'S LOVELIEST VILLAGE ;
ST. JOHN'S GATE

CHAPTER VI

PLANTAGENET

(1154 to 1399)

AFTER the experiences of the past few years London's great desire was for peace and prosperity. All eyes were turned upon young Henry Plantagenet, just twenty-three years of age, especially when it was rumoured that King Henry II, as he was to be styled, had a strong aversion to foreigners in the City of London.

For once in a way, rumour proved to be true. A few days after the coronation all aliens and foreigners disappeared like magic. This was indeed a surprise because Henry II was a great European ruler before he ever set foot in London to claim the crown of England. He inherited Normandy from his mother, together with an overlordship of Brittany; from his father he inherited Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. By his marriage with Eleanor he became lord of Aquitaine, from the Loire to the Pyrenees and from the Bay of Biscay almost as far as the Rhone.

At the time of Stephen's death Henry was in Normandy, and for six weeks London was without a King within its walls. Very peaceful weeks they were, too. 'No man,' says a contemporary writer, 'durst do other than good for mickle awe of him.' He came (as soon as the weather let him) and was crowned on December 19, 1154.

Londoners were glad to see him. Curtmantel—Henry Curtmantel they called him, from the short Angevin cape he always affected. Some of them wished his legs were a trifle straighter; they were noticeably bowed from incessant riding. Not a cultured being like Henry Beauclerk; nothing delicate or refined about him. Frame

huge; muscles highly developed; face freckled from constant exposure; hair red and short; clean-shaven in so far as he wore no actual beard, but his razor sadly needed honing.

His mode of dress, thought Londoners, would set no fashion. He wore appalling clothes. If he tore a button from his tunic in a rage it was not replaced. He simply wore the garment without it. Thomas à Becket, riding one day with Henry was chaffed for wearing rich clothing. A beggar watched them pass. Before Becket could realize what was happening Henry had snatched the cloak from his shoulders and had thrown it to the beggar. A bystander was heard to remark that had it been the *King's* cloak the beggar would have thought twice about wearing it.

Henry was not a peaceful creature. He annoyed the court by taking his meals standing. He would walk about with a pastrycook's confection in either hand and discuss his latest hunting expedition with his mouth full, literally swilling down his food with a single draught of liquor. He would then suggest the meal was over.

He drove his servants to distraction. Only the quickest of them could keep pace with him. If they — or any one — enraged him he would roll on the floor, gnaw the carpet, and scream like a maniac.

He reigned in England for thirty-five years, but did not spend as many weeks in London. How he spent his time abroad does not concern this narrative, but it may be taken that he never slept under the same roof for two successive nights if he could avoid it.

The day after he was crowned there were great doings at Bermondsey Abbey. A great conference had been called. Henry appeared, took the chair, and did all the talking. Not that he was very well understood; he could not speak a word of English. However, the ruling about the foreigners was understood and gave supreme satisfaction to all present.

The coronation had been a splendid affair, less on Henry's account than on that of Queen Eleanor. London

was not quite sure how to take her at first. It was well known that Henry had married her a few weeks after her divorce from Louis VII of France, and her reputation at a court in Antioch had been lurid. Londoners knew that. When they saw her anointed in Westminster Abbey, her beautiful form naked to the waist during the ceremony (a custom observed until Elizabeth's time), they seemed to forgive her everything.

Henry was glad to get the feasting over. At the meeting he summarized the laws of England as he understood them to be, outlined some practical reforms, told the assembly he would keep to past legislation and carry out his own proposals immediately. He then got rid of them and turned to matters more to his liking.

The next thing London heard was that there would be an entirely new coinage of a standard weight and purity. And woe betide the first who dared try his hand at counterfeiting! The various mints were soon busy. A Roman mint had existed up to the end of the third century; in 928 London boasted eight 'Mynteres' or 'Moneyers.' In Norman times mints were established all over England. Henry, however, was definite about his mints, which were to be under the strictest supervision.

He had been crowned six days when Christmas was upon them; it might have been six months judging from the arrangements he had already made. He now left Westminster and spent the festival at a monastic house in Bermondsey, then in the middle of a marsh. Why, exactly, nobody could imagine, but two days later he had taken to the saddle again and was not seen for some weeks.

The rise and fall of Becket hardly concerns London's history, even though Londoners were appalled at the news of his murder. Other matters (at closer range) are, however, worth retailing. In 1163 London Bridge was found to be in a weak condition. An ecclesiastical architect (Peter, Rector of St. Mary Colechurch) undertook to rebuild the existing bridge of elm, but in 1176 it was decided to attempt to span the Thames with a bridge of stone. Engineering skill in those times was not advanced;

political troubles and lack of means made a long job of its construction. Thirty-three years passed before it was safe to walk over, Peter's wooden structure nobly doing duty during the period.

It was a strange-looking affair when at last the new bridge was declared open. Twenty pointed arches, not two of the same span, with a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury (London's new Saint) built in the centre, on the only two really large piers. The good Peter lived to see most of it completed, but died four years before the actual opening.

During this time London was a place of filth. The streets were still unpaved, and pigsties were allowed to remain in front of the houses in many instances. The various fires had obliterated the splendid Roman baths, conduits, and sewers; consequently the streams were polluted with garbage. One held one's nose at every turn.

Yet Ritzstephen, Becket's biographer and by far the most authoritative of contemporary writers, says he loved London for its beauty. He waxes extraordinarily enthusiastic over the appearance of the City from the other side of the river. He admires St. Paul's, the Tower, two castles, and one hundred and twenty-six parish churches. The population of London at this time is computed by Peter of Blois (otherwise known as Petrus Blebensis) at something like 40,000 souls. Peter was in the employ of Henry, and was for some years Archdeacon of Bath. He became secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury and then was made Archdeacon of London. When Henry died he became Queen Eleanor's secretary.

He was a miserable individual, always grumbling at something, but his various remarks upon London at this, his own period, have been useful to chroniclers of all ages since. He seems quite satisfied that there was a church in London to about every three hundred people, and it is certain that some of the parishes could not have been more than three or four acres in extent.

Peter gives a close description of Henry, of which I give a few excerpts. 'You are aware,' he says, 'that his com-

plexion and hair were a little red, but the approach of old age has altered this somewhat and the hair is turning grey. He is of middle size, such that among short men he seems tall, and even among tall ones not the least in stature. His head is spherical, as if it were the seat of great wisdom and the special sanctuary of deep schemes. His eyes are round and, while he is calm, dove-like and quiet; but when he is angry they flash fire and are like lightning. His hair has not grown scant, but he keeps it well cut. His feet are arched; his shins like a horse's; his broad chest and brawny arms proclaim him to be strong, active, and bold. His hands, by their coarseness, show the man's carelessness. He wholly neglects all attention to them and never puts a glove on except when he is hawking. Every day he attends Mass, councils, and other public business, and stands on his feet from morning till night. Though his shins are terribly wounded and discoloured by constant kicks from horses, he never sits down except when riding horseback.¹

'In mounting a horse and riding he preserves all the lightness of youth, and tires out the strongest men by his excursions almost every day. For he does not, like other kings, lie idle in his palace but goes through his provinces examining every one's conduct, and particularly the persons whom he has appointed judges of others. No one is shrewder in council, readier in speaking, more self-possessed in danger, more careful in prosperity, more firm in adversity. If he once forms an attachment to a man he rarely gives him up; if he has once taken a real aversion to a person he seldom admits him afterwards to any familiarity. He has for ever in his hands bows, swords, hunting-nets, and arrows, except he is at council or his books; for as often as he can get breathing time from his cares and anxieties he occupies himself with private reading.'

Fitzstephen gives glowing accounts of the spread of

¹ At a Christmas party in Bermondsey an old Baron besought Henry to sit for the banquet, and so allow the company to do likewise. Henry said he regretted to have to refuse, but a bite from his horse prevented his sitting down at all!

education in London. He speaks of scholars 'who deliver rhetorical declamations in which they observe all the rules of art, and neglect no topic of persuasion. Even the younger boys in the different schools contend against each other in verse about the principles of grammar and the preterites and supines of verbs.'

The Norman style of architecture continued to be followed closely, both in London and in the country generally, until the time of Richard I. Henry's successor. After that it altered into what is generally known as the early English style.

The general ground-plan of a house of this period was a parallelogram. There was usually one large room, and a hall on the ground floor which ran up the entire height of the house. The sitting-room was at the end of the hall and somewhat apart from the rest of the house. Kitchens were always outbuildings. Some of the larger houses contained chapels.

The halls were frequently ecclesiastical in design. It was not uncommon for them to contain pillars and quite graceful arches, with aisles and nave divided from each other by rich hangings. Occasionally the hall was on the first floor, the lower floor being vaulted. If so, the communication with the first floor was by exterior stairway. Chimneys were common, but by no means the general rule. More often the fire was placed in the middle of the hall, the smoke escaping by a *louvre*, or opening in the roof, so designed as not to let in rain. One imagines these apertures created an unpleasant draught, all the same.

The furniture of the period has not come down to us. Judging from illuminated manuscripts of the period, it seems that walls were generally covered with tapestry. The beds look more like glorified benches or, at the best, mere couches. They had neither hangings nor testers, but pillows and bedclothes seem to have been in common use. A few arm-chairs, rather uncomfortable-looking, but more stools than chairs on the whole. The carving must have been excellent and the general finish seems to point to good craftsmanship, but none of the pictures I have

seen have shown a chair in which I should care to sit for long.

Rods and curtain-rings seem to have been quite modern in appearance and certainly as good as we use in these days. The tendency, above all, was to ornament everything, even the hinges and bolts for the doors, which themselves were highly decorative.

Although Henry set no fashion, and was even inclined to make fun of those who set great store by their appearance, the aristocracy of London was not disturbed by his opinions. The changes of fashion between the coming of the Conqueror to the death of Henry II are so numerous that it is impossible in a book of this kind to deal with them in detail. There was a fashion in early Norman London for men to wear their hair closely shaven as well as the upper lip; a few years later every one had grown his hair to such an effeminate length that the priests of the church began to denounce the practice from their pulpits.

Things must have come to a pretty pass when the clergy threatened the male members of their congregations with scissors and razors. It is even related that one bishop became so incensed that he walked round his congregation and cut their hair for them—including the King's (Henry I). Perhaps it was time something was done, because it is also on record that men whose hair refused to grow to the fashionable length were wearing false locks.

The general dress of the period consisted of a hooded cap, a tunic, a cloak, long tight hose, leg bandages, and shoes—sometimes ankle boots. Variations, at the whim of the fashion-designers, ordained now that the tunics must be short, now that they be long; that the sleeves be lengthened so that they overlapped the hands or else reduced so that the arm was bare to the elbow.

The quality of the material was a great point. The rich insisted on paying a certain price, the material being judged *according* to its price rather than its actual appearance and quality. King Rufus refused to wear stockings at three shillings a pair, saying they were cheap and nasty;

King Stephen created a dreadful scene when asked to pay half a crown a pair for his.

Then there was a fashion for a no-hat brigade. King John never wore a hat if he could avoid it. Instead, he set the fashion of using curling tongs, even ribbons!

As for the ladies of the period, it would seem that they were hard put to it to compete with the men. Their gowns were simple in construction, but often of rich material and singularly heavy. Many a damsel must have profusely perspired in her flowing, robe-like dress with a thick undergarment, visible in front and sturdily laced. At one time the sleeves were so long that it became necessary to tie knots in them to avoid tripping.

Girdles came into fashion, generally heavily ornamented. The girls of the period took to wearing their hair short and curled, but their mothers preferred to retain their locks at full length. From which it would seem that there is nothing new under the sun in hair-dressing.

A proof that hygiene was still in its infancy lies in the remarkable fact that carpets, as we know them, were rarely used. It is doubtful if there were many in London at this time. Rushes were sold in the markets and these did duty for a carpet. As they were only replaced when the spring cleaning came on we are left to imagine the condition of the floors of even London's best houses. Fitzstephen thought Thomas à Becket very extravagant because he renewed his straw in his dining-room every morning. He does explain, though, that when Becket entertained he generally found himself short of chairs. It was his thoughtfulness that caused him to provide clean straw for the floors so that his guests might sit thereon in comfort.

The Normans were responsible for new (and therefore fashionable) names for articles of food. In English London one ate a joint of *cow*; in early Plantagenet London it was spoken of as *beef*. In the days of Henry II nobody offered his guest a slice of *calf*; *veal* was the correct term. It was in those days that *deer* became known as *venison* when cooked; *sheep* was termed *mutton*; *pig* became *pork*, although there seems to be no mention of *bacon*. Whatever

one preferred in this way one always expected it to be thoroughly spiced. It may have been that in hot weather one's table joint proved to be what we vulgarly term 'high'; if so, the presence of spice would have made some of it possible which, otherwise, might have been more than even a twelfth-century palate could withstand.

Bread, again, was hotly spiced. So were the wines, especially morat and hippocras. Even the ale and cider, drunk largely by the middle classes, were hot to the palate. The great object of the Plantagenet cooks, seemingly, was to see that the products of the skill left a burning sensation lasting until the next meal.

If London saw little of Henry it saw less of his successor, Richard the Lion-hearted. He was only seen twice after his coronation, his queen never. He came on both those occasions for one purpose—to collect money for the crusades. For that matter, he had already given an insight into his character. His first action on arriving in London after his father's death was to imprison the royal treasurer until he yielded the late King's wealth.

The coronation exceeded all that had preceded it for splendour. Richard stage-managed it from start to finish. He took a suite of chambers near the Abbey, from the doors of which (right to the high altar itself) he caused the ground to be covered with crimson cloth. The clergy led the procession—hundreds of them, all suitably vested, Richard himself bringing up the rear by walking under a canopy of rich silk borne on four spears carried by four barons. For the ceremony he wore gold sandals, a cap, a tunic, a dalmatic, a sword, spurs, and some sort of mantle.

I am bound to say I admire old Archbishop Baldwin. He evidently summed up Richard shrewdly. 'Assume thou *not* the royal dignity, Richard,' he said, 'unless thou be prepared to observe the oath thou swearest.' Judging from accounts of the period, it would seem that Richard intimated in his tone, if not in actual word, that he had not dressed himself to such perfection for nothing; he had come to swear anything he was required to swear.

There we must leave him inasmuch as he left London.

That Londoners were disappointed in him seems to be a fact. Perhaps one of his careless remarks had been repeated. 'London?' said Richard. '*London?* I would *sell* London if I could find any one to buy it!'

The fact that William of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was left as regent was wholly distasteful to Londoners. He was most unpopular. He quarrelled with every one of note, including Prince John, the King's brother and heir to the throne. If he accused John of plotting to gain the throne in Richard's absence he was right, for the Prince had regarded Richard's departure to Palestine as a stroke of good fortune. He may have remembered that kings had gone a-crusading before and had never returned.

The details of his plot do not concern London's history, even though they must have been discussed at the time. It is enough to point out here that London was disgusted with Richard for being abroad the whole of his reign. They liked Prince John as a Prince, even though they ultimately learned to hate him as a King.

Those were stirring times—those days of Robin Hood, with their rough and uncouth games. When football was played there was no science in it. A huge ball was used, the players dividing into two factions, without the slightest consideration for numbers, the aim of either side being to drive the ball into an area—one might almost say a district and not exaggerate—defended by their opponents. Fitzstephen describes a football festival held on Shrove Tuesday, which is probably the first mention of the game in London, though it was played in some form at Chester and Derby as far back as 217.

In Plantagenet London football became not only a nuisance but a positive menace. Edward II forbade it in 1314, saying that he would not have 'this great noise caused by hustling over large balls.' Evidently he was not successful in getting it totally 'cried down,' because both Henry VIII and Elizabeth enacted laws against it. Though rather ahead of time, chronologically speaking, it is amusing to note that in 1531 Sir Thomas Elyot, the diplomatist, observed that football was 'nothing but beastely fury and

extreme violence, whereof proceedeth hurte, and consequently rancour do remayne with thym that be wounded. 'Wherefore it is to be put in perpetual silence.' Despite this, it was still being played as violently in 1583, for Stubbes, in his entertaining *Anatomie of Abuses*, declared it to be productive of 'envy, rancour, and malice, and sometimes murther, brawling, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.'

Stubbes was a trifle Puritanic, so we may perhaps regard him as a little biased. Sir William Devenant, the poet and dramatist of Stuart days, was evidently inclined to look upon the game more kindly. 'I would now make a safe retreat,' he wrote, 'but methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games called football.' Although he considered it heroic, he evidently did not approve of its being played in London, for he says: 'I conceive it not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such narrow roads as Crooked Lane.'

However rough football may have been, as played in the streets of Plantagenet London, one could always find diversion in a quiet game of bowls. Next to archery, bowls is the oldest English outdoor pastime. The earliest records of the game, judged chiefly from pictures, make it quite clear that there was no jack. It would seem that the first player sent his bowl along the lawn and that subsequent players regarded it as the jack. Bowling alleys in the days of Henry VIII were certainly a hotbed of intrigue, and it is not surprising that Henry forbade the game amongst the lower classes except at Christmas time, an enactment that, strangely enough, was not repealed until as late as 1845.

In those days, if you were caught playing bowls outside your own private grounds it cost you a matter of six and eightpence. If you wished to play in your own garden you had to consider whether a licence costing you a hundred pounds was worth while. Henry himself played a good game and was not above backing his own chances when he played.

The bias was not known in Plantagenet days, but Henry may have known it. Says Robert Recorde: 'A little

altering of one side maketh the bowl to run biasse ways.' The Puritans seem to have regarded the quiet character of the game as making it suitable for Sunday play. When John Knox paid Calvin a surprise visit at Geneva on the Sabbath he found him playing bowls. John Aylmer, Bishop of London, in the reign of Elizabeth, enjoyed a game of a Sunday afternoon, but it is regrettable to have to record that the gentleman's language was such as 'justly exposed his character to reproach.' John Evelyn, Samuel Pepys, and Sir Christopher Wren were all keen bowlers in their day.

Cricket was played in Plantagenet London. The word seems to be of doubtful origin. It may either have come from the Anglo-Saxon *cric* or *cryce*, meaning a *club* or *staff*, or it may be derived from the fact that a *cricket* was a *stool*. It is possible that an early form of the game was one in which a ball aimed at a stool was hit away with the hand by a player who stood in front of it. The word *creag* appears in the wardrobe account of Edward I as being a game of similar character and patronized by the nobility.

We are dependent upon drawings and sketches of various periods for any knowledge we may be said to possess of early cricket. In the King's Library there is a grotesque picture of a batsman holding a bat above his head, and also one where he points his bat to a woman who is preparing to catch the ball. The artist, however, omits to show the ball. In a picture in the Bodleian Library fielders appear, the players being monks.

In the late Plantagenet period the game was called *Hondyn* or *Hondoute*, which seems to mean *Hand in* or *Hand out*, the actual word *cricket* not appearing until about the year 1550.

As a school game, cricket was probably first played at Winchester in 1651, seemingly in the month of January. In 1661 the St. Albans Cricket Club was formed under the presidency of the fourth Earl of Salisbury.

The famous Hambledon Club, which played its matches on Broad Half Penny and Windmill Downs, flourished for forty-one years (1750-91), and the M.C.C. came into

existence in 1780 when the members of the old Artillery Ground Club took over the White Conduit Fields and formed the club of that name. In 1787 the club was remodelled under the title of the Marylebone Cricket Club and moved to Lord's, named after the Club's groundsman, Thomas Lord.

Lord's, in those days, was where Dorset Square is at the present time. Lord put down turf of a fine quality there, but removed it in 1811 to Regent's Park, not far from where St. Dunstan's Hostel now stands. In 1814 he took it all up again and laid it on the west side of what is now Wellington Road, so named in 1815 after the battle of Waterloo. While Lord was working on the west side of Wellington Road, Hardwicke was busy building what was called for some years St. John's Wood Chapel, now St. John's Regent's Park, the grounds of which are parallel to the present Lord's, and which are over one of the largest of the plague pits of 1665. Thirty-three thousand victims are estimated to lie buried beneath St. John's grounds, in which is also the grave of Johanna Southcott, the famous religious fanatic who flourished in the reign of George III.

Cricket, as played in London before the days of the M.C.C., presented a very different appearance from the present game. A *wicket* is a *gate*, and I imagine a derivation lies in the fact. There existed a word in Old French spelt *wiket*, derived from a still older word in Scandinavian, spelt *vik*, which meant an *inlet*. The connexion is that, in the Plantagenet stage of the game, the wicket consisted of a circular hole and possibly one stump, which latter was placed at the back of the hole. The ball had to be thrown into (or else placed in) the hole to run the batsman out. The wicket has undergone many changes in appearance, judging by pictures and various accounts. A mediaeval picture shows two stumps about a foot high and set at least two feet apart. A third stump was laid across the other two, which rather bears out the original meaning of a *gate*. Such a wicket must have taken some hitting, even though it counted if the cross piece only was hit. The three upright stumps came into vogue some time before 1800,

and the height was raised to twenty inches. In 1817 the arrangement of the wicket became much as it is now. Strangely enough, the length of the pitch has nearly always been the same.

The oldest bats are not unlike present-day hockey-sticks and were made in one piece, a fact that should remind us of the days of our childhood and the unpleasant sting we experienced with a bat of cheap quality. The length of the bat was not limited until 1840 though, by the rules of 1788, it might not be more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the widest part. The London Club in 1744 decreed that the ball must be between five and six ounces.

So much for Plantagenet cricket. Tennis, or Tennice, was played in Plantagenet London, but was different from the present Lawn-Tennis, which cannot have existed in London before 1874. At one time it was played on horse-back with a staff curved at the end and strung with plaited gut. The game was known as *La Boude*, and was played within a walled court.

Royal Tennice was popular in Plantagenet London. Chaucer played it. He says, 'But canstow playen racket to and fro?' Henry VII played the game enthusiastically. Not only did he play it, but even revoked previous edicts against it, which made the game very popular. Henry VIII built the court at Hampton Palace.

The game gained still more popularity in the time of James II. There is a picture extant of him as a boy holding a short-handled racquet in his hand. The racquet is strung diagonally. Most of these old courts have now disappeared, one of the last being that in Windmill Street, at the top of the Haymarket.

The racquet is of Italian origin. Its introduction into London must have added fresh interest to the game in which, until then, the hand only had been used.

Golf belongs to the later Plantagenet period. It was probably not played in London until 1450. It came to London from Scotland, but is of Dutch origin. The word is a variation of *Kolf*, meaning a *club*. Once established in London, it was taken up keenly, so much so that there

was a danger of enactment against it. These enactments against new games were always for the same reason: the protection of archery, the standard of which had to be kept up for military reasons. The Scots Parliament of 1457 actually did pass a law against golf. It was decreed that 'both futeball and golf be utterly cryit down and nocht usit.'

So that Plantagenet Londoners amused themselves, but during the reign of John there was not much opportunity for the furtherance of peaceful pastimes. After his death—regretted by nobody in London—there was an outburst of national feeling at the accession of Henry of Winchester, who had just completed his tenth year. He was crowned in the abbey church of Gloucester with a plain gold circlet (in lieu of the crown), and was entrusted into the care of the Earl of Pembroke.

The reign of John had brought no pleasure into the homes of London. Citizens found themselves confronted with political intrigues of all sorts. When the papal interdict was laid upon the city Londoners were plunged into the deepest gloom. London's cathedral and one hundred and twenty-six churches were closed. The bells were no longer rung. The priests celebrated Mass behind barred doors. The only rites left to the laity were those of baptism for new-born babes and communion for the dying. Otherwise, the Church was virtually dead. Burials took place in unconsecrated ground without service. Marriages were solemnized in churchyards or private houses.

In 1212 there was another disaster. On July 10 a fire broke out in Southwark with a strong southerly breeze behind it. The flames swept across London's new bridge, destroying the houses upon it and quickly reaching the north end, spreading thence to the city. Three thousand people lost their lives in that fire. This makes strange comparison with the Great Fire of 1666, when not more than a dozen people were burned to death. Yet, in comparison, the damage done by the fire of 1212 was nothing.

During the reign of Henry III London was in constant

turmoil owing to the incessant quarrelling between King and Parliament. There were meetings in Westminster Hall, the result of which seemed to send London deeper and deeper into gloom. Henry made promises ; the Barons heard him in icy silence. To open a Parliament called for May 2, 1258, Henry entered Westminster Hall to the accompaniment of a rattle of swords that caused him uneasiness. 'What means this?' he wailed. 'Am I a prisoner?' 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'but your foreign favourites and your own extravagance have involved this realm in great wretchedness. Wherefore we demand that the powers of government be entrusted and made over to a committee of bishops and barons, that the same may root up abuses and enact good laws.'

That was London's temper at the moment. Then there was Simon de Montfort, a hero in the City. Great things were expected of him. He was the man to make Londoners freemen and demand justice and integrity, but the horrors of civil war were to be felt to the full, a climax being reached when the sudden massacre of five hundred Jews (men, women, and children) took place in Old Jewry and on the very steps of St. Paul's. After the death of de Montfort and the restoration of the King the position was hardly better.

When Henry himself died, after having reigned (nominally, that is) for fifty-six years, there was not a citizen in London who did not heave a sigh of relief. A king utterly devoid of even the elements of greatness.

John was the type upon whom it was impossible to make an impression of any sort ; Henry was so impressionable that he became unreliable on that account.

Londoners may have looked back with horror on his reign and that of his father, but the shrewdest of them were keenly looking forward to better times, for Prince Edward (whom they had already learned to love) was now to take the title of Edward the First.

He was in the East at the moment, fighting in a crusade. No historian seems to have given a good reason why he risked a journey so far, leaving the aged and failing Henry

on the throne. I do not pretend to know any more than those whose works I have perused, but I am inclined to think Edward knew his own popularity and his father's unpopularity. He thought he had nothing to fear from the people when at last he should return to London.

So it proved. On the nineteenth day of August, 1274, after an absence of over four years, he and his charming Queen Eleanor were crowned in Westminster Abbey.

The first act of the new King was to expel all Jews from the country. Their plight in London does not bear thinking of. They went—at least those who escaped death at the hands of the mariners of London went—but it must be said that Edward himself had granted them free passes to the continent, together with such valuables as they could carry. Some of the mariners were brought to justice.

Though it does not immediately concern the story of London, it might be noted that during Edward's reign Wales was conquered. St. Paul's Cathedral was finished, and services were held there daily. Westminster Abbey was resplendent with its new chapel.

Perhaps one of the greatest shocks experienced in London during the Plantagenet period was the death of Eleanor, Edward's beloved Queen. Her body was brought in solemn procession from Lincolnshire to London, Edward erecting what became famous as the Eleanor crosses wherever her body rested for the night. One of the finest of these may still be seen at Waltham. The final cross was raised in the little village of Charing. Hence the name *Charing Cross*.

In the reign of the third Edward London suffered from the plague known as Black Death. It seems to have been reported about the first of November 1348. (The plague pit for its victims was afterwards occupied by the Charterhouse.) Supplies of food were restricted from lack of labour on the farms in the near vicinity. Those still able to work were exacting high wages.

We must not forget that Plantagenet London was the London of Geoffrey Chaucer, born about 1340. In 1368 Chaucer was a dashing young yeoman. Londoners admired

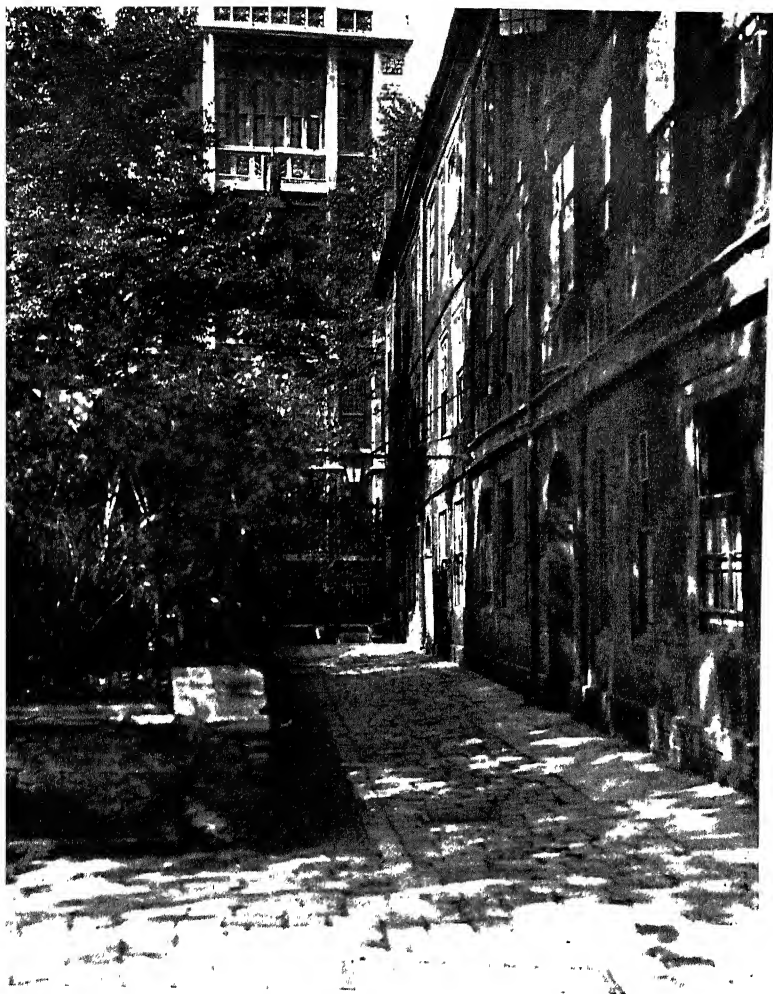
him greatly. In 1374 he was prosperous to a degree. The King granted him a 'pitcher of wine' daily. In 1394 he was in receipt of a substantial pension. In 1382 Chaucer was Comptroller of the Petty Customs in the Port of London; by 1385 he had risen to the dignity of a Justice of the Peace for Kent. In 1386 he was elected one of two knights for the shire of Kent, which seems to have been the climax of his career. Other appointments, not quite so lucrative, perhaps, included that of Clerk of Works at a salary of two shillings a day. He was then made Commissioner to maintain the banks of the Thames between Greenwich and Woolwich, but fell on hard times at the accession of Henry IV. At the end of 1399 he leased a tenement in the garden of St. Mary's Chapel, in Westminster, and died on October 25, 1400. His tomb in Westminster Abbey became the nucleus of Poet's Corner.

Chaucer's work as a poet does not enter London's history. On the other hand, it is worth noting that Londoners considered him the one great genius in their midst, much as the people of Vienna regarded Beethoven in his lifetime. Whether Chaucer developed the English language as much as some have thought is doubtful, but it must be remembered that educated people in England during his lifetime were bilingual. French was as common in London as English. The great claim for him in our eyes must be that he always wrote in English. He held no brief for the French language. He was entirely our own.

He was no great dramatist; neither is there any wonderful rhythm in his lines. His success as the Poet of Plantagenet London lay in the fact that he knew a good story when it occurred to him, and knew also how to present it. He was a narrative poet. He could always entertain.

Perhaps there has never been another quite like him. He could spin a yarn with the best of them, and for his great powers in this respect he was deservedly honoured as one of the Chaucers of Cordwainer Street, the home of the shoemakers.

The Cordwainers were makers of shoes in leather from Cordova, in Spain. The Cordwainers' Company was incor-



KNOWN TO GEOFFREY CHAUCER :
CLIFFORD'S, THE OLDEST OF THE INNS OF CHANCERY
THE GOTHIC BUILDING IS THE RECORD OFFICE IN FETTER LANE

porated in 1410. Cordwainer Street is now Bow Lane, but was at one time known as Hosiers' Lane. It is strange that the word *chaucer* also means a *shoemaker*.

Edward I died at Burgh-upon-Sands, a stern, white-haired old man, still game to fight his way until Scotland was completely conquered. The news did not reach London for a fortnight. When at last it was made known there was profound regret in London, for citizens loved and respected him. Never had there been a greater royal romance than the marriage of Edward and Eleanor; while she lived the King's temper was genial and his manner pleasant.

Though never a learned man, Edward was a benefactor to learning; he certainly ranks as one of the greatest kings of England. His motto was *Pactum serva—Keep troth*—a motto he carried out all his life.

His son, Edward II, commanded neither respect nor affection from the citizens of London. Business men of the City deplored the fact that the new King was not in any sense a business man. London might have tolerated Edward had he not attempted to bring Piers Gaveston into everything. On March 16, 1310, the barons marched to Westminster in full armour, determined to banish the object of their hatred. Edward was obliged to consent, and Gaveston was banished to Flanders. In 1312 he was again seen in England, and London anxiously awaited the news of his execution. It came sooner than was expected.

The chief political interest of the reign of Edward II is centred in Scotland rather than in London. The domestic differences between Edward and Isabella (which led to war with the French) were naturally matters of interest to Londoners of the time, but do not enter its real story. There was, however, great solemnity at the entry of Isabella and Roger Mortimer to meet Parliament at Westminster, especially when it was made known that King Edward II had been deposed and his son Edward proclaimed King.

London listened that day to a somewhat strange proclamation. Every one had been discussing a *deposition*; judging by what the heralds were calling out, it seemed as

though the King had voluntarily resigned from the government of the country. 'Whereas Sir Edward, late King of England,' the heralds were shouting, 'of his own goodwill and with the common advice and assent of the prelates, earls, barons, and other nobles, and all the commonalty of the realm, has put himself out of government of the realm, and has granted and willed that the government of the said realm should come to Sir Edward his eldest son and heir. . . .'

And yet, a little later, London knew that the late King had been caught in Wales and murdered in Berkeley Castle on September 21, 1327.

Crécy, the capture of Calais, the battle of Neville's Cross, Poitiers, and other such matters must be passed over; they are no part of London's history. There were prophets in London by the score, but none sufficiently skilled in the art of prophecy to foretell that the claim to the French crown, put forward by the present King, the third Edward, was the beginning of a century of warfare.

The Hundred Years' War belongs to French history as much as to our own. It began with Edward's claim in 1338, and went on until the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360. War broke out again in 1369 when the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were the central figures. There was a further renewal in 1377 at the death of Edward III, and still another at the deposition of his successor Richard II. Henry IV was concerned in it; Henry V knew it at Harfleur and Agincourt; Henry VI knew forty years of it and heard the praises of Joan of Arc. It ended in 1453 by the capture of Bordeaux, England having lost all her possessions in France except Calais.

Richard II was crowned with unusual pomp. He was only ten years old, and it may have been that his tender years had something to do with the elaborate ceremonies. Not that *he* enjoyed them, poor lad! He was completely exhausted after the actual coronation, and had to be carried to bed to rest in order to be able to face the remaining festivities. It was said the very conduits of London ran with wine that week.

Popular discontent was soon widespread owing to the rising of the men of Kent and Essex against the imposition of the poll-tax. Jack Straw, Jack Trueman, and Jack the Miller were names to conjure with, but the trouble assumed a graver aspect when a tax-collector insulted the daughter of Wat the Tyler, who immediately battered out the collector's brains.

Tyler's coming to London was the signal for demonstrations against the King. Richard was plucky to a degree, but his action in going down the river to Rotherhithe was unwise. He found a huge mob of yelling insurgents. Somewhat taken aback, he turned his barge about and, helped by the rising tide, got safely back to the Tower.

Walworth, the mayor, caused the movable part of London Bridge to be raised to prevent the Kentish men crossing the river, but they were admitted the following day. The richer citizens, at their wits' end what to do with the mob, offered them wine. Mad with drink, a number of them rushed the Savoy, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster, and set fire to it. They drank the Duke's cellar dry, and most of them, too helpless to move, were buried under the ruins of the house.

Newgate Prison was demolished and the prisoners set free. The Fleet Prison was broken into and the prisoners urged to join in the fray. Rich citizens were massacred and London was a blaze of flames. Two days later a proclamation was issued to the effect that if the insurgents would retire peacefully to Mile End the King would meet them and grant them their requests. The gates were opened and the drawbridge was lowered and Richard rode to meet the mob. There were about sixteen thousand persons present. They were quiet—even respectful—and presented their demands, which included the abolition of slavery and the liberty of buying and selling in the open markets.

Richard agreed, and employed thirty clerks to make copies of the charter. The following morning the copies were delivered, and most of the crowd withdrew. As is general in such cases, a few extremists remained behind.

The Tower Guards were bribed and some of the insurgents gained entrance. The Archbishop of Canterbury and several officers were beheaded, and the widow of the Black Prince, so well known as the 'Fair Maid of Kent,' was expected, for the second time in the last few weeks, to purchase her freedom by kissing some very dirty-looking men. A little later it was safe for Richard to join his mother in the Royal Wardrobe House.

The charter proved abortive. At least, it was rejected by Wat Tyler, even though it had been gladly accepted by the Essex men. Two more were drawn up and larger concessions were demanded.

The next morning Richard rode to Westminster Abbey to hear Mass. After the service he and several barons rode towards London. They went round by West Smithfield where, to his surprise, Richard came face to face with Wat Tyler. Recognizing Richard, Tyler exclaimed to those around him: 'Here's the King! I will go and speak to him. Don't move unless I signal.' Tyler rode up to Richard and said: 'Oh, King, do you see these men?' 'Of course I see them,' said Richard. 'Why ask?'

'Because they are here at my bidding,' said Tyler. 'They have sworn to do whatever I bid them.'

Richard made no reply but waited, even though Tyler was handling a dagger and had laid hold of the royal bridle. Obviously he had no intention of attempting to assassinate the King, but William Walworth, the lord mayor, thought it unwise to take risks. He drew a short dagger and stabbed Tyler in the throat. Tyler turned his horse about but Ralph Standish, one of Richard's esquires, stabbed him again. This time he fell, and died within a few moments.

There was a roar immediately. '*We are betrayed.*' The next instant arrows were strung and things looked ugly. Richard calmly rode up to the mob. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'Tyler was a traitor. I am your captain.'

This seemed to hold up what would have been a bad business. Richard then rode off. 'Make for the fields,'

said Walworth. 'If we attempt flight our ruin is certain. Let us gain a little time.'

They headed towards the fields of Islington where they were met by a thousand soldiers. The mob, terrified at the prospect of wholesale massacre, fled through the corn-fields or else prostrated themselves, crying for mercy.

The outcome of the King's promise was unfortunate for the men of Essex and Kent. He told them quite plainly they must return to their bondage and that he had not the slightest intention of keeping his word. And there we get the real Richard.

For some time past, ecclesiastical London had been greatly concerned at the so-called heretical teaching of Wycliffe. The fact was that he was a little too plain-spoken for the majority of the clergy. He made hard references to clerical abuses, and the priests hated him in consequence. His itinerant priests were, according to the view of the bishops, 'evil persons under the dissimulation of great holiness.' Moreover, they had been going about from town to town 'without licence from our Holy Father, the Pope.'

Fortunately for Wycliffe, Parliament had not framed an act to burn all preachers guilty of schismatic or heretical teaching, but it is surprising that he was not imprisoned.

His greatest work was the translation of the Bible into English. He was frequently assailed by the bishops, but he always managed to defeat them by quoting his translation of the Scriptures. The Lollards, as his disciples were called, soon gained popularity in London.

The story of Wycliffe stands alone when regarded purely as a story of the development of Christianity. In such times as he lived it would not, one would think, have been difficult to put an end to his career for far less than he actually did, or said. Yet he managed to save his head from violence.

As for Richard, at this time he was absolute monarch of all he surveyed and of a good deal he never troubled to survey. His reign may be regarded as unique in that there

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was no man sufficiently great as to dare to utter a word against him.

A strange character. The precocity of childhood developed into the waywardness of youth and the stubbornness of maturity. He had real ability and a certain amount of statesmanship. His fall was due entirely to the supremacy of a national right over his individual right.

He was artistic and fond of beautiful clothes. He greatly improved Westminster Hall, giving it a beautiful hammer-beam oaken roof, only to stand there later to hear the sentence of deposition passed upon him. And when he fell came the end of the great line of the Plantagenet Kings of England.

CHAPTER VII

LANCASTRIAN

(1399 TO 1461)

HENRY OF LANCASTER had made good his claim to the throne. According to a chronicler of the period, he was 'Kyng Harri of Bolyngbroke, duk of Lancastre and Hereforde, and Erl of Derby, that was the ^{iiij}the Harri aftir the Conquest.'

To all intents and purposes he had been placed on the throne as the result of a military revolution; Richard had been deposed. London clearly recognized the fact. On the other hand, it seems that citizens were fairly satisfied that he was the lawful heir, because he was the grandson of Edward III. He was descended through Lionel, Edward's first son, and therefore had a prior claim to that of any heir of John of Gaunt, who was Edward's second son.

It should be pointed out that Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March and grandson of Lionel's daughter, had some sort of claim, but as he was only ten years of age he was set aside.

Londoners were not altogether satisfied with the wisdom of this. The Archbishop had been very pointed in a sermon preached at the time of Richard's deposition. His text had been 'A man shall reign over my people,' but he had added, 'I will make *children* to rule over them.' Obviously the sermon hinted in favour of the Earl of March.

However, might overruled right, and Henry IV was crowned. As may be imagined, London seethed with excitement. Plots were hatched either to replace Richard on the throne, or else to keep Henry there. It was more than most citizens dare do to discuss the matter outside

their own houses. That unpleasant word *treason* was being spoken far too freely for their comfort. Imprisonment meant death, for few enough came out alive. So that the safest course was to have no opinion on the matter at all.

Then came the revolt in Wales under Owen Glendower, the last of the independent princes of Wales. His life-story belongs to the history of the Welsh, by whom he can justly be claimed a national hero, but the point about him (so far as London of the Lancastrian period is concerned) was that he was regarded as a nuisance and a menace to the peace. Henry himself remarked that he intended to go in person to 'checke the insolenses and maliss of Owen of Gleindour and othyr rebels.' The object of the revolt was to place Richard on the throne and to leave Owen Glendower lord of the Welsh.

There had been an appearance of Halley's comet again, and the usual superstitions had arisen. Says the chronicler: 'in the iij yeer of kyng Harri anon aftir Christemasse, was seen and apperid a sterre in the west, whoos flames ascendid upward, that was callid "the blasyng sterre," and be the clerckis it was calld *stella comata*.'

'And aboute this tyme,' continues the chronicler, 'the peple of the land began to grucche ayens (grumble against) kyng Harri, and beer him hevy, because he took their goods and paide not therfore, and desirid to have ayeen kyng Richard, and said that he was alyve. Wherof moche peple was glad and desirid to have him kyng ayeen.'

The question was, of course, whether or not Richard was actually dead. Rumours in London were conflicting. The chronicler says: 'At Oxenforde was take ser John Blount and ser Benet Sely, Knytis, and Thomas Wynteres-hille, squyer, and were beheddid and quartid.' As for the Duke of Gloucester, 'they smoot of his hed, an yt was set on London brigge.' 'Whanne Kyng Richard herde alle this he was utterli despeire . . . and for sorrou and hunger he deide in the castle of Pountfret' (Pontefract).

On the other hand, there are documents in the Record Office which suggest, even if they do not prove, that Richard had escaped from Pontefract and was living in Scotland.

Richard of Stirling is supposed to have died for King Richard, and his body to have been brought to St. Paul's in place of that of the King. It is certain that a Mass was said in St. Paul's for the 'layte Kyng,' and that Henry had caused a body to be brought to London with the face exposed so that he might be recognized.

The chronicler gives the following account: 'And whanne Kyng Harri wiste verili that he was ded, le leet close and sere him in lynne cloth, and so he was broughte to Londoun to Poulis, and there had his *Dirige* and Masses, and the same wise at Westmynstere, and thanne he was buried at Langley.'

The rumour, however, gained credence, and so many variations of it were offered as 'God's Trewth' that it must have indeed been hard to know what to believe. Henry argued the point on more than one occasion. He generally terminated his arguments by having a head or two removed as a precautionary measure, and those who dared to wear Richard's badge, the white hart, ran risks.

The revolt of the Percys in the north was but another sign of general dissatisfaction. Henry and 'Ser Harri Percy' argued the matter. (Sir Harry Percy): 'We broughte thee yn ayens Kyng Richard, and now thou rewlist wors than dede he. Thou spoilist yeerli the reme (realm) with taxes and talage; thou paest no man, thou holdist no house, thou art not heir of the reme, and therefore, as I haue hurte the reme with taxes and talage I wille helpe to refourme it.' (Henry): 'I take tallage for the nedis of the reme, and I am chosen Kyng by comune assent of the reme, wherfor I counsel the to put the in my grace.' Percy ansuerde and saide: "I trust not thi grace",

It is therefore not surprising to learn that 'ther was a strong and sore bataille.' The result, so far as Sir Henry Percy is concerned, was definite: 'his hed was smyte of and set up at Yorke.'

Whether London was right in looking upon Henry as the murderer of Richard is a matter history has never really decided. It is more than likely that Richard did die

at Pontefract and that the body which Henry caused to be exposed was his.

The passing of the statute called *De Heretico Comburendo* must for ever be laid at Henry's door. It was the first legislation to bring about burning for heresy. In fact, it was the first enactment against freedom of religious opinion. The Lollards, the followers of Wycliffe, were the first victims.

Londoners now found that the Church was enabled to order the detention and even death at the stake of all who dared to dissent. Smithfield market, in consequence, was a horrid scene after dark on many an evening in the winter of 1401. The first to suffer was a London priest named Salter : he was burned on the 12th of February.

Henry died on March 20, 1413, aged forty-six. He was in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, saying his prayers, when he was seized with a fit and expired immediately. In the words of the chronicler ' He deide in the Abbeie of Westmynstere, in a chamber callid Jerusaleme.'

In some respects Henry was an honest man and diligent. He would have been a strong man and a fine King had his health allowed him. He suffered all his life, but what from is more than history relates. It can, however, be taken that it was a disease of a major kind and one which no doctor of the period could alleviate. He suffered intense pain, and it was only when forced by sheer agony to let others do what he could not do himself that he allowed the reins to pass into other hands.

It was unfortunate for a king to be ailing in those days. A close study of England's rulers until quite recent times points to the fact that to be successful, a king needed the tireless energy which only comes from perfect health.

Henry V of Monmouth was therefore fortunate. He had the constitution of a lion. ' After the deth of Kyng Harri the iiith, regned his sone Kyng Harri the V, that was ybore at Monemouthe in Walis and crouned at Westmynstere on Passion Sundaie.'

This nice-looking young man of twenty-six had already

captured the hearts of Londoners—so much so that his father had more than once privately suspected him of a plot to assume rulership.

Henry was as straight as a die ; London realized that from the first. Never wantonly cruel, even though merciless when faced with real opposition, he was a soldier to his fingertips. He was cultured, with a distinct leaning towards art and music. A sportsman, he delighted in violent exercise and boasted that he had never experienced fatigue in his life. As a king of the late mediaeval period, it can be said that he was in a degree constitutional.

His brilliant successes in France—Harfleur, Agincourt, Rouen, and the like, form no actual part of London's history, but the effect of them does. When the royal letter arrived in London saying that Harfleur had been taken, the enthusiasm for London's great King was reflected everywhere. Banquets were held ; speeches made ; cheering went on through the night in the streets.

A month later a rumour reached London that disaster had overtaken Henry in France, that his army had been hacked to pieces. It was not certain whether he was even alive. Prisoner, certainly. London was plunged into the deepest gloom. Men wore haggard expressions, the women openly wept. Then news arrived of the victory of Agincourt, and the populace went mad for days.

When he returned to 'royall London' Henry received a welcome that must have heartened him considerably. Crowds met him at every turn. He was nearly lugged from his horse and had to be protected by his soldiers, but he smiled happily and rode amongst the crowds who became more and more frenzied as he progressed through the decorated streets. London gave him a thousand pounds in two golden bowls, five hundred in each.

Even the Lollards, whom he was persecuting severely, found it in their hearts to admire him. In 1416 the Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund arrived on a visit, and King and Emperor rode side by side through London on their way to Windsor. Half London followed Henry to Blackheath to welcome the Emperor ; the rest met them on the

return journey. When Queen Katherine was crowned at Westminster all the companies turned out in full livery.

The appalling losses of men in France were forgotten in the rejoicings of the moment, but it was with genuine regret that London spared its hero to go to the war once more. The news of his death at Vincennes on August 31, 1422, caused the greatest sorrow. The magnificence of his funeral could not have been forgotten by any who saw it. 'Of his Soule, JHESU have Mercie' was on everyone's lips.

To say that Henry VI *reigned* in England is somewhat to exaggerate and distort fact. To begin with, he was born in 1421 and became King in 1422, Henry V having directed that Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, should be the Protector. Warwick evidently intended to carry out his duty, but London thought it a pity that, in 1423, when his Majesty was but two years of age, Warwick should find it necessary for him to appear at public functions, and even at Westminster Hall during the sitting of Parliament.

He was knighted in 1426, aged five, and crowned in 1429, aged eight. It is not surprising, therefore, that he ended his days an imbecile. Child-psychology was not greatly advanced in those days.

The heir to the throne was Richard of York, whose death in 1460 may, in a sense, be said to have purchased Henry's freedom. Edward of York was the heir at Richard's death, and he it was who eventually put an end to Henry's reign.

Life in London during the days of Henry VI cannot be described as happy. The Wars of the Roses caused misery to Londoners and constant anxiety to Henry himself. It was felt throughout the city that the House of Lancaster was doomed to fall and the House of York destined to take its place.

The burning of Joan of Arc undoubtedly filled decent-minded people with disgust, even though she was considered by many to have been a 'ffalse wytche,' but London was inclined to throw the entire blame on the French. French historians, by the way, still seek to throw the blame on the

English. The facts of the case seem to point to a more or less equal share on both sides.

There were constant riots in London during Henry's reign, political feeling running high on the slightest provocation. In 1429 a widow was murdered near Aldgate, but the assassin sought sanctuary in St. George's, Southwark. When, however, he was escorted from the church, hundreds of women (who had waited for hours) overpowered the escort and succeeded in tearing the assassin limb from limb. Such occurrences were common.

London Bridge collapsed about this time and had to be repaired. The loss of life was great, and the destruction of the houses on the bridge almost complete. Later, in 1439, a great gale swept London and blew down the roof of the Grey Friars' monastery, causing such a blockade 'that nether horss ne cart might passe throwe the strete.'

Henry might have made a good King in happier days. He was honest and conscientious, but quite unable to make a decision. London knew it, of course. The King was a nonentity and that was all about it; it was not to be expected that increasing years would add to his personality.

Humphrey, the handsome young Duke of Gloucester, was a favourite in London at this time. Many would like to have seen him on the throne. Not that London thought it necessary to connive—just then, at all events—at a dethronement, but it was found that the Duke of Suffolk had not been particularly true to public opinion in London when he had imported Margaret of Anjou in order to marry her to Henry. That the young King would agree to marrying her almost went without saying, but it was not to London's liking when it was found that she and Suffolk were managing everything between them.

People were saying that she might as well have been Suffolk's wife, and not Henry's, by the way things were going on. There was prejudice in London against French *anything*—Queens in particular. Margaret was no favourite of the 'good Duke Humphrey,' as London called him, nor he of hers.

The Duke's wife was another factor in the situation,

and by no means a pleasant one. Her name before her marriage was Eleanor Cobham, and rumour had it that she was Duke Humphrey's mistress before she became his wife. That she had cause to doubt the fidelity of the Duke (now that she had become his Duchess) is a fact, but it was unfortunate for her that she and Roger Bolingbroke, a learned scientist whom the Duke retained as his chaplain, became interested in astrology.

Eleanor knew that Humphrey was heir to the throne at Henry's death. Her anxiety to become Queen of England led her to make a false step—a serious one in those times. She and the priest by certain 'enchantments and incantations' sought to discover the date of Henry's death in advance. This led to her arrest. The priest was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, but the Duchess was condemned by the Archbishop of Canterbury to do penance in London on three successive days.

Penance in those times fulfilled everything the term can mean. In her case it meant walking, on the first day, from Temple Bar to St. Paul's, clad only in a white sheet. The second penance was from the Swan hostelry in Thames Street to Christchurch, Greyfriars, the third from Queenhithe to St. Michael's, Cornhill. The Mayor and Corporation attended her in each of the churches, and though the crowds were great, not a little sympathy was felt for the Duchess of Gloucester. She was then taken to the Isle of Man, to pass her life in prison under the care of Sir John Stanley, who may possibly have treated her kindly.

As for the Duke, he did not lift a finger to save his wife, whose disgrace later became his own. He lost sympathy in London, and was eventually condemned for high treason. The same day he was found dead in his bed, and London believed that he had been murdered. In order to disprove the rumour his body was exposed and found to show no marks of violence but, as so many citizens said, the bodies of Edward II and Richard II had also been shown and *they* had borne no signs of violence.

It was a sorry affair, in any event, and not improved by the arrest of five of the Duke's retainers charged with

plotting to release the Duchess. They were condemned to the appalling death of all traitors, which was hanging until half dead, only to be lowered to the ground for purposes of being cut in four. Fortunately for these innocent men, the Duke of Suffolk arrived with their pardon just as they were being lowered. They were soon restored and went their way wiser, if sadder, men.

The next item of interest was the impeachment of the Duke of Suffolk himself, accused of plotting to destroy both Henry and Margaret. Perhaps, had his idea been to do away with the Queen only, little would have been said—for Margaret was hated more in London as time went on, but Henry was to be protected. After a long trial Henry ordered him to be banished from England for five years, a decree that found great disfavour in London. So high did feeling run that two thousand citizens collected together to do him to death on their own account. He avoided them and sailed towards Calais. Two days later he was beheaded at sea, his headless body floating on to the sands at Dover.

Queen Margaret seems to have held the men of Kent guilty for the murder of her favourite, and it was rumoured that she intended to make them smart for it. That led to the rebellion under Jack Cade, which was the next disturbance London had to endure. Blackheath was a sight in June of 1450; camp fires glowed for a week, and Cade seems to have been in close correspondence with the citizens of London. The consequence was that Henry sent an army, and Cade retreated to Sevenoaks. Within a fortnight he was back again, holding the Thames from Lambeth to Greenwich. Early in July he entered London at the invitation of the Mayor.

There was no fighting. Cade ordered his men to behave well. Then a quarrel broke out between them and the citizens of London, there being considerable bloodshed in the streets. It ended with a duel between Cade and an esquire named Iden. Cade was killed and his head stuck on London Bridge.

So that Lancastrian London was not exactly peaceful. To make matters worse, it was found that rumours regarding

Henry's mental condition were such that it was high time an inquiry was instituted. Council was hiding the truth, so Londoners said.

Was it or was it *not* a fact that the King was an imbecile? That was the question on every one's lips. Richard, Duke of York, opened parliament on February 14, 1454, instead of Henry. That in itself was enough to set London's tongues wagging, but the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury actually precipitated matters. It became imperative to confer with the King regarding a successor.

A deputation of twelve peers went to Windsor and found Henry, but (in the words of the report they made on their return) 'they could get no answer nor sign from him.' Thus the rumour was confirmed. It was enacted that, as the King was no longer able to rule, Richard, Duke of York, should be Protector.

The Duke was careful not to urge any hereditary right to the throne. On the other hand, Queen Margaret's son was declared not to be Henry's child. Parliament, however, not feeling disposed to be dictated to by Londoners in the matter, created him Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

About nine months afterwards Henry suddenly regained part of his reason, and the Duke gave up his post. Henry immediately released the unpopular Duke of Somerset, who had been confined in the Tower, and London was in a turmoil as a result. War followed and the Duke was killed. The Duke of York again acted as Protector, as Henry seemed worse after the anxiety of the fighting. This time he was more firmly established, it being decreed that he should remain Protector until Prince Edward attained his majority.

Henry then surprised the whole of London. He appeared at Westminster after the Christmas recess of 1456, declaring he was perfectly capable of managing his own affairs. York again resigned, and retired to his estates where he kept his weather eye open for eventualities, the more so because he knew Queen Margaret's temper towards him. Henry, however, decided it was better to have peace

than conflict, and London was the scene of a great peace-making.

As many peers had fallen in the recent struggle, Henry said that the Duke of York (and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick) should build a chapel to their memory, and that York should pay a suitable sum to the widow of the Duke of Somerset.

Stow gives a long account of the great procession to St. Paul's, in which Queen Margaret and the Duke of York walked hand in hand. Londoners, from his and other accounts, could hardly believe their eyes.

Even so, the Wars of the Roses continued, the next news being that Henry had been taken prisoner. Margaret, with her young son, escaped into Scotland, not without many unpleasant adventures.

London was suddenly excited at the entry of the Duke of York with a magnificent retinue. He dismounted at Westminster and entered the House of Lords. A thrill went through the assembly when he walked straight to the throne. The House felt the moment had come when he would assume the kingship. He looked at the throne, felt the texture of the gold cloth which covered it, but did *not* seat himself on it.

By way of relieving the tension, the Archbishop asked him if he would care to visit Henry. The Duke said he thought the boot was on the other leg. Henry could do worse than wait on him. There was dead silence at this and Richard, feeling he had said the wrong thing, left the House and proceeded to take possession of the royal palace instead.

Within a week he had sent a demand to the Lords for the crown. The reply was that they 'denied justice to no man,' but they thought he must see the King first. As the Duke seemed unduly impatient, a deputation of the Lords waited upon poor Henry the following day. Henry's reply was pathetic in the extreme. He reminded their Lordships that he had been a King since he was nine months old, that he had done his best (against great odds in the matter of his health) for forty years. Had their Lordships satisfied themselves as to the legal right of Duke Richard?

The Lords said they had not, and that they preferred to have the opinion of the Judges-in-council. The Judges refused to attend, saying it was not a matter for them to decide.

In the end the Lords voted for a compromise. Henry was to retain the crown for life but, at his death, Richard was to succeed. To their amazement, and certainly to that of Londoners in general, the Duke agreed.

Such an arrangement, of course, excluded Prince Edward, Margaret's son. Margaret herself heard of the decision, and once again the House of Lancaster faced the House of York in warfare. The Duke of York was killed. His second son, a charming lad of sixteen years, was caught. He fell on his knees to pray for mercy, but Lord Clifford, whose father had been killed by the Yorkists in a previous battle at St. Albans, took his life with a dagger.

Queen Margaret's blood was up. She vented her rage on the lifeless body of Duke Richard by causing his head, with a paper crown on it, to be stuck on a gate in the city of York.

The new Duke of York was Edward, lately Earl of March. The Wars of the Roses had still to be fought to a finish, and Duke Edward's victory at Mortimer Cross produced a profound effect on Londoners whose hatred of Margaret sent the entire city on the side of the Yorkists. As Edward marched towards the capital he strengthened his forces by the addition of fresh adherents.

Then came the day when he rode in triumph through London, a signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. 'King Edward! King Edward! Long Live King Edward!' shouted the citizens. On that same day he was proclaimed King, aged twenty-one.

On March 4, 1461, he was received formally at Westminster. The Archbishop apologized for his inability to crown him, as there was no crown available. He was, however, crowned on the 28th, and attended Mass at St. Paul's the following day, wearing the crown, as though he intended to make sure of it.

There was no time for festivities. Edward had to leave London to take to the field once more. The Wars of the Roses were now fiercer than ever. After Edward's return to London, an act was passed to justify his title as King. No mention was made of the mental condition of Henry, whose existence must have been a misery to him. He hid in Yorkshire for some time, but was eventually betrayed into Edward's hands. He was lodged in the Tower and, so far as can be ascertained, kindly treated.

Later he was released and lodged in the Bishop of London's palace. The very fact seemed to excite further trouble in London, and the clash of arms was heard nightly through the City streets. It was not safe to venture out of doors.

Taking advantage of Edward's absence in the north, Archbishop Neville paraded poor Henry through the streets—a mere puppet of a King who would have given the world to be let alone. The citizens were sullen, and Henry felt all the more that he was not wanted.

When Edward returned he visited Henry whom he found quite senile. Two days later he marched out of London, this time taking the precaution of having Henry with him. There he was, a pitiable figure in a long blue gown. Edward met the Earl of Warwick at Barnet and hacked his army to pieces. This was on Easter Day.

Before Whitsun the rout of the Lancastrians was complete. Meanwhile Thomas, the so-called Bastard of Falconbridge, sailed up the Thames in Henry's interests. He explained to the Mayor that he had come to fight against 'the usurping Edward.' The Mayor made the somewhat facetious reply that he might do well to change his tactics and fight for the Yorkists instead.

The result was that London once again knew the clash of arms and London Bridge was ablaze. The Londoners won and Falconbridge made no further attempt. A week later Edward arrived, fresh from his smashing victories in the country; and that night Henry of Lancaster died in the Tower of London murdered, it was said, by Richard of Gloucester, Edward's brother.

It may not have been true ; it is difficult to say. At all events, the last of the House of Lancaster was dead. His body was brought to St. Paul's in state, there to remain until his burial at Chertsey.

The sadness of Henry's life compels our sympathy. He seems to have come at the wrong time to be a King. He was given to devout religious practices and loved to be in the society of men whose learning was unquestioned. Eton and King's Cambridge owe their foundation to his interest in educational matters ; he laid the foundation stones of both. He frequently visited Cambridge to watch the progress of the college, and spent much time with the boys at Eton. He became prematurely senile probably as a direct result of those early days when he was made to attend Parliament as a baby of two.

His death marked the close of a period in London's life peculiarly its own, and one of the most disturbed the City had ever known. Crime was rife in every quarter, and punishments were severe.

Of all the minor punishments, perhaps the pillory was the most dreaded. To be exposed in the pillory in Cheapside was more than many a tradesman could endure. Apart from the actual discomfiture, which must have been considerable, many a man died as a result of the shame it brought on him. A slip in strict honesty of trading meant that a tradesman, hitherto respected, had to endure a shame that overshadowed him all his life.

Capital punishment came under several headings in Lancastrian London. A man might be hanged, executed, burned, drowned, stoned, or hurled from a rock. Of these, drowning was the most feared of all because it generally included being tied up in a sack with a wild monkey, a savage dog, a snake, or a couple of wild cocks.

For high treason a man was hanged, but the executioner thought himself cheated of his privileges if the poor wretch had been dragged by kicking horses (on a wicker gate) from the Guildhall to Tyburn and the strain had caused death on the way. Similarly, an executioner was considered technically unsound if he cut down a half-strangled

victim too late to quarter him before he lost consciousness. A London mob expected to hear shrieks of agony and considered the going very poor indeed if the victim did not struggle.

The expression 'hung, drawn, and quartered,' so often quoted in that order, is not correct—at least not as used of the days of Lancastrian London. A man was drawn on a hurdle—the term does not mean disembowelment at all—before being *hung*, and *then* quartered. The first recorded execution at Tyburn, by the way, dates from 1196.

To turn from the merciless to the merciful. Hospitals were gradually appearing in most parts of London at this time. One had stood at St. Giles-in-the-Fields (for lepers) since the days of Henry I. It owed its foundation to Henry's Queen. Others, well-staffed it seems, were St. Mary-within-Cripplegate; St. Mary, Barking; St. Mary-without-Bishopsgate; St. Mary-of-Bethlehem; St. Mary Rouncevall at Charing Cross; St. Thomas's, Southwark; and St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, the home of the Knights Templars.

London of the mediaeval period can hardly have been healthy on account of the atrocious habit of throwing refuse into the streets. An Act of 1375 forbade it; there is no question that it went on just the same. The streets were so littered with filth that citizens travelled by water rather than run the risk of making a false step and finding themselves knee-deep in garbage and foul water. The chroniclers of the period refer to a general cleaning of the city for special occasions, such as visits of distinguished foreigners, but as a general rule London was a city of indescribable filth.

The Roman gates had been remodelled. Reference to 'double gates' shows that they had been widened since the Romans first built them. There were seven in all: Ludgate, Newgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, and Moorgate.

The chief prison of the period was Newgate, a veritable den of wretchedness. In 1419 the famous Dick Whittington,

then Mayor of London, established a prison at Ludgate for persons 'of reputable character,' by which he meant those not guilty of major crimes.

Imprisonment at Ludgate was tolerable if the prisoner had means. He could buy in (through the gaoler) quite decent food. To be a gaoler at Ludgate consequently meant earning a fair amount of commission. Occasionally those who went too far in the matter were punished by authority.

Now and again there would be organized attempts to release prisoners, but these generally resulted in adding to their number and the application of chains to prevent a recurrence.

Of all London prisons perhaps the famous Fleet prison, on the east side of Farringdon Street, was the most notorious in the days of Lancastrian London for its shocking condition. The presence of filth in the moat surrounding it was the cause of more than one epidemic amongst the prisoners. The Fleet prison was pulled down in 1844.

Another prison for minor offenders was the Tun in Cornhill, a somewhat strange-looking circular erection built in 1282. The name arose from the similarity to a tun, or barrel. Stow records a raid on it by a rescue party in 1298 which had serious results. Political executions, by the way, were generally effected on Tower Hill on the green before the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula.

The aristocracy of the age was less determined by accident of birth than by commercial success. Below the so-called aristocrats were the Burghers or Freemen. Below them, again, were what were styled the Journeymen—paid skilled workmen, in other words. There was some sort of attempt by this class to form a fraternity or union, but it proved abortive. The Journeymen were the type who assisted both Wat Tyler and Jack Cade in their respective rebellions.

The Apprentices of London were a well-known class and perhaps peculiar to London. Their cries could be heard daily in the open markets. They were ever the

same : ' What d'ye lack, Ladies ? What d'ye lack ? ' The Apprentices were the Journeymen or even the Burghers of to-morrow ; some rose to positions of importance, others never became anything but Journeymen.

Private houses in Lancastrian London were an improvement on those of earlier days. There were more sitting-rooms, and greater accommodation in the way of kitchens and larders. The furniture of the period, as far as is known, had yet to wait until the Tudor period for improvement. Carpets, though, had begun to take the place of rushes. The national beverages seem to have been ale and beer, of which the former was the superior. In 1418 a tun of ale cost a citizen a matter of thirty shillings, but he could purchase a tun of beer for something like 13s. 4d. Preference for spice was still general, and ale could be really ' hot,' often being heavily spiced with pepper. Its nickname ' stingo ' was probably deserved.

In so far as the disturbed state of the times allowed, music had developed during the Lancastrian period. Not much is known of the life of John Dunstable, but he is considered to have developed the art of counterpoint. By this time, however, the famous canon *Sumer Is Icumen In*, written in 1240 by John of Forsete (a monk of Reading Abbey), was well known in London.

There is a record of a company formed by London merchants (called *Le Pui*) for the encouragement of musical compositions. Competitions were occasionally convened, but they cannot have gained much popularity because the brotherhood insisted that competitors must be members.

Many carols belong to the reign of Henry VI and Edward IV, such as *Nowell, Nowell* and the *Boar's Head Carol*, still sung every Christmas at Queen's, Oxford. Dunstable's song *O rosa bella* caught every one's fancy ; it could be heard whistled or sung in the street every night in the week. A fuller survey of the development of music in London will be given later.

Music sprang largely from religious sources, the monasteries especially. In London the Benedictine monks were represented at Westminster. The Cistercian monks,

in their picturesque white robes, were in London as early as 1350. The Carthusian monks and the Preaching Friars first worked in London in the thirteenth century. The Augustinians (or Austins) were well known to Lancastrian London; their abode was near the present Stock Exchange. The Dominicans and Carmelites had been long established in Fleet Street.

The present-day Carmelite House and Carmelite Street derive their names from the Carmelite Priory which, at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, occupied a fair amount of land between Thames Street and Fleet Street. The Carmelites claimed descent from the prophet Elijah, but historical evidence goes to prove that the order was founded at Mount Carmel in the twelfth century. The habit of the Carmelites was brown, the mantle of white wool. Hence Whitefriars Street, the eastern boundary of their territory.

The Carthusians, in their white serge habits and decorative badges depicting a globe surrounded by seven stars, were deeply respected in London in the Middle Ages. Their monastery was the Charterhouse, an English form of the word *Chartreuse*, the liqueur of that name having been invented and made by their secret process. The Crutched, or Cross-bearing Friars, lived near the Tower. One knew them by their blue habits.

The medical profession of Lancastrian London can hardly be said to have distinguished itself. There were a few surgeons in practice, but their skill does not seem to have amounted to much. Quacks, on the other hand, were fairly conspicuous. Occasionally there was an exposure of them, which generally ended in further exposure—in the pillory on Cheapside.

A good deal of Chess seems to have been played in mediaeval London. The game was known in Saxon times; it has been said that it took a good player to checkmate Canute. William the Conqueror believed in it as a mental exercise for a soldier. He said it taught him to think out what his enemies might do in any given circumstances.

Miracle plays were common in London at this period.

They were encouraged by clergy and monks alike. The dialogue was a trifle crude, but there is no doubt that an occasional performance, at street corners, of a play dealing with Biblical incidents was helpful in the educational sense.

Pageantry of all kinds was common. Your mediaeval Londoner was always happy when dressing himself up. Apart from royal processions connected with coronations, almost any outstanding event was met with enthusiasm for decorating the streets. It seems strange that great sums could be lavished on hanging rich tapestries from the balconies of houses in the City for these special occasions when, ordinarily, the filth in the streets was disgusting. When Edward I returned from Palestine it was said that the City was one mass of rich silk. There was another similar scene when Edward the Black Prince brought the French King (John) as a prisoner after the battle of Poitiers.

These, however, must have paled into insignificance beside the pageantry that greeted the return of Henry V from Agincourt. Even the poor wore silk that day. In fact, judging from contemporary accounts, the entire population of London was decked out in finery, the Mayor and Aldermen appearing in Oriental scarlet.

Certain pageants recurred, and thus became customs of the age. The famous and picturesque *Marching Watch*, held on St. John's Day (Midsummer), was one of the most attractive. Hundreds of citizens took part in it. There were archers, pikemen, and the like, arrayed in glittering corselets and white coats. At intervals in the procession, miles long, would be the cresset train. This cresset was a flaming rope, well soaked in pitch and secured in an iron frame. It was held aloft on a long shaft or pole. The Constables of the Watch wore armour and chains that clanked with every movement of their horses, who were resplendent in the gayest trappings. The City waits followed with the morris dancers. Last of all came the Mayor himself, with his giants and various other attendants. This pageant attracted sightseers from every district round

London, but the citizens themselves (with the exception of children and the aged) were not there to see so much as to be seen. The first actual Lord Mayor's show, by the way, dates from 1215.

Perhaps one of the most extravagant of these pageants took place a little ahead of the period under review. Henry VIII organized one at his marriage with Catherine of Aragon. The city was ornamented with richer tapestries than had ever before been seen. Goldsmith's Row (Cheapside) and Cornhill were hung with golden brocades.

In 1510 Henry came to take part in the Marching Watch described above, dressed in the uniform of a yeoman of his own guard. He was so pleased with his effort that he commanded a repetition five days later, on the eve of St. Peter. This time the Queen and the entire aristocracy of London accompanied him.

One of the quaintest offices connected with pageantry is that of the King's Champion. The origin of the office is lost in antiquity, but the custom of having a King's Champion is peculiar to England. His business was to wait until the ceremonies of coronation were complete, and the King was seated in Westminster Hall at the coronation banquet. At a given signal, and after a fanfare of trumpets, the Champion had to ride straight up to the King's table, turn his horse about and demand in a loud voice that, should any man dispute the King's right to reign he must stand forth.

There is no record of any one having 'stood forth,' but had it been otherwise he would have been challenged to mortal combat by the Champion. If the Champion proved to be the victor, as was always assumed, the King presented him with the horse he rode and the armour he wore. The horse would be the second best in the royal stables. The challenge was repeated thrice by a herald, and a gauntlet was thrown down at each repetition. After it was picked up for the third time the King pledged the Champion in a gilt-covered cup, which was also part of his fee.

This charming and picturesque ceremonial was last performed at the coronation of George IV. It seems rather

sad that it has been discontinued, even though in these days we might be inclined to regard it merely as pageantry, and wonder (if any one *did* challenge the King's right to reign) whether anything would come of it.

It would hardly be fair to the period not to say something about London's famous Mayor, Richard Whittington. I can find no authority for stating that he was ever knighted. Stow is always particular (and polite) where a knight is concerned, but he does not call him 'Sir Richard.' Neither does he mention the legend about Whittington and his famous cat, which seems to prove that it was not current in Stow's day. I say that because no historian or chronicler of my acquaintance was quicker than he to expose a legend. The 'cat part' of Whittington's story undoubtedly comes from the fact that Richard himself was interested in the coal trade, and possessed coaling vessels, which were in his day called 'cats.'

Whittington himself, apart from any legend surrounding him, was one of the most upright and charitable men that ever walked the streets of Lancastrian London. He was a good friend to Henry IV and Henry V, the latter especially. There, again, a legend (or at least an anecdote—it may have been true) has come down to us. It *may* have been a fact that Whittington entertained Henry V and his Queen to a banquet, and that he threw bonds showing Henry's debt to him for sixty thousand pounds into the fire, begging his Majesty to think no more about them.

Whittington superintended the expenditure when Westminster Abbey was completed in Henry V's reign. He procured Leadenhall for the City; he paid for the greater part of Greyfriars' Library; he rebuilt Newgate prison and made it reasonably habitable; he paved the Guildhall and paid half the expenses of a new library there; he repaired St. Bartholomew's Hospital; he paid for part of some new arrangements for London's water supply; he founded a college at St. Michael's, Paternoster, and maintained almshouses at Highgate. He was three times mayor—it may have been four.

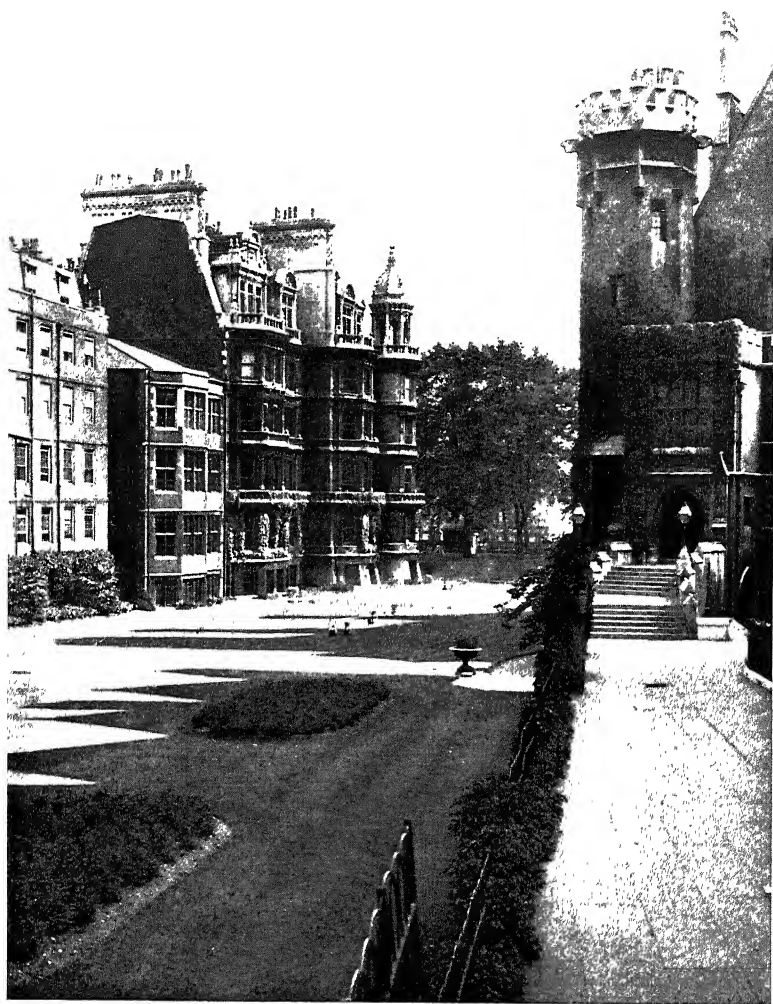
His seems to have been one of the few peaceful influences

in those days of stress in Lancastrian London, the days when one might be stabbed through the back for shouting in favour of the White Rose or the Red Rose, it mattered not which.

Had you lived in London in those days it were better that you kept your opinions to yourself. If you walked through the pretty Temple Gardens to admire the roses on a summer afternoon you might possibly have thought of the dramatic little incident enacted there one afternoon in May, 1455, when Duke Richard of York had faced the Duke of Somerset and told him that bitter warfare was before them.

'You fight for Henry of Lancaster, I for the House of York,' he had said. He then stooped and plucked a white rose from a bush near by. His courtiers did likewise. 'Amen,' had been the reply. 'So be it!' Somerset and his followers plucked a red rose. Their symbolic actions had given a name to the bitterest struggle Londoners ever knew in those dark days.

The Dukes parted a moment later, each with a vision of the Crown of England for the House that should conquer. White against Red, Red against White (though out of a period of thirty years actual fighting did not amount to as many months), nothing approached in bitterness and bloodshed those aristocratic Wars of the Roses.



'A WHITE ROSE—OR A RED?' NEARBY THE CHOICE WAS MADE :
GARDEN COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE

NOTE MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY ON RIGHT ; ALSO THE MODERN TOUCH OF A PASSING TRAM
ON THE EMBANKMENT

CHAPTER VIII

YORKIST

(1461 to 1485)

WAR continued for the next two or three years, and it was not until 1464 that London was peaceful.

The King's marriage was the next item of interest, and concerning it there had been a good deal of rumour in London. It appears that Edward had become friendly with Lady Woodville, who had once been the Duchess of Bedford, and that on a visit to her manor (near Stony Stratford) he became acquainted with her daughter Elizabeth, a very attractive young person.

She, it turned out, was the widow of Sir John Grey, killed in the Wars of the Roses. One supposes that she must have thought that bygones could be bygones for, despite the fact that Sir John had fought Lancastrian, she begged Edward to reverse a bill of attainder made against him, pointing to her 'helpless and innocent children.'

She must have appealed eloquently and also have appealed to the impressionable Edward in another way at the same time. At all events, he married her privately on the first of May 1464; but rather nervous as to the result of his impetuous action, decided to keep the marriage secret for the time being.

Londoners were a trifle disturbed when, on September 29 of that same year, Edward summoned a council of lords and commoners at Reading. There they found him surrounded by his wife's friends, all of whom had been Lancastrians in the past but, like so many Vicars of Bray, had now changed their politics in view of an off-chance of preferment. All the same, they could hardly believe

their ears when the news came through that the King's brother, the Duke of Clarence (who had given vent to strong opinions in London concerning what he had declared a scandalous marriage) had gone so far as to act as M.C. and had introduced the beautiful Elizabeth to all present.

It must be said, however, that London was not averse to the marriage, for when Elizabeth appeared everybody seemed to fall in love with her. So that when Edward summoned a still greater council at Westminster, Elizabeth was voted a handsome annuity. Elizabeth's mother helped matters by producing a brother of the royal line of Luxemburg—one James—who added to the pageantry of the proceedings by arriving in London with a smart retinue of a hundred knights and esquires to honour the coronation festivities of his niece.

London was very pleased with all this show of dignity, and the City and Westminster were a blaze of colour on a beautiful day at the end of May, 1465, for the coronation. Elizabeth was driven slowly through the streets in a horse-litter, attired in the richest apparel that could be found for her. The following day—a Sunday—she was crowned with great pomp, and London gave itself up to feasting for the next week. Many new Knights of the Bath were created, about one-tenth being citizens of London.

Edward IV was popular wherever he went, even with prominent citizens with whose wives he was far too familiar. His private life does not bear close examination, especially in his last years.

The history of his quarrel with the Earl of Warwick and how he was taken prisoner, or how he had to escape to Holland, or even how he finally defeated the Lancastrians at the battle of Tewkesbury is no part of the history of London.

It would, however, be an omission to pass over his friendship with William Caxton, or Cauxton, as his name was then pronounced. Caxton lived in Westminster from 1476. He set up a printing-press in the Abbey Almonry at

the Sign of *The Red Pale*. The site is now covered by the Westminster Central Hall. Altogether, he produced ninety-nine works, most of which he edited and proofed himself. His patrons included Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII. Edward and his Queen paid him more than one visit, Edward greatly admiring his first illustrated book, *The Mirror of the Worlde*, which came out in 1481.

Caxton was wise in his generation. He made it his policy to issue books for which there was a demand. Consequently he did very well with editions of Chaucer, Gower, Malory—even Cicero—and some nicely printed editions of the services of the Church. He had a valuable foreman in Wynken de Worde who carried on the business at his death. Caxton was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, where there is a memorial tablet to him.

So that Yorkist London claims to be the London of literature in those dark days, a City of New Learning. There is plenty of evidence to show that Yorkist London was an improvement on Lancastrian London in almost every department of its life.

It might be interesting at this point to pay an imaginary visit to Yorkist London in order to determine its extent and to find out how many streets which are familiar to us in these days were in existence then. There is no object in taking them in any particular order, either alphabetical, geographical, or in that of importance. Indeed, in the last-named sense, it might be difficult to be accurate.

It seems natural to turn along Cheapside first—the heart of London's wealth in those days. In the thirteenth century it had been the home of the candle-makers, but there was trouble over that because wealthy citizens (who owned the high-class houses in Cheapside) objected to the trade as being offensive. No doubt it was.

The haberdashers were there in the fourteenth century also the hatters. In Yorkist times, if you required a hat of fashion you generally went into 'Chepe' to buy it. Had you done so one day in the year 1311, you would have

witnessed the burning of a hundred 'bad and cheating' hats.

Cheapside Cross was demolished in 1643. It seems that, despite the necessity for its removal, citizens were loth to part with it. One account says that while it was being pulled down in the presence of a great crowd 'there was a noyse of trumpets blew all the while.' John Evelyn was present.

Goldsmith's Row must have been well worth visiting. Strictly speaking, it does not belong to Yorkist but to early Tudor London. However, it may be convenient here to describe it according to Stow, who says it was 'a most beautiful frame of houses and shops, consisting of tenne faire dwellings, uniformly builded foure stories high, beautified towards the streete with the Goldsmiths' arms, and likeness of Woodmen, in Memorie of his name (Thomas Wood was the founder), riding on monstrous beasts, all richly painted and gilt.'

Cornhill, famous for its cornmarket since the days of the Romans, was well built in the Middle Ages. Lydgate, the poet, who lived in Lancastrian London and who knew Chaucer well, was greatly annoyed at seeing a hood which he had lost in the crowd being exposed for sale in Cheapside. He describes the incident in *London Lickpenny*, thus :

'Then into Corn Hyl anon I yode
Where mutch was stolen gere amonge ;
I saw where honge myne owne hoode,
That I had lost amonge the thronge.
To buy myne owne hoode I thoughte it wronge,
I knew it well as I dyd my crede,
But for lack of moneye I could not spede.'

The Tun prison was one of the sights to see in Cornhill in Yorkist days. It was a conduit, and it also possessed several pillories. Had you visited it one day during Edward's reign, you might have seen a number of 'cheatynge rascalls' standing in the pillories with cards hung round their necks. An examination of the cards would have revealed to you the nature of their offences.

The Standard was not much used as a conduit in Yorkist times, but in 1582 (Elizabeth) it was supplied with water from the Thames by means of leaden pipes running over the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr. The Standard stood at the east end of Cornhill, at the junction with Leadenhall and Gracechurch Streets. The water refused to flow in the time of James I but the Standard, used chiefly for measuring distances to the suburbs, was allowed to remain for many years.

A well-known tavern at which it was possible to obtain a respectable luncheon was the *Pope's Head*. You could buy wine there at a penny a pint, with a roll of bread free. The Merchant Taylors inherited the *Pope's Head* in 1615.

Smithfield in Yorkist days may still have been called *Smoothfield* by the older residents. It was a place for jousts and tournaments. Shakespeare mentions the tournaments and duels in Smithfield.

A place of torture, too. Henry VIII burned those who refused to acknowledge his ecclesiastical supremacy; Mary burned her Protestants; Elizabeth burned her Anabaptists. Truly a place of Martyrs.

Smithfield was a great horse-market and, indeed, the Rotten Row of the horsemen. Football for children was played there every Shrove Tuesday; bowls was played and archery practised; above all, it was the scene of Bartholomew Fair. Within the gates of the Priory one might watch the jugglers, the posture-makers, the acrobats. The early miracle plays were also enacted there.

The Priory, in Yorkist days, looked fairly new. It had been rebuilt in 1410. It was surrounded by a wall running by Long Lane and round by Aldersgate. A postern gate stood practically at the entrance to King Street. Cloth Fair must have been a cosmopolitan place during the Fair when merchants from Flanders and Italy crowded it with their various wares.

It is still possible to stand before the altar in St. Bartholomew's and imagine the scene of those days. A little imagination should conjure the sight of the High Altar ablaze with tapers and candles, the rich copes and chasubles

of the officiating priests, the clouds of incense, the singing of the cowed monks of the Priory. All that has disappeared, of course, and there is nothing very special in these days about the services of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, but the church is one of the few reminders we have of the days of mediaeval London.

The Tower has been the scene, all through the ages, of London's darkest history. To mention the names of really famous people who have suffered there brings to the mind many a story of horror. Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Strafford, Laud, Mary of Scots, Raleigh, Arabella Stuart, remind us of the days when life was held in low esteem. Last, but hardly least—the two little Princes, Edward V, aged twelve, Richard Duke of York, aged eight. Accounts of their murder differ; it is probable that Edward was killed by a knife, but that Richard was smothered with a pillow. At all events, the news must have shocked London at the time. It is convenient to mention the incident here because Edward V was the second of the Yorkist Kings.

A mint had existed near the Tower since Roman times. Perhaps the first authentic coin was the silver penny of Alfred's reign. That was an honest coin if ever there was one! Very different from the penny of Edward III, which was much under weight. Even as early as Henry I debased coinage was common. Edward I ~~hung~~ two hundred and eighty false coiners.

Henry III produced a fine-looking gold penny worth twenty silver pennies. The gold florin appeared in Edward III's time; in that of Henry VI there was the *rose-noble* in gold, worth six-and-eightpence. The silver groat was struck in the reign of Henry V, but the gold-angel and the half-angel (with St. Michael and the Dragon on the reverse) did not come out until Yorkist days under Edward IV. The sovereign, double-sovereign, and half-sovereign belong to early Tudor London. The testoon of that period (Henry VII) was in reality the shilling, a word in common use in Saxon times.

Henry VIII coined a sovereign with St. George and the

Dragon on the reverse; it was called the George noble. Henry VIII was also responsible for the crown piece in silver. Edward VI struck the half-crown; also the sixpence and threepenny-piece.

The first milled money—what Shakespeare called ‘mill-sixpences’—belongs to Elizabeth’s reign. The milled coins were the silver three-halfpenny bit, and even a three-farthing piece.

One of the best engravers at the mint was Thomas Simon, employed by Cromwell; Charles II dismissed him in spite of his wonderful crown-piece. The guinea came out in Charles II’s time, made from gold brought from Guinea. Five-guinea, two-guinea, and half-guinea pieces were also struck at this time.

There was trouble in London over the first halfpennies and farthings of Charles’s reign. Londoners were annoyed because they recognized, in the figure of Britannia on the reverse, the face of one of the King’s mistresses, whom he afterwards created Duchess of Richmond. What they thought of his tin farthings, with their copper centres, is more than history relates. The tin coinage was finally recalled in 1693.

Queen Anne’s contribution seems to have begun and ended with a few farthings, but George I brought out a gold quarter-guinea and was very proud of the F.D. (*Fidei Defensor*) which then appeared on coins for the first time. Whether he thought he was merely carrying on a title conferred upon Henry VIII, or whether he liked to think he was defending England’s faith (having precious little of his own) is hard to say.

The last of the guineas and half-guineas disappeared in 1815 when the sovereign and half-sovereign, which most of us fear we shall never see again, came into use. William IV was responsible for the fourpenny bit which he struck in 1836. Modern bronze coinage dates from 1860.

This digression has caused us to wander away from Yorkist London. In returning, we might take a look at Ludgate and Belle Sauvage. I cannot pretend to settle

the vexed question of the origin of the sign of the *Belle Sauvage*, but in Lancastrian days there is a mention of Savage's Inn called *Bell-in-the-Hoop*, in the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. There is no doubt that an hostelry of that name existed in the days of the Yorkists. Strype says that the prisoners in Ludgate were for the most part merchants detained for debt. He also gives some account of the piteous cries heard by those who passed the prison: 'Remember the poor prisoners!' Occasionally some poor wretch managed to get his debts paid and secured his release.

The history of Fleet Street belongs to a later age than Yorkist days, but there was a serious affray there during the Lancastrian period. The youths of the Inns of Court, headed by a ruffian of Clifford's Inn named Harbottle, waged war on the citizens for some reason best known to themselves. In 1458 another riot occurred when the students were driven from Shoe Lane to their various Inns by archers. Henry VI interfered and the heads of departments were severely dealt with.

Riots seem to have occurred periodically in Fleet Street all through the Middle Ages. We hear of Chaucer thrashing a cheeky Franciscan Friar there. That little affair cost the good poet a matter of two shillings. The Apprentices were responsible for several disturbances in the time of James I; in that of Charles I the Templars took part in a New Year's 'rag' which had serious consequences. While Charles II was on the throne there was further excitement when Titus Oates was exposed in a pillory specially set up for him. He was pelted with rotten eggs for upwards of an hour. Oates will be mentioned again later.

Whitefriars does not greatly attract the modern Londoner, but there was a beautiful Carmelite convent there in the reign of Edward I. The White Friars' Church was rebuilt in 1350. A steeple was added seventy years later by a Bishop of Hereford.

All during the Middle Ages there were three Norman Fortresses on the bank of the river between St. Paul's and

Whitefriars. One of these was the well-known Baynard's Castle. The old Mountfichuet Castle was not known to Yorkist London; it had been pulled down in 1276 when the Black Dominican Friars took up their quarters south of Ludgate Hill.

St. Paul's had been the scene of many disturbances. The oldest residents in Yorkist London could remember the excitement in 1444 (Henry VI) when 'Paule's Steple was set on Fier with Lightening on Candilmas Even, but after quenchild.' The damage was extensive and the spire was not repaired until 1462.

Fire has always been the bogey of St. Paul's. Londoners of Elizabeth's reign had cause to remember the thunderstorm of Wednesday, June 4, 1561, when the famous spire—the highest in Europe—was struck. The steeple burned downwards. A record made at the time says: 'The Steple was sodenly sett on fyre wythe Lyghtenyng, and all the timber, bothe of the Church and Steple, pytyously brent and utterly consumyd, even to the very Stone Workes thereof.' The steeple, in this instance, was not replaced; the cathedral had to lack further ornament of this description until after the Great Fire of 1666, when Sir Christopher Wren erected the present building.

St. Paul's in Yorkist London had been the scene of the delivery of poor Henry VI into Edward's hands and, later (as has already been mentioned), the body of the last of the Lancastrian Kings was exposed to view there.

The cathedral seems to have been the scene of transactions of a business nature at most periods of its history. The earlier records are scanty, but those of Stuart times might be quoted here. One of them says, 'You may see the famous Cathedrall of St. Paule's, once sacred to the worship of God, now made a stable for horses.' This, it need hardly be said, was in Cromwell's time. 'This last week,' the chronicler continues, 'one of their mares, foaling in the Church, the Soldiers took it upon themselves to baptize the Colt, and taking one Hawes and Cobbitt, made them stand for the godfathers, and one Rachel

Barber (one of their ammunition baggages) for the god-mother.'

Francis Osborn in *Traditionall Memoyres of the Raigne of King James*, records that 'it became the fashion, for the principall Gentry, Lords and Commons, and men of all professions not merely Mechanick, to meet in Paules by eleven, and walk in the middle Ile till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discourse of Business, others of Newes.' Weaver, in *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, published as late as 1631, wishes 'that walking in the Middle Ile of St. Paule's might be forborne.'

Heralds' College, founded by Richard II, stood in Poultney Lane. The office of a Herald was important in the Middle Ages. The Heralds in Richard's time received as much as a hundred pounds for their work at his coronation. Armorial bearings were restricted in the reign of Henry V. The King insisted that no citizen should bear a coat of arms who could not justify his claim thereto.

The Poultry must have been interesting right through the ages, especially while it was given up to the selling of fowl and game. The pluckers had their shops between the Stocks' Market (where the Mansion House now stands) and the Great Conduit. Noted taverns in Poultry were the *King's Head* close to the Stocks' Market (probably known as *The Rose* in Yorkist Days) and *The Three Cranes*.

Old Jewry may have been peaceable in the days of Yorkist London, but it had been the scene of many a dark deed in times gone past. A massacre of the London Jews took place there on the day Richard I was crowned. As for John, is it not to be wondered at if the English Jews thanked God 'that there was only one King John'? There were some fine houses in the street, even in Yorkist days, but the fame of Old Jewry as a residential thoroughfare belongs to the later Stuart period. Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor under Charles II, owned a beautiful mansion in Old Jewry.

Lord Mayors of London generally lived in Old Jewry or close to it. It might be of interest to name a few of the more outstanding of them. Henry Fitz Ailwyn has already

been mentioned. He was London's first Mayor. He served for twenty-four years and was elected by Richard I in 1189.

In 1374 Sir William Walworth was Mayor, and again in 1380, when it will be remembered that he distinguished himself by slaying Wat Tyler. The next of note is Whittington. In 1418 Sir William de Sevenoke, a foundling, who rose to be a rich merchant, undertook the duties of Mayor under Henry V ; in 1445 Sir Simon Fyre, remembered because on Shrove Tuesday he gave a pancake to each of the London Apprentices. In 1486, under Henry VII, Sir Henry Colet, father of the famous Dean Colet who founded St. Paul's School, was Mayor of London. Other names of note are Sir Richard Gresham, father of the more famous Sir Thomas of that family (Henry VIII) ; Sir William Hewet, who owned a large house on London Bridge (Elizabeth) ; Sir John Swinnerton, the Merchant Taylor (James I) ; Sir Sebastian Harvey, the ironmonger, during whose mayoralty Sir Walter Raleigh was executed ; Sir Robert Tichborne, who signed the death warrant of Charles I ; Sir John Lawrence, who did so much for the victims of the Great Plague ; Sir Thomas Bludworth, who did even more for those of the Great Fire. The list is a long and honourable one.

The present Guildhall was only partly destroyed in the Great Fire. It had been rebuilt in 1411. Many a trial for high treason has been held there : that of the Earl of Surrey for treason against Henry VIII ; of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton for a similar offence ; of Lady Jane Grey for treason against Mary I ; of all (or most) of those concerned in the Gunpowder Plot.

Crosby Hall stood in Bishopsgate Street in Yorkist days. It was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466. Richard III often went there. Shakespeare, in *Richard III*, speaks of it as Crosby Palace. Sir Thomas More bought it in 1513. Its further history shows that it was held by the East India Company in 1638, but that it became a Presbyterian meeting-house in 1672. In 1836 it was restored by subscription and later became a restaurant. In 1908 it was

threatened with demolition, but was re-erected in Chelsea two years later. The walls, of course, are new; but the doors, the mullioned windows, the open fireplace, the musicians' gallery, and the fine oak roof have been preserved.

Strype says that Bread Street, Cheapside, was 'so called of bread in old times there sold.' In 1302 the Bakers of London, he says, were bound to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but in the market. This has been mentioned before. The point in referring to it again (in the interests of Yorkist London) is that it had recently become a residential neighbourhood. Much rebuilding had been undertaken in Lancastrian days; by the early Tudor period Bread Street had become really fashionable. Milton, the son of a scrivener, was born in Bread Street on December 9, 1608.

Stow speaks of Bucklersbury as Buckles Bury. This narrow lane between Cheapside and Walbrook (according to Stow) was named after a man called Buckle. This appears not to be correct. A rich family named Bokerels (or Bukerels), a member of which became Mayor in the thirteenth century, gave the name to the street. The name at one time was spelled *Bokerelsburi*.

In Yorkist times it was becoming fashionable; by the time Elizabeth ascended the throne it was a sort of Harley Street for apothecaries and grocers. The Grocers' Company used to meet there at what was called *Cornet's Tower*, some considerable time before the erection of the first Grocers' Hall.

Chancery Lane has been a thoroughfare from the earliest times. It was called *New Street* for centuries, but seems to have been called *Chancellor's Lane* after Cardinal Wolsey lived there. Some attempt was made to make a respectable street of it in the reign of Henry III, but it was so dirty and full of ruts in that of Edward I that it had to be barred 'that no harme myghte happen to persons passyng that waie.' In Yorkist days it had greatly improved and boasted some fine houses. Two notable residents were the Earl of Strafford and Sir Isaac Walton.

as still more or less in the country in Yorkist days. Up to the end of the reign of Elizabeth it presented an attractive and rural appearance. It was bounded by a wall on the south side, whereas everything to the north of it, until as late as the reign of Charles II, was rustic; pleasant meadows and shady trees. The Eleanor Cross (erected in 1291) was removed in 1647 by order of Charles I, but a copy—a very doubtful copy, by the way—was erected in the courtyard of Charing Cross Station in 1865. Some of the stones of the old Cross helped to pave Whitehall. The twelve Eleanor Crosses, incidentally, were erected at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and the two London crosses in Cheapside and 'Charing Village.' Charing Cross was the site of the battle of 1554, when Sir Thomas Wyatt rebelled against Mary I. Wren designed the base of the equestrian statue of Charles I, which still stands at Charing Cross.

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor find the way to Westminster
Now Charing Cross is down.
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss;
And chatting say "that's not the way,"
They must go by Charing Cross."

In Yorkist days the pretty village of Clerkenwell was growing. A romantic little spot, with its 'holy well,' where parish clerks occasionally performed miracle plays. The well had been there since the days of Henry I. It was known as the *Fons Clericorum*.

Hardly less picturesque was Gray's Inn, associated with famous London men all through history. It was originally owned by a family of nobility of the name of Gray, part of which still owned it in Yorkist days. When, in 1505, it was transferred to Hugh Denny, it was described as having 'four mesuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson

of the Chauntry of Portpoole.' Later, it passed into the possession of the Prior and Convent of East Sheen, but suffered at the hands of Henry VIII in due course. The name of *Portpool* and the suggestion of the windmill survive in Portpool Lane and Windmill Hill.

The Hall of the Inn was not begun until the reign of Mary; it was completed in that of Elizabeth. The Chapel is modern. The view from Gray's Inn was not interrupted until as late as 1633, until which year it was possible to see both Highgate and Hampstead. On a summer's evening in Yorkist times the precincts of Gray's Inn made a veritable lovers' walk.

Many distinguished Londoners have been associated with Gray's Inn. Bacon had chambers there from 1576 to 1626; Samuel Butler, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Thomas Gresham, Samuel Johnson, Archbishop Laud, Macaulay, Sir Philip Sidney, and Robert Southey are among the number of its associates. Dickens was clerk to a firm of attorneys in Gray's Inn.

Lincoln's Inn became an Inn of Court about 1312. It was begun in the town house of the Earl of Lincoln, which had been built on the site of a monastery of the Black Friars. The chapel was built by Inigo Jones, Wren's predecessor, and opened in 1623. The gatehouse on the Chancery Lane side is dated 1518, and therefore was not known to Yorkist Londoners, many of whose most distinguished citizens were connected with the Inn itself. Names belonging to later periods (but familiar to us) are those of Sir Thomas More, Oliver Cromwell, Canning, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone.

Shoe Lane, in Yorkist days, would have been looked upon as one of the older thoroughfares of London. Historically-minded Londoners may have known that in 1230 it was a residential street, also that it housed a goodly number of the Black Friars. There were some fair-sized villas in it in Yorkist times. Bangor House, for example, was probably a fine building of its kind. It stood near to St. Andrew's Church from 1328 to as late as 1828. On the east side, taking a good deal of ground-space, was Old-



THE LOVERS' WALK OF YORKIST LONDON:
GRAY'S INN

bourne Hall, which must have existed in Yorkist times because Stow, writing in 1598, refers to it as an old building. There was a famous tavern called *The Windmill*, and Pepys refers to an old cockpit there. Ben Jonson's Court and tavern stood a little distance from the extreme south-east corner. The City Temple, at the north end, belongs to Victorian London. It was opened in May, 1874. On the other hand, it might be noted here that it was erected by a body of the Independent Church which had been established in Stuart times. The name *Shoe Lane* appears to have been *Scolane*, and then *Scholane*. It is so spelt in the records of 1310.

The Strand has already been mentioned. It had developed (from being part of the bank of the river) long before Yorkist days, but its form must have been very different from what it was even in Georgian days, when it was first paved. The churches of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand existed there from quite early times. Wren rebuilt St. Clement's, his pupil Gibbs building its tower and the whole of St. Mary's. The Strand of Yorkist London was residential rather than commercial.

The costumes of mediaeval days were gradually modernizing as time went on ; that is to say, there was less tendency to flowing garments and a greater leaning towards practical methods of dressing. Well-to-do business men were inclined to affect fur-lined coats and large hats. Long hose for both men and women was general, but there seem to have been sudden changes. The religious orders hardly varied, but the learned clerks and the frequenters of the four Inns of Court could be distinguished by their rusty-black gowns and white skull caps.

All through the thirteenth and part of the fourteenth centuries the fashionable hour for dining was eleven o'clock in the morning, but the hour seems to have been later (probably about midday) in Yorkist times. The middle classes preferred to have their chief meal in the evening—about eight o'clock. The lower classes made a habit of carrying their knives and forks about with them, but this did not apply to the other classes.

Table-linen was thought much of in Yorkist London. If you dined in the house of some one of standing you would find the tablecloth and the dinner-napkins of the finest linen, often handsomely embroidered and always spotlessly white. Velvet and silk fringes were quite common. The cloth generally hung down to the floor.

Other elaboration took the form of exquisitely-fashioned salt-cellar. Amongst the middle and lower classes it became the fashion for a visitor to bring his own knife, but the use seems to have varied a good deal.

Meals in those times took some eating. They were far more extended than banquets in these days, and had the disadvantage of being what we should consider 'heavy' all through their courses.

Table manners, in all ages, must be considered relatively. We may notice differences now when we dine with Americans, whose table habits differ slightly from our own. The way in which an American holds and uses a knife, for example, reminds us that the English method is not the only one, but anyone who took a lady out to dine in Yorkist London would probably eat from the same plate as his companion, thereby paying her a high compliment.

To return to the last days of the Yorkists (in the purely historical sense) is to find ourselves in the London of Richard III. The best way of describing the new King is to quote from the writing of Sir Thomas More, who says : ' As he was small and little of stature, so was he of body greatly deformed, the one shoulder higher than the other, his face small, but his countenance was cruell, and such a man that at the first aspect one would judge him to savour and smell of malice, fraude, and deceit. When he stood musing he would bite and chew his nether lippe. Besides that, the dagger that hee wore, hee would (when hee studied) with his hand plucke up and downe in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out. His wit was quicke and ready, wilie and apt to dissemble, but hee had a proud minde and an arrogant stomacke, the which accompanied him to his death. Hee was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart,

outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated. Hee spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. Hee slew in the Tower King Henry VI, saying, "Now there is no Heire male of King Edward the Third but we of the House of Yorke.' That he was responsible for the death of the Princes, nobody in London disbelieved.

Such was Richard, crowned in Westminster Abbey on July 6, 1483. It is doubtful whether he was quite as bad as Sir Thomas More has painted him, but it is impossible to acquit him of murder. At all events, Londoners had not forgotten the warm, fine day in May when little Edward V had ridden into London side by side with his Uncle Richard. Nothing Richard could do could ever make him popular, and when the news came that he had been killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, Londoners knew that the House of York was no more and that a new time had come for London and its people.

They could not be expected to know that the death of Richard III brought the history of Mediaeval London to an end, for such knowledge has been reserved for us, who can look back with greater accuracy and from a further perspective.

CHAPTER IX

TUDOR

(1485 to 1603)

HENRY VII can hardly be said to have come to a safe throne. The fact must have been obvious to Londoners, who were a trifle amused when the result of Lambert Simnel's little flutter in Ireland resulted in his being made a scullion in Henry's kitchen. As everybody said at the time, it was amazing that he was so successful considering he had impersonated the young Earl of Warwick, whom Henry had taken particular care to imprison in the Tower on his accession. Naturally, if the plotters set up a counterfeit Earl of Warwick it was not difficult for Henry to produce the real article.

Hardly had Londoners stopped talking about Simnel ~~than~~ they became interested in Perkin Warbeck who, they thought, had at least gone one better in pretending to be the younger of the two murdered Princes. It was astonishing how plausible his tale was. He made such an impression with it that some historians have gone so far as to believe him. The story of his revolt belongs more to Cornish history than to that of London ; all that need here be mentioned is that he made an impression at Tyburn on the day of his execution by standing on the scaffold with a noose of rope round his neck while he reaffirmed his previous confession of imposture. Men had pluck in those days !

Henry's claim to the throne was fairly sound, but not sound enough. Still, London accepted him as it generally accepted its Kings, and turned out in grand style at his coronation. Citizens probably thought that (however bad

he might turn out to be) he could be no worse than Richard III.

As a matter of fact, he turned out very well indeed. Bacon's view of him has always been the popular view and, no doubt, he was right in much that he said. Henry certainly kept his nobles in order; he framed good laws and saw they were carried out; but his greatest achievement was undoubtedly brought into effect at the end of his reign, when he established the security of the throne for his successors for ever. Henry VIII, his third child and second son, was therefore able to ascend the throne unquestioned and unopposed.

London recognized that when Henry married Elizabeth of York he united the Red and the White Rose parties; henceforth there was no more excuse for civil war. Elizabeth was the eldest daughter and heiress of Edward IV. To tell the truth, Henry himself was none too sure that her claim to the throne was not superior to his own. At all events, London realized that his was only a Lancastrian claim, while his Queen's was a Yorkist.

The view of Erasmus on London of the early Tudor period is worth a moment's consideration. He speaks of the constant highway robberies in a manner which proves that it was not safe to be out unprotected at nighttime, especially in the outlying districts. Erasmus also describes the state of London's sanitation; he said he was not surprised that the terror of London was the disease known as sweating sickness, strongly condemning the English method of constructing rooms with insufficient ventilation. He declared he dared not sleep in a room without both window and door wide open.

'The floors are mostly of clay,' he says, 'and strewed with rushes.' One hopes his next observation was an exaggeration, for he says that 'fresh rushes are periodically laid over them, *but the old ones remain as a foundation for perhaps twenty years.*' His description of what might be found in these various layers does not make pleasant reading. Erasmus also descried the custom of 'eating

and drinking so much,' and that of living on salt meat instead of fresh.

That feasting was rife in those days is proved by other writings of the period. From more than one source I have gleaned that the Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall in Tudor times lasted four hours or even longer. There was always 'an infinite profusion of victuals.' Another writer—an eye-witness—remarks on the silence of the people—over a thousand of them—at one of these banquets. Evidently these banquets *did* last four hours, the guests spending the entire time in eating and drinking.

That there were privations in most things relative to what we call comfort there is not the slightest doubt. Perhaps it was natural (more so than we may be inclined to suppose) that there should be these periodic outbreaks of greed. At all events, the feasting at Christmas and Easter, the jousting and huge banquets at certain stated times, the doings of the 'Lords of Misrule' at city festivals, the crowded dances round the maypole on Cornhill, the huge bonfires in the streets on the vigils of Saints' Days (especially those of St. John the Baptist and St. Peter when the summer evenings gave way to warm nights) surely point to the fact that Londoners have enjoyed themselves all through the ages.

Henry VII was a martyr to gout. At times he suffered agonies of pain which no doctor could relieve. At length, on April 21, 1509, he succumbed to a particularly painful attack, and London was cast into gloom. He had made himself unpopular latterly through allowing Empson and Dudley to practise extortion in the City, especially when it was found they were using the authority of obsolete statutes to enforce payment of exorbitant sums, but had that not been the case, Henry would have been easily the most popular monarch for two centuries past.

He died the richest King in Europe. Some of the money, ill-gotten though it may have been, he spent wisely. The Chapel in Westminster, for instance, remains to perpetuate his memory. If he stole the money he lavished on Westminster and the Savoy Hospital, he stole

it as a *definite policy*. He imagined he knew how to spend it.

One of his daughters married Louis XII and, afterwards, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The fact is mentioned here because through that marriage was traced the claim of Lady Jane Grey to the throne of England, a matter dealt with later in this chapter.

When Henry VIII ascended the throne London was looking forward to an era of peace and prosperity. It was considered that the time for civil war and other such barbarisms was past. The wealth Henry VII had amassed, even though it may have been a sore point with some, was London's pride. It was the pride of Henry VIII, so far as that goes; he decided that the best thing he could do was to spend it in a truly royal fashion. Which he did.

Londoners liked the new King Harry. He was good-looking in those days, open-hearted and frank in disposition, and of immense muscular strength. He seemed interested in the people and to have the happy faculty of being all things to all men. Giustani, a Venetian ambassador of the period, describes him thus: 'Twenty-nine years old, and extremely handsome, nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign of Christendom—a good deal handsomer than the King of France—very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned.'

Evidently King Hal was a little vain. 'For,' says the same chronicler, 'on hearing that King Francis wore a red beard, he allowed his own to grow; and as it is reddish he has now got a beard that looks like gold. He is very accomplished, a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine jousting, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish, is very religious, hears three masses a day when he hunts, and sometimes five on other days.'

His proclivities in the last-named direction led him to take over Hyde Park, having hit on the happy idea of extending his hunt over the west and north of London,

He had already purchased the plot of ground which ultimately became St. James's Park, and now proceeded to acquire what we call Regent's Park. Not satisfied with this, he continued north as far as Hampstead Heath.

Thus in 1536: 'As the King's moste Royal Majestie is desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron preserved in and about his palace of Westminster for his own disport and pastime: No person on paine of imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment of his Majesty's will and pleasure, is to presume to hunt or hawk from the Palace of Westminster to St. Giles-in-the-Fields and thence to Islington, to "Our-Lady-of-the-Oak," to Highgate, to Hornsey Park and to Hampstead Heath.' To put it in our modern graphic slang: *and that was that!*

Says the chronicler: 'He is very fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he causes to be stationed along a line of country he intends to take. When one is tired he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted. He is extremely fond of tennice, at which game it is the prettiest sight in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture.'

Such was the new King. We know his faults, both domestic and political, but we need not be surprised at his popularity in London, especially when we remember that before he died he had raised his realm to a great power. He was the early builder of England.

At the time under review—the beginning of his reign—King Henry was a bachelor. As is well known, he soon overcame the solitude of bachelor life. Catherine of Aragon, his first love, was probably the only one of the six for whom he ever really cared. Cardinal Pole says that he was often heard to declare that 'he desired her above all women and longed to marry her.'

It was certainly with London's approval that he was publicly married to her on June 3, 1509, by the Archbishop

of Canterbury. The coronation followed on midsummer day, and London was ablaze with flowers.

For the first years or so Henry did not concern himself with state affairs more than he was absolutely compelled. He seemed to think there was plenty of time for work later, and gave himself up to sport and violent exercise. There was a great crowd at Greenwich for the Whitsuntide sports in the second year of his reign, when his Majesty challenged anybody to cast a spear farther than he. There were few enough who could accept his challenge. When he drew an old English long-bow every one held his breath. Not a soldier in his guard could shoot a stone farther than the King.

There were roars of applause when Henry jousted and won the Queen's prize—and fairly, too. There was no favouritism. Many of the knights and ladies besought him to remain an onlooker, but that was not good enough for King Harry; he preferred to be in everything. When he took it into his head to remain quietly in his study he could often be heard playing a flute, the virginals, and the recorder. When the music did not please him he sat down and wrote some for his own pleasure.

Those were the days when King Henry was considered the most jovial of monarchs, and the first two years of his reign passed quickly enough. Even when he was expected to attend to important matters it soon became noticeable that whatever he did was always with the support of 'my good Lord Cardinal.' For Wolsey had risen rapidly.

London saw a good deal of Wolsey, one way or another, especially after he had received his cardinal's hat. Citizens must have realized that the cardinal was as powerful as Henry himself within four years of the King's accession. He was ~~ch~~ancellor and papal legate, and fast becoming fabulously wealthy. The fact that, at the death of each pope, he made frantic (but vain) attempts to be placed in the Chair of St. Peter did not trouble London one way or the other, but Wolsey made many jealous enemies in the City by his princely establishments. When the

Chancellor chose to proceed from one part of London to another, everybody knew it.

The building of Hampton Court Palace interested the artistically minded, but it was something of a shock when it became known that, after having furnished it in the most luxuriant style, he had made a present of it to Henry. It is certain that no subject of any realm has ever made a more gorgeous present to his sovereign.

As an intellectual head of England, Wolsey encouraged art and literature as much as Henry encouraged music. He encouraged Henry in most things ; whether preparing for the meeting (at the Field of the Cloth of Gold) between Henry and the French King, or merely conniving at the execution of the Duke of Buckingham. He upset the Commons one day by entering suddenly with a large retinue and complaining to the Speaker, Sir Thomas More, that the House had nothing to say for itself. This was at Blackfriars. Wolsey had calmly demanded eight hundred thousand pounds. Sir Thomas explained that the members were abashed in the presence of so great a personage, that they were not bound to return an answer, and that he (as Speaker) could not give one until they so empowered him. Which shows that Wolsey was none too popular in London.

The foreign policy of Henry does not concern the history of London ; it is therefore my purpose to review his domestic affairs merely because they were the talk of London.

It will be remembered that Henry was his father's second son. The eldest boy's name was Arthur. This prince had married Catherine of Aragon ; consequently objections were raised when Henry expressed his intention of marrying his brother's widow. She had declared that her marriage with Arthur had never been consummated, and the difficulty had been got over in that way.

When Henry married Catherine she was a striking-looking young woman of twenty-five. She was immensely popular in London on account of her cheerful temperament and readiness to be pleasant to all with whom she came

in contact. She had borne her lord and master no less than three sons and two daughters, but (unfortunately for her) only one of her children survived infancy—Mary, later to be Mary I of England.

Her enthusiasm for everything Henry did led her to act rather foolishly after the victory of Flodden Field, when she rode out at the head of some troops to meet him. Henry was annoyed, and seemed unable to cease upbraiding her with not having given him a son and heir. She pleaded with him to be patient, in spite of her various accidents, but nothing would stay his tongue. He even went so far as to suggest that the first of his mistresses had done better ; he certainly did not add to her happiness by openly expressing devotion to his son by Elizabeth Blount, whom he had named Henry Fitzroy—a name of significance, one would think.

Then there was Mary Boleyn, who had caused the Queen many a heartache. When he tired of her Henry transferred his affections to her sister Anne. Here he was met with a difficulty. Anne was not so ready to receive his advances as her sister had been. She told him quite plainly that it was 'queen or nothing' so far as she was concerned.

It says something for her pluck, the more so as she had a fair knowledge of the King's temper, but instead of being angry, Henry wooed her more and more ardently. Nothing, however, would move Anne. It was Queen or nothing. Her French education and vivacious manners completely won Henry, who began to think out the idea of getting rid of Catherine.

He had been married to her for seventeen years and there had never been a word as to the validity of the marriage. The difficulty about Catherine's previous marriage with Henry's elder brother Arthur had been settled. But was the marriage *really* valid? Henry thought he saw daylight. Of course it was not ; he ought to have realized it before ! He said as much to Wolsey, and found that the Chancellor agreed with his view. In other words, Henry could not do better than leave the

whole matter in Wolsey's capable hands. A divorce should be arranged at once.

London knew nothing of this ; so far as that goes, Catherine knew nothing of it either. Henry told Wolsey it might be difficult to break the law of the Roman Church. Wolsey told Henry there was no need to break it ; *bending* it was quite sufficient. So Henry waited. He knew that Catherine might agree to a divorce if pressed hard enough, but that she would not rescind her queenship, if only to protect Mary, who would be set aside if the divorce went through.

When it came to facing facts, Wolsey found it none too easy to prove a marriage of seventeen years' standing invalid on grounds upon which its actual validity had been fought and won. Dupin, in his *Bibliothèque universelle des auteurs ecclésiastiques*, gives both sides of the question. I have attempted a précis of his account. Wolsey contended (1) that the laws of Moses concerning marriage were not for the Jews only, but for every nation in every age. He said they were based on common decency, and that it was God's prohibition that no man might marry his brother's widow any more than he might marry his grandmother or any one else in the list set down in Leviticus. The reply of the Queen's defenders was that the prohibition in Leviticus did not stand because in Deuteronomy it was recorded that Moses allowed a marriage with a deceased brother's widow, *provided there were no children*. Also it was pointed out that Jacob had married Rachel and Leah (who were sisters) and that he had married two of his sons to Tamar and had promised her the third.

The second point Wolsey made was that Christ had never repealed the Mosaic law. The reply to that was that Christ had approved the exception in Deuteronomy. Wolsey then pointed out that St. John-the-Baptist had reproved Herod for marrying his brother's wife. The other side said that it was either because the brother was still living or that there were children by the marriage.

Wolsey's fourth and last contention was rather weak. He said the first Christians obeyed the law as stated in

Leviticus. This was not accepted by the other side. Thus no agreement was reached and matters stood as they were.

Henry had promised Mary in marriage to the French King. Wolsey was asked how he could do so if, by repudiating her mother, he bastardized his own daughter. Wolsey found this difficult to answer, and all he could obtain from the council was that she could be married to the French King's brother, the Duke of Orleans. Henry refused to hear of this, and matters *still* stood where they were.

Meanwhile Catherine discovered the intrigue with Anne Boleyn. There was what Henry described as a 'shorte tragedie,' but he managed to quieten his angry Queen. When he hinted at a divorce she told him she had come to him an honourable woman, and that she refused to be told that she had been living in incest for seventeen years.

The extraordinary part about the story is that Wolsey had been completely taken in by Henry, having understood it was because the King's tender conscience smote him that he had decided, much against his will, to divorce Catherine on the grounds that he could not bring himself to continue in sin any longer. When Henry told him he meant to marry Anne Boleyn he opened his eyes very wide. 'But, Your *Majesty*!' . . . Henry opened *his* eyes at the expression. 'Your Highness,' or 'Your Grace' . . . but 'Your Majesty' was a wonderful title. Henry thought it suited him. However, he would hear nothing, and Wolsey (knowing Henry's way with those who opposed him) said he would see what could be done.

He laid the case before Sir Thomas More, who excused himself on the grounds of possessing very little ecclesiastical knowledge. Wolsey then went to Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, for an opinion, and received it—a direct negative. In the meantime the news had leaked out and London was highly indignant.

There was nothing for it but to obtain a dispensation from the Pope himself.

Henry had already dismissed Catherine from his court

and had sent her to Greenwich, recalling Anne, whom he had sent away for the time being. She pretended she had been slighted, but Henry thoughtfully gave her a beautiful apartment close to his own. It was then that she gave him all the rope he seemed to desire, and the two lived as King and Queen, both publicly and privately.

London was naturally discussing each new phase of this unsavoury business. The next item of interest was the arrival of Campeggio, the Papal Legate, who (with Wolsey) was to judge the case. On June 18, 1529, the legatine court was opened. The crier called for the King, and Henry appeared. Then he called for the Queen, but she did *not* appear. When she was at last induced to attend she made an impassioned speech to Henry—one to which most men would have listened. Wolsey pressed Campeggio for a decision, but the Italian was not to be hurried. The case *must*, he said, go before the Pope.

Wolsey had failed, and well he knew it. Henry sent him no invitation to court for a whole month, and went so far as to intercept all his correspondence. In the end it meant the Cardinal's complete disgrace, and London's tongues wagged harder than ever.

The Cardinal took his disgrace to heart. Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who knew Wolsey well, gives the following: 'I have been to visit the Cardinal in his distress, and have witnessed the most striking change of fortune. He explained his hard case to me in the worst rhetoric possible. Both his tongue and heart have failed him . . . his face is dwindled to half its natural size.'

'I am but a night-crow,' said the Cardinal sadly. He knew that, as he was accused of failure, he could never mend matters by protesting innocence. Nothing irritated Henry more than anybody protesting innocence. If he said you were guilty you were guilty, and you might plead your *guilt*. But woe betide you if you pleaded '*not guilty*!' So the Cardinal gave up the great seal without a word, and made over all his personal estates, valued at roughly half a million crowns, to his master. When Henry told him

that he must surrender unconditionally, and make over all the profits from his benefices, he broke down and begged for mercy. He gratefully accepted permission to retain the see of York, which Henry allowed him.

Broken-hearted, he was struck by illness at Christmas-time. Henry sent his own physicians to the Cardinal's bedside, saying he 'would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds.' After arrest for treason, Wolsey's constitution completely gave way and he became seriously dropsical. He died at Leicester Abbey in 1530.

Wolsey's successor was Sir Thomas More, a fine, upright, and conscientious minister, and a ripe scholar. The chancellorship was hardly the post for him. According to a letter written by Anne Boleyn to Thomas Cromwell, More refused to allow Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures to be read in St. Paul's, punishing many who disobeyed his ruling. The defence, in his case, is that he had always obeyed the strict rulings of the Church himself, and therefore disapproved of the Scriptures being read 'in the vulgar tongue.'

Henry's divorce still hung fire. More considered it an abomination, and Anne was forced to rely on Thomas Cromwell, who now rose into power almost as quickly as Wolsey had done. Henry asked for Cromwell's opinion. The wily Thomas said he was not much judge, but he could not bear to see his sovereign so distressed. He told Henry his advisers were far too timid. The Pope was not likely to agree, but what did that matter? The Princes of Germany had overthrown the halter of Rome. Henry should be his own pope; in other words, he should demand his rights; he should be made Supreme Head of the Church in England.

Henry gasped at first. This was rather more than even he had dared to contemplate, but he told Cromwell he was grateful for his good and sympathetic advice, and made him a member of his privy council then and there.

Londoners were aghast when the news of the King's decision leaked out. As for Catherine, when she was told what was in store for her she simply said: 'whatever

happens, I shall *still* be his lawful wife.' She wrote to the Pope who, greatly distressed at the contents of her letter, wrote to Henry in affectionate terms, but firmly pointing out that the King was in the wrong.

Henry's reply was to marry Anne secretly. At a very early hour on the Feast of St. Paul (January 25) one of the royal chaplains was ordered to celebrate Mass in a room in the west turret of Whitehall Palace. To his surprise, he found Henry and Anne waiting for him, Henry attended by Norris and Henneage (two of his Grooms-of-the-Chamber), Anne by her train-bearer, Anne Savage. When told he was expected to unite Henry and Anne in holy wedlock the good prelate protested. Henry, however, persuaded him by telling him that the Pope was agreeable, and the ceremony was performed.

The marriage was kept secret until April 12. Even then the real date of it was not divulged in order that, when Anne's baby should be born, it might be said to have been born in wedlock.

Disappointment was felt in London when Henry raised Cranmer to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It seems there had been some sort of scandal between him and a German woman whom he had married in secret; archbishops possessing wives were not looked upon with favour in London of Tudor days. From Henry's point of view the move was a good one, because Cranmer was ready to acknowledge that 'the sovereign had no superior on earth, and was not subject to the laws of any earthly creature.'

When Cranmer summoned Catherine to appear before his court she took no notice, having been advised that it would be foolish to do anything likely to prejudice Mary's claim to the throne. Thus she maintained a stony silence and refused to be drawn. The archbishop, however, conducted his court without her. He pronounced his judgement on the Friday in Ascension Week: it was to the effect that Henry's marriage with Catherine was null and void, that it had never been legal, having been both contracted and consummated in direct defiance of the

laws of God. He made the question of how Henry had legally married Anne before his marriage with Catherine was annulled, and how Anne's child was to be legitimate when Catherine's child had been set aside, the chief question for his next court. He simply *begged* the question. The marriage with Anne must be legal, he said, because the other was not. It did not matter in the least that it antedated the annulment. Moreover, it had his blessing as Archbishop, and that was enough for everybody.

On May 19 Anne was taken in State to the Tower by the Mayor and City companies, who turned out in their grandest attire. The Thames was crowded with boats; a family able to requisition anything that would float at all got into it; those less fortunate ranged themselves on either bank. The usual pageantry was gone through, and Anne was preceded by 'a foyst or wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the foyst stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noises.' The chronicler does not explain the necessity for this nor, indeed, the origin of the custom. At all events, Anne proceeded to the Tower amidst all this noise—there was not much cheering from the people, it seems—and found Henry waiting for her.

Londoners were up betimes on the last day of May for Anne's procession to Westminster. The Tower guns fired a solemn salute and the gates were opened. Anne was drawn in a white chariot 'by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it which made music with silver bells.' She was dressed in white, her long hair flowing over her shoulders; she wore a coronet of gold set with diamonds.

She had won her battle. That she had sacrificed her honour in doing it probably did not enter her head. She bowed her acknowledgments when the children of the City schools cheered her in Fenchurch Street. At the corner of Gracechurch Street she stopped her carriage for a moment to admire a kind of classic monument fashioned by the mechanics from the steelyards. In Leadenhall

there was further surprise for her. Another 'little mountain' had been erected on the top of which was a gold ring. A white falcon was made to appear 'as out of the sky,' and a symbolic figure of Saint Anne and her children completed the emblem which Anne may have taken as symbolic of her own future success in this direction.

At every corner there was something of fresh and symbolic interest. The conduits ran with wine and every church rang its bells. The procession moved slowly along past the cathedral, down Ludgate Hill, along Fleet Street, Temple Bar, the Strand, and so to Westminster Hall.

Henry was not to be seen. This was his bride's day, he said, and he wished her to be the centre of attraction. On the following morning Anne proceeded to the Abbey, dressed in purple velvet trimmed with ermine, and was conducted to the high altar to receive from Cranmer the golden sceptre and the crown of St. Edward.

Cranmer, by the way, had not long left his Court of Justice in which he had passed sentence on Catherine, but there is no indication of his real feelings now. As for Anne herself, one imagines that she dismissed all untoward thoughts. She had been the subject of court scandal for nearly seven years, but she had won her day.

In seven months from the date of her wedding and coronation she presented Henry with her baby. His Majesty visited her in her room and completely lost his temper because the child was a girl. 'Call her Elizabeth,' he said, 'and be done with her.' She was called Elizabeth, and later became Queen of England.

There may have been rejoicings at Westminster, but there were weepings at Tyburn and Smithfield. The monks who had always been on the side of Queen Catherine suffered death in hundreds. Henceforth no church could offer sanctuary to any living man. The Monks of the London Charterhouse, especially, suffered acutely at this time.

Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More had been confined

in the Tower for some time. Fisher was old and ill, and was hardly able to answer coherently when a deputation waited on him for a final answer as to whether he would or would not acknowledge the supremacy of Henry in all matters connected with the Church. Like the Carthusian monks, he answered in the negative. The poor old man was given five days to prepare himself for death. On the fifth day he appeared dressed gaily, as he said, for his marriage day. He opened his Bible on the scaffold and read out the first sentence that caught his eye: 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God.' Perhaps this is one of the saddest of the many executions on record.

As for Sir Thomas More, one of the most lovable men of his time, on July 6, 1535, he was led to the block. He had not been too popular as a judge, and as he walked he was subjected to insults. It is said that two beggars knelt before him and mockingly begged alms. As he mounted the scaffold it shook and swayed. He turned to Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, and said: 'See me safe up. I can shift for myself coming down.'

The levity of this remark must have been to hide his real feelings, for he had taken a loving farewell of his daughter, whom he adored, a few days since. The executioner asked if he might be allowed to bind his victim's eyes. 'I will bind them myself,' said Sir Thomas. Just as the axe was about to fall he signalled for a momentary delay. The executioner stopped in sheer surprise. It was not usual for a victim to make signals at such a time. More moved his beard. 'A pity it should be cut,' he remarked. 'It has not committed treason.' Thus died the most famous rhetorician of the late Middle Ages.

The story of the dissolution of the monasteries is not altogether London's history, but those in London itself naturally fell with the rest. Cromwell encouraged Henry to seize the wealth of the monasteries and was supported by Cranmer. A sort of religious fervour was infused into the idea and the bill for the suppression of all monasteries

was hurried through both houses and made law in May 1536.

Catherine's death occurred the same year. She begged Henry to send Mary to her, but he refused. She dictated a letter to him from her death-bed in which she referred to him as her 'most dear lord, king, and husband.' Henry wept for five minutes and then sent her a message by an ambassador, but she was dead before he arrived.

Meanwhile things had not been going too well with Anne. Henry had not forgiven her for Elizabeth's birth and treated her as though she could have done better had she tried. He had become weary of her. He had already suggested divorcing Anne, but had been told that if he did so he must take back Catherine. More than one historian has hinted that Catherine was poisoned at Henry's command. Chapuys in *Letters in Vienna Archives* has suggested it. There is, however, no proof. Anne thought at first that Catherine's death would improve matters, but she was mistaken. She made an attempt to win Princess Mary to her, but was met with a haughty refusal. That Henry was unfaithful to her goes without saying, but Anne was for some time completely unaware of his intrigue with Jane Seymour. One day, however, she caught him. Entering a room suddenly, she found Jane sitting on Henry's knee with her arms round his neck. There was another 'shorte tragedie' and Anne, who was preparing to give birth to another child, fell down in a swoon. A serious illness followed and her child was born—a dead son. As soon as Henry was told he raged as he had done when Elizabeth was born. He went to Anne and told her she had 'lost him his boy.' Anne risked a good deal when she passionately retorted that it had been Henry's own doing and that 'he had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind about that wench, Jane Seymour.' Henry left her, declaring she 'should have no more boys by him.' Whether Anne paused to reflect that she had been served by Jane Seymour in exactly the same way she herself had served Catherine is not on record.

All the same, Anne made it very hard for herself when she allowed her men-servants and even her own brother, Lord Rochford, to take liberties with her. She recovered from her illness but, at first, became melancholic and disinclined for society. She would spend hours in quiet corners of Greenwich Park or in the quadrangle of the Palace, playing with her dogs. She was even not allowed to have the baby Elizabeth with her (which might have been some consolation), for Henry had ordained that the little Princess was to be nursed elsewhere. He also saw to it that he and Anne did not meet.

It was then that she seemed to lose her balance. She took unreasonable risks, even though she must have known that Henry was only awaiting an opportunity to have her put away. It was probably through the jealousy of Lady Rochford that her intimacy with Lord Rochford was discovered. At all events she was put under examination.

That she was found guilty hardly needs pointing out. Whether she *was* guilty or not is another matter. She has been the subject of much discussion. Having examined all the evidence (for and against) I am not prepared to give an opinion, except to say that I think her speech to the court reads as though she were innocent. It hardly matters, though it might be pointed out that public opinion in London was largely in favour of her acquittal at the time.

That she was brave to the last should be said in her honour. Five men had been named in the case, all of whom had been lodged in the Tower. At a tilting match at Greenwich, at which both Henry and Anne had been present, it seems that Anne had dropped her handkerchief. Sir Henry Norris and Lord Rochford had just been taking part in the match, and Norris picked up the handkerchief. He wiped his face with it, an action that caused Henry to leave the scene. From that incident sprang the case against Anne.

Cranmer pronounced the sentences of execution which

were carried out immediately. Smeton was hanged, as a commoner generally was ; the other four were executed, on account of their rank. Smeton practically confessed at the scaffold, but Norris refused to utter a word. Rochford pointed out to the crowd that it was best to live a simple, upright life. Weston lamented his folly, and Brereton (who may have been innocent), told the people he deserved to die, but advised them not to judge the *cause* of his death.

As for Anne herself, she was perfectly composed on the day of the execution. She complained to Kingston that she was forced to wait 'until past noon.' 'I am very sorry for it,' she said, 'for I had thought to be dead and past my pain.' 'There will be no pain, Madam,' said Kingston. Anne expressed her relief. 'I had heard say,' she observed, 'that the executioner of Calais had been brought over, and that he is more expert than any in England. That is very good, for I have only a little neck. She burst out laughing as she invited the lieutenant to inspect it.

At noon she appeared, dressed in black and attended by four of her maids. Her speech to the London crowd is worth reproducing, if only because it may be compared with that of Lady Jane Grey—a very different woman, who died for a very different cause. Anne said: 'Good Christian people, I am not come here to excuse or justify myself for I know full well that aught which I could say in my defence doth not appertain to you, and that I could derive no hope of life for the same. I come here only to die, and thus to yield myself humbly to the will of my lord the King. And if in life I ever offended the King's grace, surely with my death do I now atone for the same. I blame not my judges, nor any other manner of person, nor anything, save the cruel law of the land by which I die. But be this, and be my faults as they may, I beseech you all, good friends, to pray for the life of the King, my sovereign lord, and yours, who is one of the best princes on the face of the earth, and who has always treated me so well that better cannot be. Wherefore I submit to

death with a good will, humbly asking pardon of all the world.'

To her maids she said : ' I cannot reward you for your service, but pray you take comfort at my loss. Howbeit, forget me not. Be faithful to the grace, and to her whom (with happier fortune) you may have for your queen and mistress. Value your honour before your lives, and in your prayers to the Lord Jesus forget not to pray for my soul.'

Cranmer terminated the proceedings against Anne by posthumously divorcing her from the King. Thus Elizabeth, like Mary, was disinherited and her claim to the throne set aside. Cromwell, however, was instrumental in reconciling Mary to her father. He thought it best to have her treated as a princess, even though a bastard by law, as she might be needed for marital purposes with some foreign monarch later on.

Jane Seymour can be disposed of quickly. She pleased her lord by giving birth to Edward, afterwards Edward VI, but died a fortnight later. As Henry said, she had done her duty. He grieved a little for her, and actually went so far as to remain unwed for two years, but finding his various mistresses unattractive, he listened to Cromwell's recommendation of the Princess Anne of Cleves. There had been some thought about the Duchess of Milan, but she had sent a message to Henry saying she had ' only one head.' Had she possessed two she ' might have been at his service.' Cromwell described Anne as being surpassingly beautiful, his information being of German source. He pointed out to Henry the wisdom of allying himself with Protestant Germany, and Henry (in an unguarded moment) agreed to marry this ' lovely creature.'

When he saw her he changed his opinion. ' Nothing but a great Flanders mare,' he said. He kissed her, but withheld the present he had brought for her. Alone with Cromwell, he gave vent to wrath and upbraided the minister for the mess he now found himself in. Cromwell, dismayed, apologized, but pointed out that there was no immediate remedy. Consequently the marriage ceremony

was gone through. Henry told Cromwell ' there will be no more children to comfort this realm ' while Anne was his wife.

Cromwell's legislation was unpopular in London, and it was not long before he was opposed. In disgrace with Henry as well, it is not surprising that he ended his days on the scaffold. Henry then sent for Cranmer who, as usual, was ready to pronounce any marriage of his master either to be legal, or null and void, according to Henry's requirements at the time.

He agreed that Henry had been misled, and that it was unthinkable that such a marriage could continue. As for Anne, there is little doubt that she disliked Henry as much as he disliked her. She was asked to agree to a divorce, which she seemed pleased enough to do. Beyond the fact that she was not allowed to leave England, no restrictions were put upon her movements. She outlived both Henry and Edward VI, dying at Chelsea in 1557, honoured by burial in Westminster Abbey.

Catherine Howard went the same way as Anne Boleyn. Henry prosecuted her for pre-nuptial infidelity. He had married her secretly in the first place, but when she tried to persuade him to advance the cause of the Roman Church Cranmer became watchful. Her execution on the Tower Green was only a matter of time.

The sixth and last of Henry's Queens was Catherine Parr. She had been married twice before, to Lord Parrborough, and to Lord Latimer. It may have been that she felt she was experienced enough to risk marriage with the King of England, but she very nearly lost her head through becoming entangled in the religious controversy of the age. She survived Henry, and subsequently married for the fourth time.

The death of Henry and the disease from which he suffered does not bear description, but the fact that he *had* died was kept secret for three days. When the news eventually became known London was indeed a city of mourning for, with all his faults, Henry was popular. His will provided for the government of the realm during the

minority of Edward, and also that, if he died without issue, the crown should go first to Mary and her heirs or, failing the event of such heirs, to Elizabeth. The fact is important because it bears on London's history a few years later.

Henry had introduced Protestantism into England, and into London especially, but it cannot be truthfully said that he had established it. At his death half London was Protestant and said so, the other half was still Catholic but did not dare to say so. The will had been left to Lord Seymour, Cranmer, and Catherine Parr to carry out, and Prince Edward, who was at Hatfield when his father died, was brought to London and proclaimed King.

Edward was nine years old. The Lord Protector was the Duke of Somerset, entitled 'governor of his Majesty, Lord-Protector of all his realms, Lieutenant-General of all his armies.'

The Reformation had recently progressed, and everything in the churches reminding the people of Rome was now destroyed. The City churches were entirely dismantled of all images. The forms of service underwent drastic changes, the English Eucharist taking the place of the Latin Mass. Copies of a translation of the Bible, together with commentaries on the four Gospels by Erasmus, were to be seen in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and all the parish churches. A law was passed to enforce the observance of days of fasting, defaulters being punished by a fine of ten shillings and ten days' imprisonment for the first offence. Clergy were allowed to marry, but were exhorted to remain in a state of celibacy. 'It would be better,' ran the exhortation, 'for priests to live separate from the bond of marriage for their own estimation, that they might attend solely to the ministration of the Gospel.'

The Duke of Somerset enjoyed complete command of the King's affairs until he created too many enemies for himself, the chief of which was the Duke of Northumberland. His career ended as *most* spectacular careers ended in those times; he was executed in 1552. He built

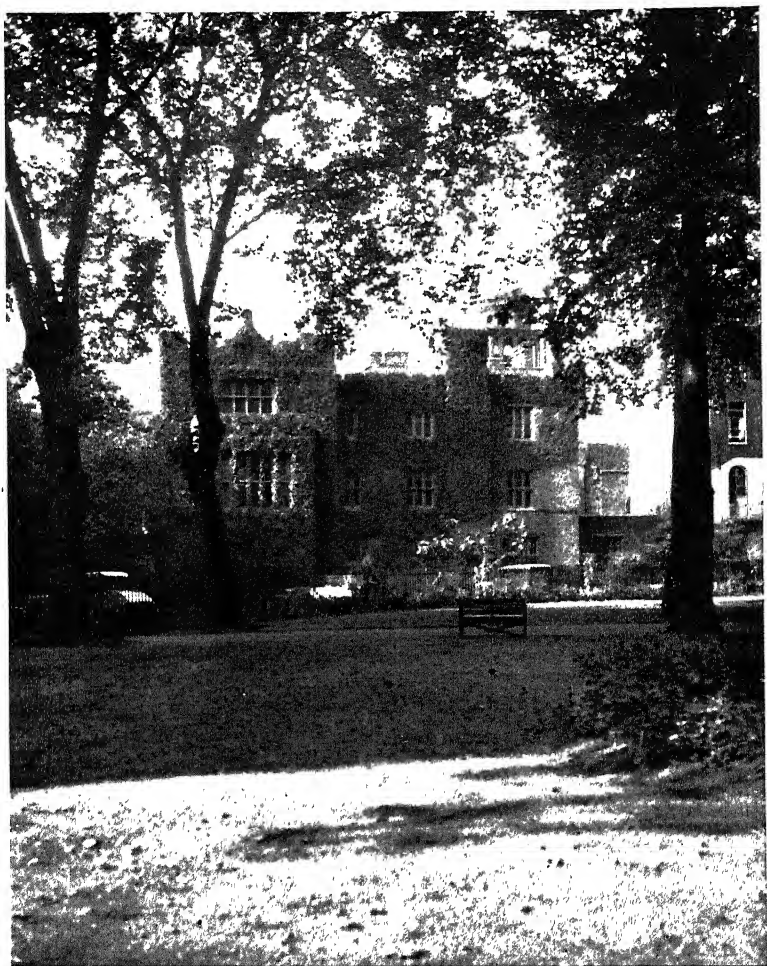
Somerset Palace in the Strand on the same site as that on which Somerset House (begun in 1776 and added to in 1834 and again in 1854) now stands. The palace was successively occupied by James I, Charles I, and Charles II. Elizabeth lived in it before her accession. Inigo Jones (the architect) died there, and Oliver Cromwell's body lay in state there in 1658.

Edward VI was a thoughtful boy and amazingly proficient in almost every branch of study. He was not, however, all historians have made him out to be. That he would have been a good and just King, had he lived to govern for himself, there is not the slightest doubt, but the adulation that has been showered on him is out of all proportion to his merits.

He had plenty of royal dignity about him at the age of thirteen. Petriccio Ubaldini, in a description of England written at this time, says that no one was allowed to address him, not even his own sisters (whom he disliked intensely) without kneeling to him first. 'I have seen the Princess Elizabeth,' says Ubaldini, 'drop on one knee five times before her brother before she took her place. At dinner, if either of his sisters were permitted to eat with him, she had to sit on a cushion at a distance, beyond the limits of the royal dais. Even the lords and gentlemen who brought in dishes before dinner knelt down before they placed them on the table.'

The King's health, before he was turned fifteen, showed signs of giving way. His physicians realized that he had not more than a year to live. The Duke of Northumberland, realizing that Edward's sister Mary was heir to the throne and also being mindful that she was a Catholic, thought out a plot to have the succession altered. He had prepared the way for himself, as well as for the realm, by marrying his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, a grand-niece of Henry VIII.

The two Dukes considered a scheme for setting aside Catholic Mary and placing Lady Jane on the throne. Northumberland went to Edward and suggested that it



ONCE THE HOME OF THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS :
CHARTERHOUSE

was imperative to set aside Henry's will and so save England from a Catholic Queen.

To persuade Edward was not difficult. He hated the Romanists and he hated Mary. He agreed to Northumberland's suggestion, and the will was altered by deed of settlement, properly drawn up and signed by judges and lords-in-council. Cranmer grumbled when asked to sign, saying he would have preferred to see the King first. However, he signed the deed—a matter for subsequent regret.

The next move was to watch Mary. Northumberland sent letters to her in the King's name requiring her presence at Greenwich. Unfortunately for him, he acted a little too late, and the King was dead before he could get her into his power. She heard of the death, probably through the Earl of Arundel, and fled to Framlingham Castle. The Dukes kept the King's death secret for four days, during which time they visited their respective son and daughter at their London house. Lord Guildford was easily dazzled with the prospect of a crown and gave his consent immediately. Lady Jane was not so easy to persuade.

When pressed to accept the crown she flatly refused. Her father and father-in-law pointed out that the King had set aside the will of his father and that she was now Queen whether she liked it or not. Jane again refused in the following words: 'But the laws of the kingdom, natural and right, stand for the King's sister. I would beware of burthening my conscience with a yoke that does not belong to it. I understand the infamy of those who have at any time permitted violation of right to gain a sceptre. It is to mock God and deride justice to scruple at the stealing of a shilling and not at the usurpation of a crown. Besides, I am not so young nor so little read in the guiles of Fortune to suffer myself to be taken by them. If Fortune enrich any it is but to make them the subject of her spoil. If Fortune raise others it is but to pleasure herself with their ruins. What she adorned but yesterday, to-day is her pastime. If I now permit Dame Fortune to

adorn and crown me I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, but with what crown does she present me? A crown that has been violently and shamefully wrested from Catherine of Aragon and made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn and others who wore it after her. Why, then, would you have me add my blood to theirs and be the third victim from whom the fatal crown may be ravished, together with the head that wears it? Even in case it should not prove fatal to me, and that all its venom were consumed; if Fortune should give me the warranties of her constancy, should I be well advised to take upon me these thorns which would not fail to torment me? My liberty is better than the chains you offer me, with what precious stones soever they be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. If you love me sincerely and in good earnest you will rather wish me a quiet and secure fortune, though a mean one, instead of an exalted condition exposed to the wind and followed by some dismal fall.'

Jane's father then told her it was his wish, her mother's, and also her husband's. Jane adored Guildford, and the mention of his name was enough. She resisted a little longer only, and then gave way. That night she was proclaimed Queen in London.

It was now wise to apprehend Mary. In this the Duke of Northumberland failed. Disaffection was found to exist in his troops, reinforcements were not sent—in fact, London and East Anglia were solid for Mary. Had they known what she was to be, they might have acted differently; but Catholicism was still strong—in London especially.

A proclamation of Mary followed, and Jane and her husband found their palace at the Tower, whither they had been taken at their proclamation, to be their prison. They were arraigned of high treason before Judge Morgan and condemned to death, together with Lord Northumberland.

Mary's proclamation and coronation followed, with the entire acclamation of London. To be fair to Mary—it is hard to be fair to her, by the way—it was out of zeal for

the Church of Rome that she tortured Jane by sending John de Feckenham almost daily to the Tower to attempt to convert her cousin to Catholicism. Jane listened day by day to the priest, but remained firm in her view. He expounded the Roman creed in every detail; he offered her liberty in the Queen's name. She gently, but firmly refused.

Lord Guildford and his brother Lord Ambrose were allowed to walk together on the leads of the Tower, but Guildford was not allowed to see Jane, who was permitted to walk daily in the Queen's garden. The separation of the two lovers was painful to both. At length Mary was advised that all who had opposed her should be done away with. Sir Thomas Wyatt had incited a rebellion when Mary first intimated that she intended to marry Philip of Spain, and Feckenham was sent once again to Jane to tell her that unless she recanted her 'heresy' she was to die in two days' time, and her husband with her. The answer was the same as before.

On the morning of February 12, 1554, Lord Guildford was led out to die. As he walked to the scaffold he passed under Jane's window. She watched him in silence, not daring to attract his attention lest the sight of her should be his undoing. After his execution his headless body passed again under the window on its way to interment in the Tower. Then Jane spoke. 'Oh, Guildford, Guildford!' she cried, 'the ante-repast is not so bitter that you have tasted, and that I so soon shall taste, *as to make my flesh tremble even now*. It is nothing to the feast that, this very day, we shall partake of in Heaven—you and I.'

A scaffold had been erected on the green opposite the White Tower. Feckenham arrived in due course to fetch Jane. On the way to the scaffold he showed his bad taste by a further attempt to convert her, assuring her that her life should be saved, even now, so long as she recanted. Jane, tortured by the thoughts of her beloved husband's death, said nothing till they reached the scaffold. Then she turned to the priest. 'God will abundantly

requite you, Sir, for your humanity to me,' she said, 'even though your discourses have caused me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death.'

She then turned to the waiting London crowd—this gentle creature, barely seventeen years of age. She said :

'Good people, I am come hither to die. By a law I am condemned to the same. My offence against the Queen's highness was only in consent to the device of others. It was never of my seeking, but rather by counsel of those who should seem to have further understanding of such things than I, who knew little of law, much less of titles to the crown. The fact indeed was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto on my behalf. I do therefore wash my hands in innocency before God and you this day. I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear witness that I die a Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means but only by the mercy of God and the merits of the Blood of His only Son, Jesus Christ. And I confess that when I did know the Word of God I neglected the same, and loved myself and the world. Therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily come unto me for my sins. Yet I thank God of His goodness that he hath thus given me a time for respite to repent. And now, good people, I pray you, assist me with your prayers.'

The executioner knelt to ask her forgiveness for the act he was about to commit. She told him to forget the incident the instant his duty was done, but in return for such forgiveness she made one request : 'I pray you, dispatch me quickly.'

Thus died the gentlest and sweetest woman of that age. It is hardly the business of any historian to suggest that it is regrettable that a plot against the lawful succession did not succeed, but when I think of what happened in Mary's reign, and then of what *might* have happened had Jane been Queen, I feel inclined to do something of the kind.

Her qualities were eminently suitable for a Queen.

She was sweet-tempered and animated, just and upright, and easily the most accomplished woman in Europe. She spoke fluently French, Latin, Greek, and Italian, and possessed considerable knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee. She was musical and devoted to the furtherance of art. She had been Queen of England for nine days.

The reign of Mary was a veritable hell for London. Apart from the question of whether a citizen were Protestant or Catholic, it was unadulterated misery to know that every day of the week there was an execution in the Tower grounds and every night a fire in Smithfield.

The churchyard of St. Paul's was an appalling sight. Every spike in the railings round the cathedral had a head stuck on it. When one batch was taken down another was put up. In fairness to Mary it must be said that, at the outset, she strove to bring about a return to Catholicism without shedding more blood than was necessary. She sent the following message to the council :

'Touching the punishment of heretics, methinketh it ought to be done without rashness, not leaving in the meantime to do justice to such as by learning would seem to deceive the simple ; and the rest so to be used that the people might well perceive them not to be condemned without just occasion, by which they shall both understand the truth and beware not to do the like. And especially within London I would wish none to be burned without some of the council's presence and, both there and everywhere, good sermons at the same time.'

On the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1555, there was a great procession through London to St. Paul's. It must have presented a gorgeous spectacle. One hundred and sixty priests, all vested in copes, were followed by eight bishops and, last of all, by Bonner, Bishop of London, bearing the Host. Bonfires blazed all night, while the praises of God were sung because 'He had restored London to the only true Church.'

Three days later the court for the trial of heretics was

opened at St. Mary Overy's, Southwark. The Chancellor and Bishop Bonner were the chief but not the only judges. Bishop Hooper, Bishop Ferrar, and two Protestant clergy named Rogers and Taylor had already endured Gardiner's bullying some days before. Bishop Hooper was charged with being married, though a priest of the Church, and with preaching to the effect that marriages could be legally dissolved on the same grounds in force at the present day; also that people so divorced were free to marry again. Furthermore, he had denied transubstantiation as a doctrine. He made no defence.

For some reason, Rogers was given a chance to become a Catholic and secure his release. He refused. When he asked to be allowed to bid his wife farewell, the judges were so shocked because he had a wife at all that they refused. On February 4 he was publicly burned in Smithfield. Thousands were present and, as he walked along, repeating the fifty-first psalm in English, he was loudly cheered. He passed his wife and children, but was not permitted to speak to them. Just before the fire was lit, Bonner gave him a last chance to recant. He refused, and had the honour of being London's first Protestant martyr.

Hooper was burned in Gloucester, in his own diocese. He was not allowed to address the people—in fact, the council threatened to cut out the tongues of any prisoner who would not solemnly swear to die in silence. Hooper had an easier time than Rogers because one of his guards secretly tied bags of gunpowder about his body. Even so, he suffered for three-quarters of an hour because the wood was either green or damp, and the wind blew the flames away from him.

Cranmer's trial was only to be expected. He was taken to St. Mary's, condemned to be burned, and sent back to prison.

Cranmer has been the subject of both criticism and adulation. If we are inclined to Macaulay's view of him there will not be much adulation. Sir James Mackintosh views him compassionately—more so, perhaps, than he

deserves. Froude considers that he brought destruction upon the Catholics more by his death than by his life.

Whichever way we may look upon him, we cannot forget that Cranmer gained his favour with Henry VIII (without which he would never have risen to power at all) merely because he served him in the disgraceful divorce of Catherine of Aragon. He agreed with the King, without a murmur, over the marriage with Anne Boleyn; he agreed, without a murmur, that she should be executed. He was equally agreeable to declaring Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves null and void.

As for his attitude towards Cromwell, it is quite patent that he was willing to be his disciple so long as he was in favour, but when Henry cast Cromwell out because he had suggested the Princess of Cleves for his next Queen, Cranmer was quite ready to vote for his execution.

Worst of all, Cranmer signed the death-warrants of a number of Catholics during Henry's reign. Now that Catholicism had won the day, Cranmer recanted and declared himself a Romanist also. The fact is that he was weak and timid, a vacillating minister who turned hither and thither, just wherever the winds of power blew.

That, undoubtedly, was London's view of him. However, he was brave—very brave—at the end. He wrote a strong letter to Mary, giving his reasons for not acknowledging the Roman Church. Cardinal Pole's reply on behalf of the Queen must have sent a deep fear into the old man's heart; it was full of invective, even though some of it reads as though Pole understood Cranmer.

That Cranmer died a Protestant is pleasing knowledge. He had heard the Queen's decision that 'her Majesty will have Cranmer a Catholic, or she will have no Cranmer at all.' He also knew that his death would mean the promotion of Cardinal Pole to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Finally, he admitted his recantation was written with the fear of death in his heart and, at the last, showed great dignity and fortitude. He was burned at Oxford.

So far as London is concerned, the reign of Bloody Mary was nothing but a religious upheaval. The loss of Calais in the war with France was regarded as a national dishonour and, despite Mary's declaration that the word 'Calais' would be found engraved upon her heart, Londoners showed little sympathy towards their Queen. The loss of Calais was actually no loss in the political sense at all, but it would have taken some persuasion to make a Londoner of 1558 think so.

Mary's last days were passed in bitterness. She had lavished her love on her Spanish husband who thought less than nothing of her. He was no good to London, and London let him know it as plainly as it dared. He, at last, turned from the Queen who, for his sake, had forfeited London's affection. She died of an epidemic fever on November 17, Cardinal Pole dying from the same disease the next day.

Cardinal Pole, judged strictly according to the times in which he lived, was a man to be respected. With his death, and that of Mary, came the end of Roman Catholicism as a power in England.

Elizabeth, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Henry VIII and of Anne Boleyn. It will also be recalled that Henry forbade his wife to take any part in the nursing of her baby. His fury with her, and his hatred at the moment for her baby, caused the Palace servants to be neglectful of the child. Lady Byran, Elizabeth's governess, wrote a piteous appeal to Cromwell on behalf of the little Princess.

'I beseech you,' she wrote, 'to be good, my lord, to my lady, and to hers, and to see that she has some raiment. She has neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor foresmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor body stichets, nor mufflers, nor biggins.' Some of these terms take a little translating, but Lady Byran's intentions are plain enough.

I quote here from a letter written by Roger Ascham in 1550. He had been Elizabeth's tutor at Cheshunt for three years. He says :

'The lady Elizabeth has accomplished her nineteenth year, and so much solidity of understanding . . . have never been observed at so early an age.' (I disagree with him here; Lady Jane Grey knew more than Elizabeth when she was twelve.) 'French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency; she also has spoken Greek to me . . . moderately well. In music she is very skilful but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendour.'

That remark is more polite than honest. If it was true at the time when Ascham wrote the letter, it certainly was not true a little later on. Elizabeth was never beautiful featurally nor yet by expression. She had beautiful hands which she showed off to every advantage.

Elizabeth could hardly complain of the reception accorded her as she rode to the Tower through the crowded London streets. It was not so long since she had been a temporary prisoner in that same Tower during Mary's reign. She now signified her thankfulness on her knees at her changed fortunes.

Philip still lingered about the court and Elizabeth was not slow to detect his intention. She knew that if she married him she would find herself in exactly the same position as that of her father when he married his brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon. She had no mind to act in a manner that would cause her to be incapable of ascending the throne. She definitely refused his advances, and the attempted invasion by the Spanish Armada later in her reign was the result of that refusal. The Armada would have sailed much earlier had it not been for the fact that Philip was waiting to see whether the plot to set Mary of Scots on the throne in Elizabeth's place was likely to be successful. He would have willingly married her.

The establishment of the Protestant religion came about immediately, and there is no doubt that many a London Catholic quaked in his shoes. Elizabeth, by Act of Parliament, was made Supreme Governess, though not

Supreme Head of the Church, but there does not seem to have been much difference between the power the two titles conveyed. The passing of that Act caused a good deal of talk in London, especially amongst the bishops and clergy, who were unanimously against it.

The next thing was to find a suitable husband for the new Queen. Londoners made the question of her marriage the subject of speculation. They may or may not have been impressed by her desire that, when she was buried, on her tomb should be the words: 'Here lies Elizabeth, who lived and died a maiden Queen.' Those who knew her best realized that, as time went on, a little adjustment in the wording of that epitaph would be necessary if it were to be strictly true.

Philip, having himself failed to make any impression on Elizabeth, suggested Charles, the Archduke of Austria, as a likely consort. Londoners considered this a good match, the nobility especially. The suggestion appealed to Elizabeth, who sent a message saying she would like to see the Archduke. The Emperor, the Archduke's father, seemed to consider the marriage practically settled, but completely wrecked his son's chances with the English Queen by making certain conditions of a religious nature. As Elizabeth seemed in no hurry, the Emperor demanded an answer. She wrote and told him she had no wish to marry.

John, Duke of Finland, arrived in London soon after this to urge Elizabeth to marry his brother Eric, King of Sweden. While he was in London the Duke paid the greatest attention to Elizabeth—which, of course, she liked—and whenever he rode through the streets he threw silver coins to the poor, telling them his brother, when King, would make it gold. It all came to nothing, although Eric sent Elizabeth eighteen beautiful piebald horses as a present.

The next on the list was the handsome Adolphus of Holstein-Eutin. He was greatly admired by the ladies in London society. Elizabeth created him Knight of the Garter, but refused to marry him. Then the Earl of Arran

tried—and failed. He was so disappointed (the story goes) that he gradually lost his reason.

Others came and went, and London was interested in them all. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was always Elizabeth's favourite—he whose marriage with Amy Robsart had resulted, so London said, in her death. If we are to believe the chroniclers of the period, Dudley was the cause of the death of more private individuals than any other man up to that time. It certainly seems he was easily the most abused man in England, if not in Europe. As for Elizabeth, she protected him all through, declaring that she knew 'the libels against him to be most scandalous.'

London called him 'the Gypsy' because of his swarthy complexion. Sussex, when dying, warned his friends against him. 'Beware of the Gypsy,' he said, 'or he will be too hard for you. You know not the beast as I do.' It is strange that he should be so different in character from his brothers Sir Henry Dudley, Lord Ambrose and, most of all, the gentle Lord Guildford, husband of Lady Jane Grey.

It was a wonder he did not suffer death when the rest of his family were executed by Mary; for some reason best known to herself, Mary pardoned and released him from the Tower. At all events, he was Elizabeth's favourite for years. Whether she was ever actually in love with him or not is doubtful—at least, historians seem to think so. The opinion in London at the time pointed the other way; Londoners had no use for the Earl of Leicester.

The history of the activities of Mary, Queen of Scots, hardly belongs to London. Her execution was kept secret for some time after it had occurred, for Elizabeth had very unwillingly signed Mary's death warrant.

Mary was less fortunate than Lady Jane Grey. The prayers and incantations of the onlookers disturbed the executioner to such an extent that he missed his aim, inflicting a serious scalp wound only. He struck three times before he severed her head from her body, a fact that troubled Elizabeth ever afterwards.

The popularity of Elizabeth in London was never shown more sincerely than just after the defeat of the Armada. In a sense it can be said that the Queen's work for England was done when she had publicly given her thanks in St. Paul's for the great victory. For the rest of her reign she was not seen much, and seemed to get out of touch with London and its people.

Favourites came and went, as they had always done. Raleigh and Essex were perhaps the most noted of this period. Raleigh died in the Tower during the reign of James I; Essex was beheaded at Elizabeth's command. Essex lost his life mainly owing to the intrigues of his enemies, one of whom told the Queen he had described her as 'an old woman, as crooked in mind as she was in body.' Anything said against her 'divine beauty' (as it was called by those who knew how to handle her) was fatal.

Elizabeth's last years were lonely. Never married, without children to comfort her or carry on the Tudor dynasty, she certainly died 'an old woman' and perhaps a trifle 'crooked in mind.' She has been described by contemporary writers as wearing a red wig; her eyes small, her teeth black, her nose prominent. She wore the Collar of the Garter round her neck and, as was general with an unmarried Queen, her bosom was uncovered. As has been mentioned, she made much of her hands. She was always attended by a train-bearer.

She gained the affection of the common people, to whom she was amazingly accessible at times. In private life she lived rather simply. She was devoted latterly to music, and seems to have been a tolerable executant on the virginals. In her younger days she danced until she almost dropped. When she felt no longer inclined herself to dance, one of her chief amusements at court was to have dancers before her.

She was vain to a degree. She went so far as to order by proclamation in London that no new engravings of her likeness were to be executed, and certainly no reproductions of those already published, until she had found the artist who could do her beauty justice. At her death at least

three thousand dresses were found in her wardrobe, and an immense quantity of jewellery. Also six hundred wigs.

Successful courtiers were those who could gaze into her eyes and tell her she was the loveliest thing on earth. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Bishop of London made a mistake when he preached a sermon before her on the subject of personal appearance, in the course of which he pointed out the value of thinking less of the treasures on earth than those of heaven. Elizabeth remarked on the way back from church that if the Bishop preached on that subject again before *her*, she would fit him for heaven before his time, and that when he went there he would leave his mantle behind him !

Latterly her temper rivalled that of her father, Henry VIII, and, when really angered, she could swear 'like any Yeoman in her Guard.' To suggest her reign to have been a golden age is mere nonsense. It was a time of great bitterness for Catholics, and sometimes for Protestants. On the other hand, it was an era of great men and great deeds.

The literature of the Elizabethan period was in advance of any that had preceded it. The works of Spenser and Shakespeare alone account for that. The halls of Gray's Inn and the Middle Temple were the scenes of the first production of *A Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night* respectively. Tradition has it that Shakespeare himself acted in the former production. Shakespeare frequently went before Elizabeth in order to read his plays to her.

The London of Shakespeare was a London of open spaces. Tothill Fields, Westminster, was a broad stretch, with a few cottages here and there, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. In Elizabeth's time there were houses on both sides of Tothill Street, but they were of comparatively recent building. Those on the north side must have been delightful, for they had large gardens reaching as far as St. James's Park. Old inns in the neighbourhood reminded citizens of what, to them, was old London. *The Cock and Tabard* in Tothill Street existed in the time of Edward III, if we are to believe Stow. No

doubt it presented an animated appearance at the week-ends during the building of the Abbey, for the workmen crowded it to receive their weekly wages.

King Street was the old thoroughfare between the court and the Abbey. Part of the land in King Street was taken over from the Abbot of Westminster by Henry VIII, who was interested in a scheme for enlarging Whitehall.

Whitehall Palace was known as York Place when Wolsey lived in it. His retinue there numbered nearly two hundred persons. Henry VIII visited him not only in state, but often in private. Says a chronicler of the period: 'I have seen the King suddenly come thither in a mask . . . in a garment made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall—ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate without any noise—where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder.' The same chronicler says that there were as many as two hundred dishes served at the banquet which followed.

Tudor Chelsea was a quiet little village with less than a thousand inhabitants. Pimlico was practically without habitation. Brompton and Kensington had hardly developed from Lancastrian and Yorkist days. Notting-barons, or Notting Hill as it is now called, was considered part of Kensington in Tudor times. Later still, it was a well-known pottery-making centre. Kilburn was still a hamlet in the parish of Hampstead, with not more than twenty cottages to its name. St. John's Wood, once possessed by the Priors of St. John of Jerusalem, was regarded as the depth of country. Marylebone was a district of farms.

London was growing, but slowly. Citizens still clung to the central area, and houses constantly changed hands there. The suburbs contained better types of houses, because only those who could afford to keep horses and ride to and from the City cared to take up their residence 'out of town.'

The London of Shakespeare was the London which was destroyed in the Great Fire, the London which Wren helped to rebuild. It was the London of New Learning, the forerunner of London of the Stuarts, so famous for its artists and men of letters.

CHAPTER X

STUART

(1603 to 1649)

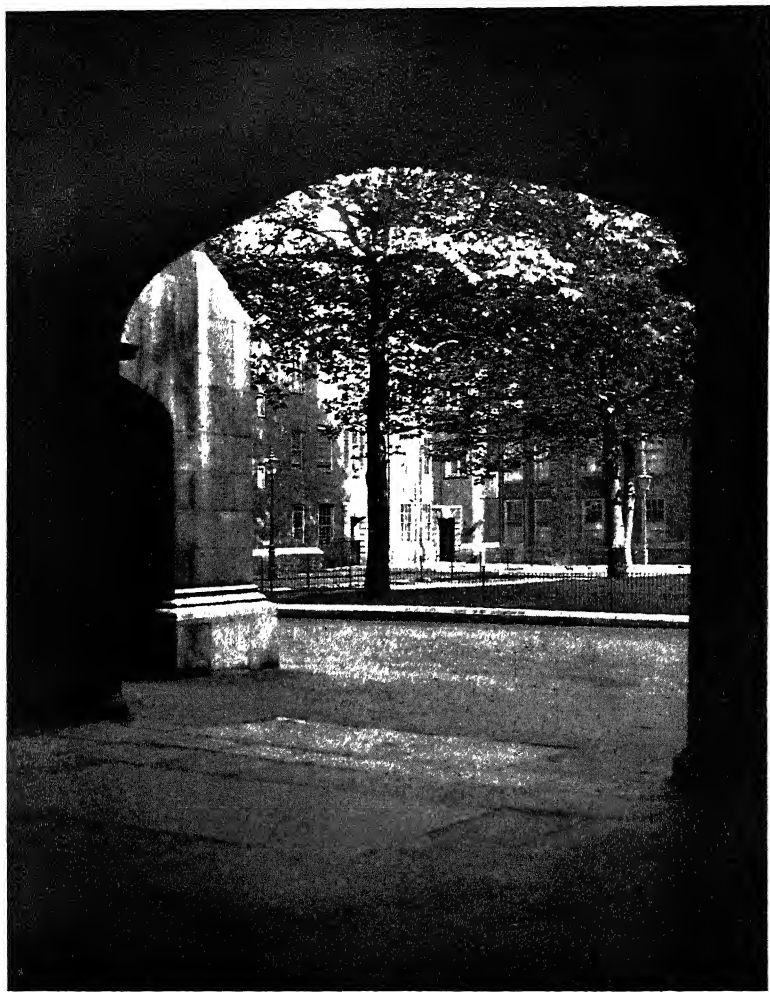
OUR cousin of Scotland—and none other,' said Elizabeth on her death-bed. 'I will have no rascal's son succeed me!' She must have been too ill to know quite what she meant by that, because 'our cousin of Scotland' was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, who had certainly proved a 'rascal' so far as the throne was concerned. However, James VI of Scotland became James I of England. The Union of the Crowns.

A strange being, the Scottish King. As a child he had been a weakling, unable to stand without support until he was seven years old. His legs were weak all his life, and when riding was often tied into the saddle. He was a bad rider at all times. On one occasion when riding towards his palace of Theobalds his horse threw him into the river. He narrowly escaped drowning.

He had been well educated and could 'spout' Latin like a Roman, but his temper was something with which his courtiers had to reckon.

He did not make much impression upon Londoners when he appeared for the first time. Rather stout but with thin legs, he was something of a figure of fun. Always in fear of being stabbed, he wore thickly padded garments which must have reduced him to misery in the hot weather. His speech was thick Scotch (in which he did not hesitate to belittle his predecessor); his main idea to fling titles about to anybody who could catch them; his general attitude one of peace-at-any-price.

The London Puritans were dismayed at the result of



FRAMED BY A TUDOR ARCHWAY
OLD BUILDINGS, LINCOLN'S INN

the Hampton Court Conference, which had been, in crude terms : ' Conform or get out.' Persecutions followed, and the streets of London resounded with cries of wretches being hurried along to prison. James made it clear that anybody voting for a Nonconformist in a parliamentary election would be fined, the borough would be fined, and the member sent to prison. The Catholics came in for their share, and by the end of 1605 (James having been on the throne two years) London was in a state of turbulence.

The discovery of the Gunpowder Plot struck terror into the hearts of Londoners, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Puritan. When Fawkes was tortured he named his confederates, and it was a great shock to citizens to know that such well-known people as Digby and Tresham were amongst the number. It was Tresham who wrote the mysterious note to Lord Monteagle which led to a search in the cellars at Westminster.

The new translation of the Bible, dedicated to James, was a piece of work that had attracted the attention of all thinking men in London. The translation of 1611 depended largely upon the Bishop's Bible of 1568, which itself had been compiled from Cranmer's earlier work.

The reign of James was a reign of favouritism. Men rose into power like mushrooms in a night, but London sustained a shock at the sudden release of Sir Walter Raleigh who had been a prisoner in the Tower for twelve years. He was sixty-five, but as game as ever. Lady Raleigh implored James on her knees to give back her husband's estate at Sherborne which had been hers before his attainder during Elizabeth's time. ' I maun have it,' said James. Eight thousand pounds was all she obtained from the sale of the estate, and this was swallowed in her husband's new project in Guiana. His adventures, though they make fascinating reading, do not belong to the story of London. On his return he was arrested on a charge of having pretended that he went abroad to discover a mine that did not exist, but that, in reality, he

was nothing but a pirate. His trial was typical of the times. He was guilty, and defence was useless. There being nothing to execute him for, except that the Spanish Ambassador had made certain complaints about him, the old charge of treason was trumped up and he was executed in the Old Palace Yard at Westminster.

It was a bitterly cold day. Raleigh smoked his last pipe quietly, but as he had been subject to ague, he seemed inclined to 'get it over.' The Sheriff gave him an opportunity to warm himself if he chose. 'No, good Mr. Sheriff! Let us dispatch,' was his reply. On the scaffold he took the headsman's axe in his hand and kissed the blade. 'Tis a sharp medicine,' he remarked grimly, 'but a sound cure for all diseases.'

So died the last of the Tudor heroes. The execution caused the deepest resentment in London. It was considered he had been sacrificed to Spain.

Raleigh loved London. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of the Elizabethan era. He was devoted to Spenser and Marlowe. He often met them, together with Ben Jonson, in the production of whose *Every Man in His Humour* Shakespeare had taken part. No doubt it was to Raleigh's disappointment that his imprisonment in the Tower prevented his acting in the pageant devised by Jonson as a welcome of the King into London at his accession.

Raleigh had founded the *Mermaid's Club*, which still continued to meet at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, Cheapside. Shakespeare frequented the Mermaid for years afterwards.

Raleigh's own works were read in London with varying feelings. It has remained for us to judge their real value. He was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the tercentenary of his death being celebrated in London (in 1918) as fervently as the closing days of the Great War allowed.

It may be not considered out of place to take a cursory glance at the state of music in London in James's reign. James was fond of music and granted a charter to The

Worshipful Company of Musicians in 1604. The Reformation brought new music into being, because the plain chant, used by the Roman Church, was not to the liking of the adherents of the reformed service. Marbeck and Tallis, whose names are still familiar with us, lived in Tudor London. Marbeck seems to have escaped the notice of Mary, who would certainly have executed him had she thought of it. He managed to remain at Windsor undisturbed during her reign.

Tallis was one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal under Henry VIII and was well known to Elizabeth. He acted as organist to the Chapel Royal with Byrd in the latter part of her reign. Other musicians whose music was sung in the Church during the reign of James were Bull, the first Gresham Professor of Music, Wilbye, Morley, Dowland, Weelkes, and the great Orlando Gibbons. Bull is credited with having composed 'God Save the King.'

The talk of London in January 1621 was James and Parliament. It was always the same. James asking for money, the Commons granting it, but attempting to have their grievances redressed. 'I have reigned for eighteen years now,' said James, 'in which time you have had peace. I have received far less supply than has been given to any King since the Conquest. The last Queen (of famous memory) had, one year with another, above a hundred thousand pounds per annum in subsidies. I have often piped, but you have not danced,' he concluded, looking round the House sternly.

Londoners seem to have been determined upon the impeachment of Sir Francis Bacon. Members of Parliament were urged to see that he was arraigned for bribery and corruption. He admitted his guilt and did not defend himself. 'I was the justest judge in London these fifty years,' he said afterwards. 'But,' he added, 'it was the justest censure in Parliament these two hundred years.' He was heavily fined and lodged in the Tower, Later, James remitted his fine and released him. From that time he retired from public life.

Bacon may be regarded as the originator of the modern

school of experimental research. A good deal of his work brought about the formation of the Royal Society, of which an account will be given later.

Young Prince Charles had been attracting attention in London ever since his father invested him as Prince of Wales in the Palace of Whitehall. The form of the ceremony used at this investiture has constituted the groundwork of that used in the present day at Carnarvon on similar occasions.

'His Majestie,' says a contemporary account, 'at the reading of the words of investment, put the Robes upon him (Charles) and girded on the Sword. When the Patent was full read it was delivered to the King, who delivered it to the Prince, kissing him once or twice. At the putting on of the Mantle and delivering of the Patent, the trumpetts and drummes sounded.'

There was a great water pageant on the eve of the investiture, despite the fact that it was late October; on the day of the ceremony there was a masque and tournament held by the Inns of Court. Masques and balls were the delight of Anne of Denmark, James's Queen. She had great notions of appearing at a masque disguised as a Turkish Sultana or an Indian Princess.

James died at Theobalds in March, 1625. His flatterers had called him the British Solomon; others may have agreed with the opinion of Henry IV of France that he was 'the wisest fool in Europe.' Although I have already described his personal appearance, I cannot refrain from quoting a description by James Balfour, in his *Annales of Scotland*, if only for its crudeness of expression and amusing spelling.

'He was of middle stature, more corpulent throghe his clothes than in his body, zet fatt enough, his clothes euer being made large and easie, the doubletts quilted for stiletto prooffe, his breeches in grete pleits, and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous dispositione, which was the gratest reasone of his quilted doubletts. His eyes large, euer roulling after any stranger cam in his presence, in so much as maney for shame have left the roome, as

being out of countenance. His beard was werey thin ; his tounge too large for his mouthe, and made him drink werey vncomlie, as if eatting his drinke, which cam out into the cupe on each syde of his mouthe. His skin vas als softe as tafta sarsnet, wich felt so because he neuer washt his hands, onlie rubb'd his finger ends slightly vith the vett end of a napkin. His legs wer werey weake, hauing had (as was thought) some foule playe in his youthe, or rather before he was borne, that he was not able to stand at seuin zeires (seven years) of age ; that weaknes made him euer leaning on other men's shoulders.'

In the third year of James's reign an Act had to be passed to make St. Giles's and Drury Lane fit for traffic by being paved. There was also an improvement in the general style of building in the City and Westminster. Few of the mud-thatched dwellings now remained in the Strand, which (up to the end of Elizabeth's reign) must have appeared rather forlorn, except for the better houses on the river-side. An improved water-supply had been obtained by 1609.

No new houses within the City were allowed to be built unless of brick or stone. A certain thickness of wall, and a prescribed size and shape of window had to be adhered to. The Court of Star Chamber—that chamber of horrors to so many—had powers to deal severely with a builder who neglected to observe the requirements of Parliament or who built within two miles of the City without special permission.

It was owing to the prevalence of plague—an outbreak of which occurred at James's accession—that these laws were made. It is, therefore, not surprising that building began in the suburbs rather than in the heart of London.

St. Giles's-in-the-Fields was still very much in the fields. A hospital for lepers, founded by Queen Matilda, wife of Henry I, had stood there in 1118, but the hospital was dissolved during the reign of Henry VIII. Very few houses were standing there in Elizabeth's time ; neither was there any regular means of approach. A sort of

lane running through what is now Soho seemed to get lost and go nowhere, judging from contemporary accounts.

By the end of James's time there had been a considerable increase in the number of houses in the Drury Lane district, but the real building began there after the Restoration. Five years later the Great Plague started in the parish of St. Giles; two Frenchmen were the first to be attacked. Over three thousand deaths occurred in the parish alone in that memorable year 1665.

Covent Garden, or Convent Garden as it once was, still had the look of a garden about it, for until late Tudor times the ground was largely used for pasture. The early market was not for fruit and flowers only. It was possible to buy cheap crockery-ware; leeches at the herb-shops; or snails to make into broth for consumptive patients. At the stall kept by an itinerant bird-seller, larks, canaries, owls, parrots, and the like could be bought.

The square was planned by Inigo Jones, and the present market buildings were mostly erected by the Duke of Bedford in 1831 to replace earlier building dating about 1631. Covent Garden was made into a separate parish in 1645, being cut off from that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields by special Act of Parliament. Charles Dickens used to say that when he had no money he took a turn in Covent Garden 'and stared at the pineapples in the market.'

The plainness of the church of St. Paul is said to have arisen from the Earl of Bedford's remark to Inigo Jones. 'You can build them a chapel,' he said, '*but mind the expense!* I would not have it much better than a barn.' 'Then,' said Jones, 'you shall have the handsomest barn in England.' Kneller the painter and Grinling Gibbons the carver both lived in Covent Garden.

Tavistock Street was once a fashionable district, whereas Long Acre became the headquarters of the carriage-builders. Bow Street was built in 1637. Edmund Waller the poet lived on the site of the present police station in 1654.

The importance of the Thames, as a thoroughfare in Stuart London, is made evident by the passing of a law to the effect that all streets leading to it were to be kept free of rubbish so that those riding to and from the water-side might encounter no impediment to their progress.

Londoners thought the world of the Thames. When James was in need of twenty thousand pounds he applied to the Corporation for it, and was refused. At an interview with the Mayor and Aldermen there was the customary scene. James raged. 'We cannot lend you what we have not got,' said the Mayor. 'You must get it,' roared James. 'We cannot, sire,' was the reply. 'Then I'll compel you.'

'You cannot compel us,' said the Mayor. 'Then I'll ruin you and your City for ever. I'll remove the court and Parliament to Winchester or Oxford and then what will become of you?' 'May it please your Majesty,' said the Mayor quietly; 'you are at liberty to move yourself and your courts wherever you please, but there will be always one consolation to the merchants of London: your Majesty cannot take the Thames along with you.'

The embankment in Stuart times was anything but straight. It was broken by recesses and one or two promontories, and was bordered on both sides by shrubs and trees. The beauty of the embankment at that time inspired the poets of the period; Drayton and Sir John Denham (of whom more later) were but two of a considerable number who extolled this favourite walk in Stuart London.

To speak of Scotland Yard as the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police is, of course, impossible in the reign of James I; it became so in 1829. On the other hand, Stow says that 'great buildings have been there for the receipt of the Kings of Scotland, and other estates of that country.' He further describes it as 'a large plot of ground enclosed with brick and called *Scotland*.' It seems that it was given by King Edgar to Kenneth III of Scotland

in the days of Saxon England. The Scottish King took up his abode there whenever he happened to visit London. The last of the royal family to live in the district was Henry VIII's sister Margaret, after her husband (James IV of Scotland) was killed at Flodden Field.

By the time Elizabeth came to the throne the palace, if such it really was, had fallen into grave disrepair, and had been demolished in favour of some government buildings. John Milton lived in chambers in these new buildings while acting as secretary to Oliver Cromwell during the Commonwealth. Later, Inigo Jones the architect, Sir John Denham the surveyor, and Sir Christopher Wren also lived for a time in 'Scotland.'

Where Buckingham Palace now stands was a plot of ground known in the days of Stuart London as Mulberry Gardens. James ordered mulberry trees to be grown there, his idea being the cultivation of silk. The venture proved a failure, and for a considerable period the place was used as a public recreation ground. Evidently it had a bad reputation during the Restoration period, because John Evelyn says it was 'the best place about towne for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at,' and Pepys says that it was 'a silly place, with a wilderness somewhat pretty.'

Mulberry tarts were made there, of which the poet Dryden seems to have been very fond. Goring House was built on the site in the time of Charles II, but was changed to Arlington House after the Earl of Arlington bought it. He, by the way, introduced tea into London. A pound of it cost him nearly three guineas.

After Arlington House was demolished the ground was purchased by the Duke of Buckingham. The mansion he built was of red brick. George III bought it in 1762.

Dr. Johnson used to go there to read in the library. One day George heard of his presence and paid him a surprise visit. Boswell gives a charming account of how the old Doctor talked with his Majesty 'in his firm, manly manner with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued

tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room.'

The present Buckingham Palace was begun in 1825 by John Nash, author of the quaint little church at the top of Regent Street, next to Broadcasting House (All Souls', Langham Place). Buckingham Palace was not occupied until the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837.

The Mall, in Stuart times, was 'a vista half a mile in length . . . formed with a hollow smooth walk, skirted round with a wooden border, and with an iron hoop at the further end, for the purpose of playing a game with a ball called mall.' The game seems to have been a sort of golfish-hockey, if such a term will describe it. 'Each maile was four feet in length and made of lance-wood,' says a chronicler. 'The head was slightly curved measuring outwardly $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the inner curve being $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; the diameter of the maile-ends was $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, each shod with a thin iron hoop. The handle, which was very elastic, was bound with white leather to the length of two hands and terminated by a collar of jagged leather. The ball was of box-wood of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter.'

The Mall of Stuart days was practically identical with the present Pall Mall. Pepys records: 'to St. James' Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pellmell, the first time that ever I saw the sport.' Pepys's spelling, by the way, gives a clue to the correct pronunciation of the words *Pall Mall*.

St. James's Palace stands on the site of an ancient leper hospital dedicated to St. James-the-Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. Edward I permitted a fair to be held in the neighbourhood which was the origin of the more famous 'May Fair' of the Piccadilly fields.

Henry VIII used to ride from St. James's Palace to Hampstead early in the mornings during May, and bring back May-blossom for Anne Boleyn. Very little, if anything, remains of the palace of Henry's day. Many famous weddings have been solemnized in the chapel, amongst them that of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, was a Catholic. She had stipulated that she should be allowed to practise her religion in London in spite of the severe laws against it in force at the time. Charles, however, drove the Catholics out of the palace, whereat Henrietta 'grew very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fist.' 'But,' continues the chronicler, 'I hear her rage is appeased and the King and she, since they went together to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together.' After the fire at Whitehall Palace our Kings made St. James's their home until George III went to Buckingham House.

In Stuart times St. James's Street was either named or else nick-named 'the long street.' A contemporary record describes it as inclusive of 'all the houses and grounds comprehended in a place heretofore called St. James's Fields, and the confines thereof.' St. James's Street, as we know it, was built in the early Stuart period, and first paved in 1661. It was always the resort of the wealthy. One writer says: 'St. James's in Westminster has a very fair share of the nobility and gentry; yet a person of indifferent rank may find a vacant seat in the church on Sunday.'

Macaulay says that 'there were, at the end of Charles II's reign, houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons . . . the wigs and most of the dress of these fops came from Paris . . . they spoke a peculiar and affected dialect and called a *Lord* a *Lard*.'

At the beginning of the reign of George III the wig-makers were thrown out of work and plunged into acute distress owing to a decline in the fashion of wearing wigs. So serious did it become that there was a procession through the streets to St. James's Palace in order to persuade the King to secure legislation for persons of rank to be compelled to wear wigs. They made a mistake in this, however; the wig-makers themselves did not wear wigs, and

the obvious retort of the London crowd watching the procession was that they were trying to make others conform to a fashion they themselves avoided. The petitioners were thereupon seized by an angry mob and forced to submit to their own hair being cut off.

Horace Walpole delivered a good commentary on the situation in a letter to the Earl of Hertford. 'Should one wonder,' he observed, 'if carpenters were to remonstrate, since the peace of their trade decays, and that there is no demand for *wooden legs*?'

St. James's Street boasts some famous residents. Waller the poet; Pope the satirist; Gibbon the historian; Wren the architect. It is not, however, a fact (as stated by so many historians) that Wren died in St. James's Street. He never lived there in the ordinary sense of the term, but rented chambers for his use while carrying out his duties as surveyor at Westminster Abbey. Wren died at his house in Hampton Court Green, one of the most beautiful houses I have personally ever been in.

St. James's Square is the exact site of old St. James's Fields. The names of the surrounding streets—Duke Street, King Street, Charles Street, York Street, and others—were originally in honour of the Stuart Kings and Princes. Macaulay gives a sad picture of St. James's Square in Stuart times. He says it was a receptacle for 'all the offal and all the cinders, and for all the dead cats and dogs of Westminster.' So far as that goes, it was not much better a hundred years later, while Leicester Square as late as 1873 was a disgrace to the Metropolis.

What we now know as Waterloo Place was not built on in Stuart times; it was still part of St. James's Fields. In the middle of these fields was a lonely house which Clarendon describes as 'a fair house for entertainment and gaming.' It was called Pickadilly.

Charles Knight, in *Old London*, speaks of a purchase of 'a parcel of ground lying at Pickadilly' on which there were then a few houses, a bowling-green fronting to the Haymarket, and also a tennis court. Sir Christopher Wren is quoted as having passed a favourable report on the site,

and that, in consequence, leave was obtained to erect houses in Windmill Street, as well as two bowling grounds between the Haymarket and Leicester Fields. This, of course, is a little later than the period under review. Market days in the St. James's Market were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

Writers of the later Stuart period—Charles II and James II—give varying accounts of the Hay Market and Hedge Lane. It seems that these were really lanes and were bounded by hedges; also there is mention of another market on the site of what is now the Criterion Restaurant.

By the year 1815 there were some miserable-looking houses dotted here and there between the market and the square, but it was decided to sweep these away and form a decent thoroughfare. Thus came into being what are now Lower Regent Street and Waterloo Place. The Criterion was not begun until 1873. It stands on the site of an earlier inn called the *White Bear*.

Piccadilly may or may not have been so called from the ruffs or pickadils (peccadilloes) worn by the Cavaliers of the Stuart period. Another suggestion is that piccaddillas, a sort of pastry or turnover, were sold in the fields on market days. Variations of the word as used in Stuart London seems to have been Peckadille, Pickedila, and Pickadilla.

The first thoroughfare of the name cannot have gone farther than Sackville Street, the rate-books of St. Martin's giving the name Piccadilly for the first time in 1673. So that, in the period under review, Piccadilly was either being made or else in contemplation. There was some sort of thoroughfare, however, given as 'the way to Reding' in an old map by Aggas.

It appears that Green Park was enclosed with a brick wall in Stuart times. On the other side, however, mansions such as Burlington House graced it towards the end of the Stuart period. At the time under review, however, it can be taken that Piccadilly was not a thoroughfare of importance. It will, therefore, be more convenient to leave the

consideration of what we call the West End until such time as it presented a more conjunct appearance.

The death of James I took place at Theobalds in March 1625. He was fifty-eight. He was regretted by few, for he had made himself unpopular, largely by his proclamations. These were issued on the slightest provocation. Each seemed to say in effect: 'Go and see what London is doing and tell it it mustn't!'

King Charles I was twenty-five on his accession to the throne. He was a solemn young man, hardly gracious; certainly there was nothing of the hail-fellow-well-met style of Henry VIII about him. 'Temperate, chaste, serious,' says a contemporary account. Deeply religious in his way; a thinker and a good linguist; handsomely grave, or perhaps gravely handsome, Charles Stuart was most assuredly every inch a King.

His accession was greeted with a serious outbreak of plague. Even so, the people did their best to welcome their new King. Bonfires were lighted everywhere. The marriage of Charles with the sister of Louis XIII of France had been solemnized by proxy directly after James's death, but was solemnized again later at Canterbury. Charles was then twenty-six, Henrietta sixteen.

It is not my purpose to go deeply into the history of the quarrels between Charles and Parliament, even though they must have been the talk of London at the time. They belong to English history, not necessarily London history. On the other hand, it is my purpose to regard each King as one of the people of London, and to attempt to give an outline of his character, together with any other such information as may be interesting.

It is therefore with this end in view that I give what I consider an interesting letter which Charles sent to the Speaker of the House of Commons after the first intimation that the House did not approve of the conduct of the Duke of Buckingham. Charles wrote at some length; I quote part only of his letter. He says:

'You must know that I will not permit my officers to be questioned or called into account by you, and least of all

those who are in high posts about my person. Formerly it was asked "What shall be done for the man whom the King delighteth to honour?" Now, some persons take trouble to enquire what can be done *against* the man whom the King thinks fit to honour. Formerly you extolled Buckingham; for what reason will you now accuse him? He is still the same, and has done nothing without my express command. I wish you to hasten in granting the supplies, for every delay will be most injurious to yourselves, and if any evil arises from it, I think I shall be the last to feel it.'

Charles's speeches to the Commons (and even the Upper House) were all couched in haughty terms. It was his way of dealing with Parliament. He honestly believed in the divine right of Kings.

The logical conclusion of any such belief, especially when it was as honest as in his case, was that he regarded Parliament as a nuisance, because he had to *go to it* for supplies instead of merely *issuing a demand* for them. The reason Strafford was impeached by the famous Long Parliament was because he had, in the view of London, 'become the greatest enemy to the liberties of his country and the greatest promoter of tyranny any age had produced.'

The scene in the House after the doors were thrown open and Pym (leading three hundred members) had proceeded to the House of Lords and named Thomas, Earl of Strafford, as guilty of high treason, was an exciting affair. This trial was more than a trial of Strafford; it was an unofficial and preliminary trial of Charles himself. Probably he knew it.

A great crowd assembled on Tower Hill for the execution of Strafford, the most important within the memory of most of them. Old Archbishop Laud, a prisoner in the Tower awaiting his own death, strove to bless the Earl as he passed beneath the windows of his cell. All he could do was to raise his hands in blessing over the kneeling courtier; he then fainted.

On the scaffold Strafford declared he put off his doublet

as cheerfully as he had ever done before getting into bed. He addressed the crowd, telling them he had never really been opposed to Parliaments, and that he had always considered them 'the best means under God to make the King and his people happy.'

The crowd listened in silence. Not an insult, not a disrespectful word, but the streets of London resounded with the cries of 'His head is off!' and yet the cry seemed to strike terror into the hearts of every citizen. As for Charles, he had done nothing to save Strafford; the fact has been recorded times without number to his discredit. I have always held the opinion that he knew it was only a matter of time ere he himself should pay a similar penalty.

And so it went on. We must pass over the details of all that happened until the day when Charles showed amazing pluck, if a certain unwisdom, in entering the house with the direct intention of arresting five of its members. The story of how they avoided him is well known, but it might be of interest to recall what Charles said :

'I am sorry for this occasion of coming among you,' he began. 'Yesterday I sent a serjeant-at-arms to apprehend some persons accused by my command of high treason, to which I expected obedience and not a message. And I must declare to you here, that albeit no King that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges than I; yet you must know that in cases of treason no person has a privilege. Therefore I am come to know if any of the accused persons are here. For I must tell you that, as long as these persons are here, I cannot expect that this House will be in the right way.'

Charles then turned to Mr. Speaker Lenthall, inquiring whether the members were present in the House or not. The Speaker fell on his knees. 'I have in this place neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak, except that the House, whose servant I am, commands me. I beg your Majesty's pardon that I can give no other answer.' Surely a brave and courteous reply.

'I see,' said Charles, 'that the birds are flown, and expect from you that you will send them to me as soon as they return but I assure you, on the word of a King, that I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a fair and legal way. As I cannot do what I came for I think fit to repeat what I said formerly, that whatever I have done in favour and to the good of my subjects, I intend to maintain it. I will trouble you no more, but tell you that I expect that as soon as they come to the House you will send them to me. Otherwise I must take my own course to find them.'

Charles left the House with angry cries of *Privilege!* ringing in his ears. The following day he went to the Guildhall to attempt to find out the whereabouts from the magistrates. Here he met with failure, and heard resentful cries on all sides against his action.

The story of the civil wars that followed belongs to general history (even though London's attention must have been daily focused on the sequence of events), but there were serious riots in London on July, 1647, when there was an organized protest against the continuance of the struggle between the King and Parliament which demanded 'the restoration of the King and Parliament to their rights, the regulation of the government of the Church, the abolition of conventicles and of the undue liberty of religion, the punishment of the evil-minded, and the disbanding of the Army.'

On the twentieth of January, 1649, the King was brought to Westminster Hall from St. James's in a sedan. On arrival he sat down in the chair offered him, but did not even trouble to remove his large plumed hat. As the trial proceeded, cries of *Justice!* could be heard from outside, but there was also a deep-throated singing of 'God Save the King.'

The charge was thus worded:

'Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes: and Sentence upon

Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body ; of which Sentence execution remaineth to be done : these are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open street before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your warrant. And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

‘ Given under hands and seals,

‘ JOHN BRADSHAW.

‘ THOMAS GREY.

‘ OLIVER CROMWELL.’

There were fifty-six other signatures to the document, the three given above being the most important. The document may still be seen in the Banqueting House, Whitehall.

Charles heard the death-sentence with perfect dignity, as was to be expected from him. He was not allowed to speak, and had to submit to gross insults as he was hurried to his sedan. Tobacco smoke was blown into his face from a hundred pipes ; he was nearly deafened by the yells of *Justice!* and *Execution!* and even though a few cries of ‘ God save your Majesty!’ assailed his ears as he passed along the crowded thoroughfares, he knew at last the real temper of London. As he left his chair he commented on what he believed to be the insincerity of a London mob. ‘ Poor souls!’ he said. ‘ For a piece of money they would do so for their commanders.’ In which he was right.

When he asked for Juxon, the Bishop of London, to come to him the request was immediately granted. The Bishop broke down completely when they were alone. ‘ Leave off this, my lord,’ said Charles, kindly. He appreciated the Bishop’s attitude. ‘ We have not time for it,’ he continued. ‘ Let us think of our great work and prepare

to meet that great God to Whom, ere long, I am to give an account of myself. I hope I shall do it with peace, and that you will assist me therein. We will not talk of these rogues in whose hands I am. They thirst after my blood and they will have it. God's will be done. I thank God I heartily forgive them, and I will talk of them no more.'

Charles was allowed to see two of his children only, the Princess Elizabeth, aged twelve, and the little Duke of Gloucester, aged eight. On seeing her father the girl burst into tears. Charles took both children on his knees and shared what jewels he wore between them. He talked seriously to Elizabeth, and told her he wanted her to read good books and, above all, to remain true to the Protestant religion. The caution was probably necessary, as the Queen was an ardent Catholic. 'Tell your dear mother,' he said to Elizabeth, 'that my thoughts have never wandered from her. Tell her I love as I loved her the day I married her.' To Henry he said: 'Sweetheart, they will soon cut off thy father's head. Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee King one day, but mark what I say: thou must not be King so long as thy brothers Charles and James live; but they will cut off thy brothers' heads if they can catch them—and thine, too, they will cut off at the last. Therefore, I charge thee: *do not be made a King by them.*' Charles held the children to him before asking the Bishop to have them taken away. While this was being done, Charles stood by the window holding back his own tears.

The King stepped on to the scaffold outside the Banqueting Hall with perfect composure. No doubt he would have addressed the tremendous crowd had not the space within reach of his voice been filled with troops. He had resolved to take no refreshment after receiving the Sacrament from the Bishop, but the good prelate told him not to risk feeling faint. 'You know,' he said, 'what interpretation your enemies would put on any fainting fit you might experience.' Charles therefore took some bread and a glass of claret.

It was all over in a single stroke from the axe, and a deep groan rose from the thousands in the street below. Thus died a sad, sincere, and in many respects a brave King. He died for his principles, however wrong or mistaken they may have been. He died for the Church to which he belonged. *Charles Stuart, King and Martyr.*

CHAPTER XI
COMMONWEALTH
(1649 to 1660)

MILTON was easily the best Latinist of his period. He lived in 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields.' One morning, shortly after the death of the King, Oliver Cromwell sent two messengers to that house to ask Milton if he would care to accept the post of Latin Secretary to the newly formed government. He accepted.

At this time Milton was a well-known figure in the streets of London. A man of middle height and slender proportions, usually dressed in a long grey cloak, he was forty-one but looked more; in his later days he looked less than his age. He was generally to be seen walking in Lincoln's Inn Fields soon after sunrise at all times of the year, but was rarely to be seen after breakfast until evening, every moment being occupied in his study.

How he escaped execution at the Restoration is something of a miracle as well as a mystery. He was forced to hide for some time, but was unmolested when at last he did appear.

He now made no secret of his admiration for Cromwell whom he served faithfully. Whether he approved of the Irish massacres or not is doubtful; it seems impossible that he would have subscribed Cromwell's satisfaction as expressed by him in a letter to Mr. Speaker Lenthall. The letter suggests that God was highly pleased at the massacres.

The story of the battle of Worcester and of the flight of Charles II is hardly London's history. Thus we must take our view of events from 1651 at the earliest, by which time



WHERE JOHN MILTON WALKED AT SUNRISE :
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

the Commonwealth was established, and Cromwell, elated by his successes, had been heard to say that 'the dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts; it is, for aught I know, a *crowning* mercy.'

Historians have quarrelled over that sentence of Cromwell's, some considering it to have referred to his own crowning, others declaring he meant nothing more than a 'crowning victory.' He may have meant no more than that, but the fact remains that Cromwell would have liked to be called King Oliver, even though he actually refused the crown. His enemies had already declared he *was* King except in name, whereas his friends addressed him in terms generally used in speaking to an absolute sovereign.

The dissolution of the Long Parliament is a London matter; it would be an omission to leave it out, because Londoners realized there would be trouble in the House if Cromwell meant to carry out a threat to work with a council only.

The opposing party was headed by Sir Henry Vane. Cromwell entered the House unobtrusively, badly dressed in an old black suit, with thick grey worsted stockings decidedly the worse for wear. As soon as the Speaker rose to put the question Cromwell took off his hat and began to address the House. He began calmly, with carefully chosen words. As he warmed to his subject he lost control of his reserve and poured out the most passionate invective. He told the members they were 'self-seeking, dishonest, and profane.' But 'God has disowned them all.' How he knew that he did not explain. At all events, they were to go: he had found better men.

Sir Peter Wentworth, who was possessed of a deep and strident voice, stopped Cromwell in the middle of a sentence and asked him who he thought he was. 'You are our servant,' said Sir Peter. 'It is by our unprecedented bounty that you are here at all.'

Cromwell clapped on his hat and stamped on the floor in his rage. 'I will put an end to your prating,' he roared. 'You are no parliament. *I say you are no*

parliament—by this time he was shrieking—‘bring them in; bring them in!’ A door opened, and a Colonel and twenty armed men entered.

The sight of them brought Sir Harry Vane to his feet. ‘This is not honest. It is against common morality and honesty,’ he protested. ‘Sir Henry Vane!’ sneered Cromwell. ‘The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this, but he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself.’

The rest of the scene was equally undignified. The ‘Lord-General’ was kind enough to point his finger at various members, calling them drunkards, thieves, and a few other names that need not be repeated here. He assured the House that he ‘had sought the Lord day and night’ before taking this action, which now ended in the expulsion of the chief members. ‘*And what shall we do with this fool’s bauble? Here, carry it away!*’

The news spread in London like wildfire, and that afternoon the members of the council assembled. Cromwell strode in and told them if they were there as private individuals he extended a welcome to them; if not, they must realize that they were out-of-court.

‘Sir,’ replied Bradshaw (who was in the chair), ‘we have heard what you did at the House this morning. You are mistaken in thinking that Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Therefore take you notice of that!’ The members then filed out and left Cromwell alone.

All the same, the Long Parliament *was* dissolved, and Cromwell called a new parliament in 1653. He was well equipped for his work. He had, so he told his friends, been in communication with the Holy Spirit of God. The House listened with supreme satisfaction to the declaration. No wonder they made him Lord Protector!

It was not until 1657 that he definitely refused to rule under the title of King. He may possibly have been really honest; on the other hand, he was willing to be dressed like a King in a mantle of purple, lined with ermine, a sceptre of massive gold to hold in his hand. As he could

not be 'Your Majesty,' he had to be content with 'Your Highness.' 'If I met the King in battle,' he was wont to say, 'I would kill him!' He led Parliament to suppose he was higher than any King.

Estimates of his character have varied. Clarendon thinks him a 'bad, brave man,' whose character showed 'all the wickedness against which damnation is pronounced and for which hell fire is prepared.' Richard Baxter considered him a good man, but one who fell before great temptations. Landor and Forster say he lived a hypocrite and died a traitor. Macaulay says he was not a man of falsehood, but of truth. Gardiner goes so far as to describe him as a typical Englishman. Lingard considers his whole conduct was made up of artifice and deceit. Milton naturally upholds him. He says: 'I shall have done nothing if I merely acquit him of having committed any crime, especially since it concerns not only the Commonwealth, but myself individually, as one so closely conjoined in the same infamy.' He goes on to speak of the supreme excellence of Cromwell's character.

It is difficult to judge Cromwell. His actions were generally to destroy and rarely to build; a man who could allow his horses to be stabled in St. Paul's, who could destroy everything connected with the Church, who could at the same time quote the name of God in every other sentence, must have either been a fanatic bereft of true vision, or else wholly dishonest.

The view of London during his lifetime, and more particularly just after his death, does not help. It was merely a difference of opinion, because Cavaliers and Roundheads (both terms of contempt) hated each other with a deadly loathing. There was hardly a common point upon which they could agree in anything connected with Church or State.

That is, of course, viewing them from a very general standpoint. On the other hand, friendships *were* formed between Royalists and Cromwellians—I know of quite a number—but they were by no means general.

Commonwealth London was not a happy London—

hardly a night passed without disturbance of some kind or another, but now that the Lord Protector was dead it seemed that London was without protection. The Royalists considered it never had been protected since the death of their beloved Charles. The clubs were open to a late hour each night, full to overflowing with Cavaliers who thought there was now no question of a return of Charles II, but news brought in by those who were able to watch events closely proved that Cromwell's administration had laid hold of the people. The name of Richard Cromwell was being openly spoken of in the streets, but that of the King—if ever he was to be King—was spoken in places where it was thought the walls had no ears.

Then it was reported that there were doubts as to whether Cromwell had really named his son as successor, but a few days after Cromwell's death young Richard surprised both sides by summoning Parliament. The Cavaliers laughed at the very idea of his presuming to control such an assembly; even the supporters of the government were dismayed. That Richard Cromwell had little taste for anything except quiet country pursuits was well known in London, and his abdication was only to be expected. The man 'was no soldier,' and the Army was opposed to serving under him.

London was now more confused than ever. The Army sought to dictate; what was left of the mutilated Parliament refused to be dictated to. When the elections were held Londoners took their chance. They risked everything, free opinions being expressed both by Royalists and Republicans. The results of the election drove Londoners frantic: *the new House contained one hundred and fifty Royalists*, and the old House of Peers met as though nothing had happened.

Citizens could hardly believe that the old parliamentary system had been restored. The 'Instrument of Government' was dead; his son was not to follow him. Londoners naturally thought of Charles I, whose memory had never faded. General opinion pointed to the fact that parliamentary experience during the last ten years had

taught them that a monarchy was more suited to Englishmen after all. They knew nothing of the meaning of a limited monarchy, such as we know in these days, or even of a constitutional King, but those gifted with any sort of vision at all realized that the prospect of the Army *versus* Parliament would be no government at all. And then the thoughts of Londoners turned toward Charles, son of Charles the Martyr. . . .

It might be of interest at this juncture to continue our survey of various districts of London. North of the line of Oxford Street there was nothing in the way of buildings between the village of St. Giles's and Primrose Hill, with the exception of the two little country churches at Marylebone and St. Pancras. When the name of Oxford Street superseded that of Oxford Road (so called because it led to Oxford) is difficult to say. Certainly not earlier than the time of Queen Anne. Previous names were Uxbridge Road and Tyburn Road.

The district of Primrose Hill dates back considerably. In Roman times it was a deep forest full of wild animals, wolves especially; in Norman times the forest of Middlesex was partially cleared, and by the time of Elizabeth the slopes of Primrose Hill were used as pasture land. The 'Haicockes at Pancrudge' (St. Pancras) were considered a pretty sight. As for Primrose Hill itself, in Commonwealth days it certainly justified its name. Primroses grew there in thousands.

Chalk Farm is a corruption of *Chalcot* Farm, the site of which is the present England's Lane, Haverstock Hill. The name has nothing to do with the supposed nature of the soil there. In Commonwealth days it was a lonely spot; later it became the fashionable resort for duels.

Camden Town may have existed so early as the Commonwealth period, but it is doubtful whether it was so named. The doubt lies in the fact that there were two 'Camdens.' If it was named after Camden, the author of the famous Latin survey of England called *Britannia*, there may have been something to name, even in Commonwealth times. I am inclined to think that it may have

been named after this William Camden, whose memory has been perpetuated by the Camden Society. On the other hand, it has been generally supposed that the district was named after Charles Pratt, created Baron Camden by George III in 1765.

It is possible there may have always been some confusion as to which of these Camdens was really responsible for the name. The argument in favour of the Baron lies in the street-names of Pratt—his family name; of Jeffreys—that of his wife; of Brecknock—her father was Sir Geoffrey Jeffreys of Brecknock; and of Bayham—Lord Camden's second title was Viscount Bayham. Or it may have been a case of using the names of both the Camdens, more or less by accident. At all events, it was country for some years after the Restoration.

Two of its famous taverns were Mother Red Cap and Mother Shipton. Amongst its famous residents were Charles Dibdin and Charles Dickens, who went to school in Granby Street.

In a *History of Middlesex* Moll describes Kentish Town thus: 'You may from Hampstead see, in the vale between it and London, a village vulgarly called Kentish Town, the true one being Cantilupe Town of which that ancient family were originally the owners. They were men of great account in the reigns of King John, Henry III, and Edward I. Walter de Cantilupe was Bishop of Worcester from 1236 to 1266, and Thomas de Cantilupe was Bishop of Hereford from 1275 to 1282. Thomas was canonized for a Saint in the thirty-fourth year of Edward's reign, the inheritance at length devolving upon the sisters, the very name becoming extinct.'

It is difficult to accept this because Domesday mentions the manor of Kentistoune. It was a manor of St. Paul's and gave its name to the prebendary of Cantelows. Undoubtedly Kentish Town was inhabited in Commonwealth times, long before Somers Town or Camden Town really existed. 'Folks from the hamlet of Kennistonne now and then visit it (a chapel of ease in the village) but not often, having a chapele of their owne.' This chapel, or

rather its successor, ultimately became Holy Trinity Church.

St. Pancras was named after a young Phrygian nobleman martyred at Rome under Diocletian. He was a favourite Saint in mediaeval England. Martyred at an early age, he was looked upon as the Patron Saint of children, though probably not to the same extent as St. Nicholas, whose name had been popularized in the form of Santa Claus. Pancras is mentioned in Domesday. A survey, made during the Commonwealth, shows the manor to have contained 210 acres of land.

The district of Pentonville was frequently flooded in winter, especially after a thaw, owing to the presence of the Fleet River which constantly overflowed. The district did not exist under that name until after the death of Henry Penton in 1812, but building there must have begun much earlier. In Commonwealth times Pentonville was merely an outskirt of Clerkenwell possessed by the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem.

St. Pancras Church was built in 1819. It became a model for several others in the district, and was a modified copy of the Erechtheum at Athens. Euston was named after the Fitzroy family, whose title was Euston.

Holloway was a hamlet in the parish of Islington in Commonwealth times—the *hollow way* leading to Highgate, a name derived from the High Gate, or the Gate-on-the-Hill, so called from a toll-gate belonging to the Bishop of London. 'No passenger,' says Norden, 'should escape without paying tole, by reason of the wideness of the way this gate was raised through which of necessity all travellers pass.' Whittington's stone, at the foot of Highgate Hill, is a reminder of that excellent man. It marks the spot of the original stone whereon the famous Dick sat and heard the equally famous Bow Bells.

Hornsey was a parish in early days. It seems to have been called successively Haringea, Haringhea, Haringey, Harnsey. By the time of Cromwell it had become Hornsey. Even as late as 1816 it was described as 'a pleasant little village, five miles from London, through which the New

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF LONDON

River flows. A favourite resort of the good citizens of London.' The manor of Hornsey belonged to the Bishops of London in Saxon times.

It was at Hornsey that little Edward V was met by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London on arrival with his uncle, afterwards Richard III. A contemporary writer says: 'When the Kynge approached neer the cytee, Edmonde Shawe, goldsmythe, the Mayre of the cytie, with the Aldermenne and Shreves in skarlet, and five hundreth commoners in murraye, receyved his Grace reverently at Harnsay Parke, and so conveyghed him to the cytie, where he entered the fourth day of May, in the fyrst and last yere of his reigne.'

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries Hampstead was a very small village inhabited chiefly by laundresses and washerwomen. In Commonwealth days it was the great resort of the Puritans; many were the sermons preached by the 'Hot Gospellers' under the shade of an enormous elm tree there. This tree was hollowed out and a staircase of forty-two steps constructed within it; also an octagonal tower capable of holding twenty people. It was known as the 'Hollow Tree at Hampstead.' Where, exactly, it stood is not certain. Hence *Gospel Oak*.

The 'Spaniards' derives its name from the fact that it was once inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish Embassy in London. The Spanish Ambassador to James I lived there.

Jack Straw was second in command to Wat Tyler; the well-known 'Jack Straw's Castle' is named after him. Flask Walk and Well Walk remind us of days when Hampstead was a fashionable spa. This was not so in Commonwealth days but in those of the later Stuart period. An order by the authorities of the Manor Court, under the year 1700, orders 'that the spring lyeing by the purging wells be forthwith brot to the toune of Hamsted, at the parish charge. The money profitts arising thereout be applied towards easing the Poor Rates hereafter to be made.'

The *Postboy* of that year advertises that 'the Chalybeate Waters of Hampstead, being of the same nature and

equal in virtue with Tunbridge Wells, are sold by Mr. R. Philips, apothecary, at the "Eagle and Child" in Fleet Street every morning at threepence per flask, and conveyed to persons at their own houses for one penny more. (*N.B.*—The flask to be returned daily.)

Another advertisement in the *Postboy* of May 8, 1702, says: 'Hampstead Consort. In the Great Room of Hampstead Wells on Monday next will be performed a Consort of vocal and instrumental musick by the best masters, with particular entertainments on the violin by Mr. Dean, beginning exactly at eleven o'clock, rain or fair. To continue every Monday at the same place and time during the season of drinking the waters. Tickets to be had at Stephen's Coffee-house in Bloomsbury, and at the Wells (by reason that the room is very large) at one shilling each ticket. There will be dancing in the afternoon as usual. There is all needful accomodation for water-drinkers of both sex, and all other entertainments for good eating and drinking, and a very pleasant bowling-green, with convenience of coach-horses; and very good stables for fine horses, with good attendance; and a farther accomodation of a stage-coach and chariot from the Wells at any time in the evening or morning.'

The Belsize district of Hampstead was probably of more importance in the days of Oliver Cromwell than the part already referred to, for upon the dissolution of the monasteries the lease of a fine house known as Old Belsize was acquired by council under Henry VIII and Edward VI. Lord Wotton owned it in the days of Charles II, and Pepys records a visit there. Says he: 'It is wonderful fine . . . the gardens being the most noble that ever I saw, and such brave *orange and lemon trees*.'

Hackney, in Commonwealth days, was not built upon to any extent, but those desirous of building a quiet country house 'where the air was so good' chose it after the Restoration. There were several manors in the parish of Hackney, most of which belonged to the Bishop of London. The village gradually grew into a small town; even as late as 1840 it had the appearance of a quiet township such as

we still see in Somerset and Dorset. The parish church, in late Stuart times, was exceedingly picturesque. One of its rectors was the famous Gilbert Sheldon, the friend of Wren and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was the founder of the Sheldonian theatre which Wren built at Oxford.

Hoxton is described by Stow in 1598 as a 'large street with houses on both sides.' Sir George Whitmore's residence there, during his mayoralty under Charles I, was one of the finest houses in or near London. Foreigners used to regard it as one of the sights of London.

Dorlston, or Dalston, was 'a pleasant village near Hackney to which it belongs.' It was remarkable for its nursery grounds. Stoke Newington was always fashionable. That is to say, as soon as the district began to develop at all, large houses were built there. A famous 'grove of tall trees' attracted visitors in the summer. At one time it was called *Neweton Canoncorum*, probably to distinguish it from other Stokes and other Newtowns, the names of both Stoke and Newington being of Saxon origin. In Commonwealth days there were still eighty acres of land of woodland in the parish.

Newington manor was one of the first religious endowments in London. Also it may be remembered that the Roman Ermine Street formed one boundary of the Saxon manor.

Stamford Hill, in Commonwealth days, was crowned with a fine grove of trees, but the country on the Essex side was marshy as far as Epping Forest. A very fine view of the City could be obtained from Stamford Hill. Any one who knew his London of those days could pick out the Tower and district, Westminster and district, as well as some of the little villages already mentioned. James I was deeply impressed with London viewed from Stamford Hill.

Tottenham belonged to the possessions of Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon, in the days of English London; Edward the Confessor used to visit him there. In 1596 an almshouse was founded in the Tottenham High Street by a Spaniard who enjoyed the distinction of being the first

London confectioner. Tottenham Wood, long before Cromwell's time, was famous for a mineral spring called St. Dunstan's Well. 'You may as well try to move Tottenham Wood' was a saying employed when discussing an impossibility.

'The Bell' at Edmonton was a well-known hostelry in Commonwealth times. Three annual fairs were held there from quite early days. The Beggar's Bush Fairs arose from a grant by James I when laying out part of Enfield Chase in order to extend Theobald's Park. The other fair was Edmonton Statue Fair which, latterly, had a bad reputation.

London south of the Thames had, in Commonwealth times, been built over far more than the north. Southwark, for example, had developed enormously from the time of the Norman Kings. It had recently been quickly fortified when it was thought that King Charles intended to attack the City. One of Cromwell's officers (Colonel Rainsborough), with a brigade of infantry and cavalry, had held Southwark without difficulty against the King's forces. In building Southwark the tendency seems always to have been to erect what we call small-house property, but there were only a few back-streets before the close of the Stuart period. There were, however, 'stews' and bear-gardens for 'Bowlle (bull) Baytyng and Beare Baytynge.' Shakespeare and his fellow-actors used to play in the Globe theatre in Bankside, Shakespeare being part proprietor.

By far the greatest attraction at Southwark was the Fair. There is no record of the Fair in Cromwell's days—it may not have been allowed by the Puritans—but John Evelyn gives a description of it in the year of the Restoration, which is worth quoting. Evelyn says:

'I saw in Southwark, at St. Margaret's Faire, monckies and asses dance and do other feates of activity on the tight rope. They were gallantly clad *à la mode*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hatts. They saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dancing-master. They turned heels over head with

a basket having eggs in it without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands and on their heads without extinguishing them, and with vessells of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench daunce and perform all the tricks on the tight rope to admiration; all the Court went to see her. Likewise here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon, of about 400 lb. weight, with the hair of his head onely.'

Pepys, writing eight years later, records his experiences at Southwark Fair thus: 'To Southwark Fair, very dirty, and there saw the Puppet-show of Whittington, which is pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon the people that see it, and even myself, too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow who carried me to a tavern, whither came Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, whether he had had any mischief by falls in his time. He told me: "Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb." He seemed a mighty strong man. So, giving him a bottle or two of wine, I away.'

The Hospital of St. Thomas-the-Martyr naturally came under the axe at the Dissolution, at which time there was a master, six brethren, and two sisters. There were about forty beds for poor people. It was Bishop Ridley who (in a sermon) awakened the sympathy of Edward VI. After some deliberation, Christ's Hospital was begun for the education of youth; Bridewell for the poor, and St. Thomas's for the relief of the sick, particularly lame persons.

Guy's was founded by a quaint old bookseller named Thomas Guy, who began in a small way at the corner of Cornhill and Lombard Street. It appears he had some luck in the South Sea Company, but also that he did a big trade in the sale of Bibles. He was a bachelor and lived very simply. He was in the habit of dining on his own counter with a newspaper for a tablecloth, dressed very shabbily.

Thomas Guy served in several parliaments. Amongst

his other charities were £400 a year to Christ's Hospital for children connected to him by birth or marriage ; £1000 to discharge poor prisoners in London, Middlesex, and Surrey, at the rate of five pounds each, as well as a further £1000 to relieve distress of poor housekeepers. In addition to these he gave large sums to his younger relations.

Deptford, or Depeford, was at one time West Greenwich. The change of name may have been occasioned by the presence of a 'deep ford.' Evelyn went to live there in 1651, actually during the Commonwealth period. He says : ' I went to Deptford where I made preparation for my settlement, either in this or some other place, there now being so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the Rebell's hands, and this particular habitation and estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law) very much suffering from want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers ; so as to preserve our interest, I was advis'd to reside in it and compound with the Souldiers.' Pepys was frequently in Deptford in an official capacity. His diary contains many entries referring to his activities at the ' wett-dock ' there.

It was at Saye's Court, or near to it, that Evelyn discovered Grinling Gibbons, the famous carver who served Wren for so long.

King John used to hunt at Peckham. There is a record that he was so pleased at having killed a stag there that he granted an annual fair of three weeks' duration to the residents. Peckham Fair continued for many centuries. During the reign of George I a menagerie arrived at which it was possible to see a pelican from Egypt, a vulture, an eagle, a ' he-panther ' from Turkey, two ' fierce and surprising hyenas,' and ' an Ethiopian Tobo Savage.'

Dulwich was considered the prettiest of all the southern villages at the time of the Commonwealth ; Sydenham was ' a genteel hamlet of Lewisham.' It was broad country when the Crystal Palace was built in 1854. The Hyde Park Palace, which was the predecessor of the building at Sydenham, was built as a habitation for the Great Exhibition of 1851 and was intended to be temporary.

the other half in the bitter Wars of the Roses; of the coming of the great Tudor dynasty when Bluff King Hal could hunt from St. James's to the north side of Hampstead Heath without inconvenience to any one; of the London of William Shakespeare, Wren, Pepys, and Evelyn, with its noted taverns and its hundred-and-one churches—the London to be burnt to a cinder and built again without thought for the future, when the chance of a modern Ephesus was missed.

You may recognize in the London of Handel's day something of the form of your own London, but you may forget when you drive to the opera in your car, with its automatic gears and silent engine, that your carriage of Georgian days would probably have been held up by footpads in Piccadilly. In these days of democracy you may indeed smile at the autocrats of Victoria's reign, when your grandfather kept his servants cooped up in basement kitchens (regardless of the effect on their health), and went to church of a Sunday morning less as an act of worship than because it happened to be the fashion. Those were the days of pseudo-respectable London, when nothing mattered so much as your neighbour's opinion. Thus you drift through the little period of Edward the Peacemaker when you laughed at the idea of a Territorial Force and slept soundly in your bed, whilst a war of invasion of London was being planned across the water.

When you read a report of a debate in the House you might sometimes think of Canute the Dane, and of the speeches he made in the Witan of Westminster; of the twentieth day of January 1265, when Simon de Montfort harangued the members for five hours and established the principle of a true parliamentary system; or of Richard II who screamed in childish rage when his Parliament told him he was spending too much money; or of Charles I who sent his members about their business and ruled for years without their help or hindrance; or of Oliver Cromwell who scorned a fool's bauble and claimed Divine authority for his every word. There he stands—

CHAPTER XII

RESTORATION

(1660 to 1714)

IN dealing with London of the Restoration period it will be convenient to trace the course of events under the several sovereigns before attempting to describe the activities of Sir Christopher Wren with regard to the City after the Great Fire. The figure of Wren so overshadows the story of London of the Restoration that it seems inadvisable to begin to say anything about him until the other ground has been covered. As he outlived all the Stuart sovereigns, this method is quite safe inasmuch as it does not raise any question of anachronism.

The Puritans were unpopular in London. Their intolerance was largely responsible for their unpopularity; they had forbidden the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not alone in churches but even in private houses. Any one charged with reading a Collect from the Prayer-book (either aloud or to himself) was liable to severe punishment. Clergy were ejected from their benefices by thousands; churches were mutilated; every statue of Christ, every picture of the Blessed Virgin was destroyed. Public amusements were forbidden; even the maypoles were hewn down. Theatres and playhouses were dismantled; puppet shows, bowls, horse-racing were opposed. Carols were forbidden at Christmas-time, the season being ordained a fast and not a feast. Decorations in the home were forbidden, rejoicing of any kind, public or private, was firmly put down.

Before the civil wars, when the Puritans were in the minority and without power, they commanded respect.

The Cavaliers may have laughed at them, but secretly many admired the Puritans. Their sanctity was revered because it was indisputable—before they came into power. Afterwards it was a different matter altogether. When Barebone's Parliament was formed—quite the most Puritanical of any Parliament ever called in London—citizens were led to believe that only 'the most godly' were members of it, and it was noticed that members wore black clothes, straight hair, and that they affected a nasal whine in their conversation, which was embellished with quotations from Scripture. Praise-God-Barebones himself lived in Fetter Lane, or Fewterer's Lane as it was once called. A fewterer is a loafer—Loafer's Lane.

Naturally, when it was discovered that half these men were mere hypocrites the pendulum swung the other way, and citizens were ready to welcome him whom they eventually called the Merry Monarch.

I gave a description of the return of Charles II to London in my biography of Wren ; for the want of a better method, I here reproduce part of that description, omitting passages referring to the architect personally :

'The day of the proclamation in London was May 8, 1660. John Evelyn relates how, on May 29, "his Majestie Charles II came to London after the long and sad exile and calamitous sufferings, both of the King and Church."

"This was also his birthday." As a matter of fact, it was his thirtieth birthday. Evelyn continues : "and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting in inexpressible joy, the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies with their liveries, chaines of gold and banners, Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet, the windows and balconies set with ladies ; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking even so far as Rochester so that they were seven hours in passing the City, even from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night."

"I stood in the Strand," finishes the excited Evelyn, "and beheld it and blessed God. And all this was don

without one drop of blood shed, and by that very Army which rebell'd against him ; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mentioned in any history, antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from Babylonish Captivity ; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in the Nation."

' Truly a day of satisfaction for Londoners. It meant much to them—less in reality than they *thought* it meant, perhaps, but it was indeed something to know a Sovereign Lord in the land once more. If our own King George V had suffered death, and we had endured eleven years of Soviet government, the return of the Prince of Wales as Edward VIII would be to us what that sunny day in May, 1660, was to them.

' They forgot, in their excitement, that Charles I had ruled without understanding, that Queen Henrietta had refused to be crowned by a Protestant archbishop ; they had probably also forgotten how the mob became enraged when she knelt at Tyburn to pray for the souls of the Catholics executed there.

' It was as well that they now only remembered Charles as a sad, though sincere man ; they were ready to forgive, even to welcome the doctrine of "divine right of Kings." *Any* King could be as "divine" as he wished (after what they had suffered these eleven years) and "get away with it," as we say in vulgar parlance.

' It had all been a mistake ; that was the general view. Queen Henrietta had been devoted to Charles and he to her. She had been driven to take refuge in France, and had been kept in ignorance of her husband's execution for a whole month.

' Now she was back again in London. It was a great day for her also. Her son's triumph was her own. London's hundred churches rang out a paeon of joy at the return of a Stuart to the throne of England. . She herself had caused him to be proclaimed "King Charles II" in France and Holland ten years ago ; not that it had helped him much !

' London was mad with joy. Did ever one see such roses

as were thrown down from the balconies in Fleet Street and the Strand? Lovely June roses, crimson as the blood of the martyred Charles; red roses of true love—red roses of England.

'There were the old Cavaliers—tried soldiers who had gone through hell at Naseby; there they were, with tears of joy streaming down their lined faces. Nothing was left to the imagination, presumably; the whole affair was staged to perfection.

'*Cromwell was there.* At least his body was there, some one having kindly dug it up for the occasion and dragged it on a sledge to Tyburn, together with the bodies of all the old Parliamentarians who could be found. They were hanged afresh in their coffins, with their half-decomposed faces turned towards Whitehall. Horrid it must have been, but dead men evidently *did* tell tales in those times.

'As for the late Lord Protector, he was honoured by having his head stuck on a pike. He remained thus *for twenty-five years*—over Westminster hall—his body having been cast into a pit.

'Queen Henrietta ordered her coach to be stopped on London Bridge that she might look carefully at the heads of the men who had murdered her beloved husband. Hers had been the happiest royal marriage in England up to this time—it was to *be* the happiest until the blissful union of William III and Mary II or (later still) that of Victoria and Albert. This was the day of her revenge.

'And her Cavalier son? How handsome he looked as he rode his charger! Perhaps she recalled, with amusement, how she had written to a friend in France when Charles was only four months old. "He is so ugly," she had written, "that I am ashamed of him, but his size and fatness supply his want of beauty." She had no cause to be ashamed of his appearance to-day. Nor, indeed, of his reception. The cheers rang out afresh every few yards he progressed. London had a King once more; his subjects could hardly believe it, but they shouted themselves hoarse from London Bridge to Whitehall to tell him they needed him.

'There was a sprinkling of Roundheads to be seen—more, perhaps, than one would have expected. Queen Henrietta may have remembered that it was she who had thus nicknamed them, and had thereby brought about the retort *Cavalier*. She, too, was recognized and cheered, especially from Ludgate to Temple Bar, where the crowd seemed thickest.

'Above all there was peace in the land. The grey days of the Commonwealth seemed like the tempest of yesternight that had given way to the sunshine of the morning; young men and maidens, old men and children praised the name of God with a psalm of thanksgiving. The churches were open and well filled. The Door of Culture and Learning stood wider open still; England was once more *Merrie England*. Naught became it so well as the jest of a Laughing Cavalier.'

Charles was popular with both parties at his accession. He came at the right moment for popularity. The late government having hardly been a success, King Charles found himself in a position to arbitrate. For this he was well suited. His temper was sunny and his mental qualifications by no means to be despised. His manners were polite.

That he was over-sensuous does not need to be emphasized. He placed no restriction on himself in this respect. Nor yet on others. His court was lax—disgracefully so; he preferred people with free manners to the other kind. He was never generous in the ordinary sense of the term, but he found it hard to refuse. The fact that he saw through half those whom he appointed to offices in his government, or upon whom he bestowed honours, did not trouble him. These people *wanted* offices and honours; he had them to bestow.

Christopher Wren was one of the most upright men who ever trod London soil. He was knighted by Charles because of his outstanding gifts, but had he gone to Charles, years earlier, *and asked for a dukedom*, Charles would have created one specially for him. He never knighted his friend John Evelyn, but had that excellent patriot *asked*

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for a knighthood Charles would have apologized for not having thought of it.

Although King, he put up with amazing impudence and exhibitions of temper from his favourites—Barbara Palmer and Nell Gwynn amongst them—but because they were charming and had learned the delicate art of ‘managing’ him, he allowed them to treat him with familiarity. When his children were born he honoured them, as the following list will show :

By Barbara Villiers (Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland) : Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton and Cleveland ; Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton ; George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland ; Anne, Countess of Sussex ; Charlotte, Countess of Lichfield ; and Barbara, who became a nun. By Louise de K  roualle, Duchess of Portsmouth : Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond. By Lucy Walter : James, Duke of Monmouth, and a daughter who does not seem to have received a title. By Nell Gwynn : Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, and James Beauclerk. By Catherine Peg : Charles FitzCharles, Earl of Plymouth. By Lady Shannon : Charlotte, Countess of Yarmouth. By Mary Davis : Mary Tudor, Countess of Derwentwater. Such was the man whom, with all his faults, London loved to the day of his death.

It was only natural that those directly responsible for the death of Charles I should pay the penalty ; yet many were pardoned. ‘I am weary of hanging,’ said Charles, ‘except for new offences.’ It was more to him to restore those deprived of their employments and benefices.

Sir Harry Vane, with whom (it will be remembered) Cromwell quarrelled so bitterly, was executed on Tower Hill for persisting in his views regarding the late King. Charles might have done better to spare him ; he was worth winning over. Unfortunately, Charles ‘could not be bothered.’

One of the first problems facing Charles’s ministers was to find a suitable Queen for him. He was known to have had a son in France by a Mrs. Walters, but now that Mrs. Palmer (a woman of great beauty but not very high

principles) had thrown herself at him with complete success, the scandal was the talk of London. Charles told his ministers he would prefer to marry a Catholic, but that he realized the people would prefer a Protestant Queen. There he was inclined to leave the matter, but the ministers persisted.

The French King made a suggestion to the Spanish Ambassador, with the result that Charles was offered the Infanta Catherine, sister to the King of Portugal. The English ministers approved, but the Ambassador sought to prevent the marriage. The dowry of half a million, however, was rather tempting to Charles.

Either of two Princesses of Parma were then suggested as an alternative, and Charles sent Lord Bristol to see them and report. One was ugly, and both were fat. In the end Charles married Catherine privately and according to the rites of the Roman Church.

The news of the marriage was the cause of great distress to Mrs. Palmer, but Charles hastily created her husband Duke of Castlemain, and made her a handsome present. He need not, however, have insisted on Queen Catherine's acceptance of Lady Castlemain as Lady-of-the-Bedchamber.

There was a scene at Court the night he took 'the Lady,' as she was called, by the hand to present her to his Queen. Catherine bore the insult and received her rival graciously, but fainted immediately afterwards. As a reply to her subsequent reproaches Charles sent away her Portuguese servants, telling her he would not put up with her whims.

This is the worst side of Charles's character. Apart from his domestic failings, he proved a good King in many respects, for he took interest in art and architecture as well as literature. There is no doubt that his attitude towards learning in general helped enormously to foster developments in London during his reign.

In October of 1661 Charles granted a royal charter to a little band of thinkers in London. John Evelyn suggested the name of the 'Royal Society,' and Charles willingly gave his consent. Evelyn was in the fortunate position of having merely to suggest to obtain the King's consent to

almost anything. They were great friends. Men like Laurence Rooke, Christopher Wren, Isaac Barrow, Samuel Pepys, and (of course) John Evelyn were early members of the Society.

Wren, at that time, was Savillian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, having gone there from a similar position at Gresham College. For sixty years the Gresham lectures had been delivered in the charming old house in Bishopsgate Street that had once belonged to Sir Thomas Gresham. Each day in the week was devoted to the study of one of the seven subjects specified by Gresham—astronomy, geometry, divinity, law, physic, music, and rhetoric. Wren never delivered his lectures in any other building than the original, but in 1768 the house was made over to the Crown, and a room in the Royal Exchange used instead. The present building dates from 1843.

Wren's inaugural address must have been delightful. It is too long to quote here, but his picture of London (with which he concluded it) must have impressed the members. 'Astronomy,' Wren told them, 'hath enlarged both our understanding and habitation; hath given politeness and consequently religion to the barbarous world.' He then picturesquely described astronomy as 'having guided the creeping ships of the Ancients wherever they would venture to leave the land to find a neighbour shore.' 'Lastly,' said Wren, 'the Moon, the Lady of the Waters, seems amorously to court this place.'

Plague had been responsible for a heavy death-roll in London, both at the accession of James I (with a mortality of 38,000 in London alone), and again at that of Charles I, with over 35,000 deaths. After this there were no more 'feavers,' as Willis calls them, until the month of May, 1665. Once this visitation began in earnest the mortality rose alarmingly, as the following figures will show.

During May there were 43 deaths only, but 590 in June. In July, when the weather turned hot and dry, the figures amounted to 6197. By the end of August they stood at 17,036 for that month alone. The worst, however, was to come. September's mortality, according to the bills, was

given at 31,159. This makes a total of 55,025 up to the end of September. The total loss, according to the bills of mortality, was 68,496.

It was, of course, fatal to shut up the infected houses with all the inmates huddled up together; if only *one* person sickened, such a method was a death sentence upon the others. Despite the violent nature of the symptoms, which included a terrifying hæmorrhage in most cases, sound people were allowed to enter infected houses after the previous residents were buried—even to occupy their beds.

Naturally, there was a great exodus. Pepys says (June 21, 1665) that he finds 'all the town, almost, going out of town, the coaches and wagons being full of people going into the country.'

Richard Baxter says: 'How fearful people were thirty or forty, if not an hundred miles of London, of anything that they bought from any mercer's shop; or of any goods that were brought to them; or of any persons that came to their houses. How they shut their doors against their friends, and if a man passed over the fields, how one would avoid him as we did in times of war; and how every man was a terror to another.'

It was not long before people became superstitious. Anything out of the ordinary was cited as a cause for the plague. There was much talk about a comet that moved very slowly in the heavens, and everybody bought *Lily's Almanac* and compared it with *Gadbury's Astrological Predictions*, quoting either or both to their friends and relatives. *Robin's Almanac* was perhaps more dramatically worded than either of the other two. People read it with absolute terror. Then the street-quack appeared with his Plague Pills, or 'The onely Trew Plague-water.'

Nearly all the shops were shut. The watchmen hourly entered suspected houses, marking them outside with a cross a foot in length, while the dead-cart went round in the night, the awful call 'Bring out your Dead!' resounding along every street in the City.

Food was hard to obtain. Not that it mattered much

to the stricken, who were unable to eat. Nobody was to be seen in the streets. So desolate were the thoroughfares that grass actually began to grow between the stones of the roadways. There was 'a deep silence in every place, especially within the walls.'

At the beginning of 1666 the plague abated and the town began to fill again. Pepys records how he rode in Lord Brouncker's carriage to Covent Garden. 'What a staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town!' he remarks. 'And Porters everywhere bow to us, and such a begging of beggars.' Pepys himself remained in London all through the plague and apparently had no opinion of medical men who fled (merely because their own patients had gone), and who did not remain to minister to the sick. Panel patients were unknown then, seemingly to the greater misfortune of the poorer classes.

One of the narrowest streets of the City was Pudding Lane. It was an outlet to the river-side near London Bridge. An irregular line of wooden houses, in partial disrepair and as dry as sawdust, extended down the hill. The wood was covered with pitch as a preservative. The top storeys overhung so much that you had to walk in the middle of the street to get a view of the sky at all. Then you saw a thin streak only, for the houses very nearly met at the top.

The sun never penetrated into these miserable dwellings; all it ever did was to flood the street itself at certain hours of the day. It was a dark, dank street, with an unpleasant smell about it. Carts could pass with difficulty in some parts of it; in others they could not pass at all. A baker's cart was often seen there, for in Pudding Lane lived Farynor, the King's baker.

At about two o'clock in the morning of Sunday, September 2, 1666, in that house, and Farynor's man awoke to find his bedroom full of smoke. He roused the baker and his wife, and the former looked out of the window into the yard. There was a pile of brushwood close to the house but, he said, not alight. In a few minutes the house was blazing.

Farynor, his wife, and the assistant climbed on to the roof, jumped for it, and so escaped. The maidservant, however, feared to take the hazard and was consequently the first victim of the fire of London. She was burned to death.

The fire, as a whole, began quite slowly. Farynor's bakery was burning for upwards of an hour before any other building caught alight. A neighbour collected most of his goods together before his house was affected. Two hours later the flames had risen considerably, fanned by a fresh easterly breeze. The old Star Inn, whose outbuildings were full of dry hay, soon caught alight ; this was the real beginning of the disaster.

By eight o'clock London Bridge was blazing, the breeze having somewhat freshened. The day was bright and sunny, with a cloudless sky. Then the wind rose, not exactly to gale force, but enough to cause the flames to roar in a terrifying fashion.

The news must have been remarkably slow in spreading because it is evident from the writings of William Taswell, later Rector of Newington and also of St. Mary's Bermondsey (but then a boy at Westminster School), that people were actually worshipping in the Abbey in complete ignorance of what was going on in the lower part of the City.

It seems incredible, but Taswell says he was standing, at 'sermon-time' on the pulpit steps when he noticed a disturbance in the congregation and heard the word 'fire' being whispered. Boy-like, he scrambled down and made his way out of the Abbey to Westminster Bridge from which he obtained a clear view of the City. He saw flames in the sky, despite the fact that the sun was shining brilliantly, and noted fugitives coming along the river carrying such goods as they had been able to rescue.

The excitement soon became intense. Unfortunately, the crowds imagined the cause of fire to be a deliberate attempt on the part of Frenchmen (or else Dutchmen) to burn London. The Catholics also came in for their share of suspicion. It was rumoured that they had thrown

red-hot balls into the houses in the City. Rumours of all kinds were circulated until nobody knew what to believe.

The wind increased during the day, and by Monday morning the flames presented a solid front of half a mile, travelling up Gracechurch Street, across Eastcheap, along Cannon Street, causing greater destruction than the previous day.

St. Paul's, thus far, had escaped. The fact undoubtedly heartened dwellers in the City. Taswell says: 'The people round raised their Expectations greatly concerning the absolute Security of that Place upon Account of the immense Thickness of its Walls and its Situation, being built on a large Piece of Ground, on every Side remote from the Houses. They therefore carried their belongings into the Cathedral, and stacked them in the Crypt of St. Faith's.'

Poor wretches! it availed them little. Taswell says: 'As I stood upon the Bridge, I could not but observe the Progress of the Fire towards the venerable Fabrick. At about eight o'clock it broke out on the top of St. Paul's Church.'

This was the Tuesday night. Evelyn says: 'The Stones of St. Paul's flew like Grenades, the melting Lead running down the Streets in a Stream the very Pavements glowing with a fiery Redness.' Taswell says the ground was so hot that his shoes were scorched.

Evelyn records his visit on Friday morning, when he discovered that the vaulted roof had fallen into St. Faith's crypt, setting fire to the books which the stationers had taken down there. The stationery and books burned for a week.

Pepys was roused by one of his maids. 'So down with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower of London who tells me that it began this morning in the King's Baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus' Church and most parts of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside and there got a boat.'

Having come to closer quarters, he found 'everybody

endeavouring to move their goods, and plunging into the river or bringing them into the lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running to the boats or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hover'd about by the window balconys till they burned their wings and fell down.'

Pepys spent an hour watching the appalling sight, and then decided to let the authorities know at Whitehall. 'I to Whitehall, and there up to the King's closet and the Chapel, and I did give them an account and dismay'd them all, and word was carried in to the King. . . . So I was called for,' continues Pepys, 'and did tell the King and the Duke of York (afterwards James II) what I saw, and that, unless his Majestie did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.' This was actually done, but not effectively until Tuesday at the earliest.

'They seem'd much troubled, and they commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him (the King) and command him to spare no houses, but to pull them down before the fire every way.' Sir Thomas Bludworth (the Mayor) seems to have attempted to carry out the King's commands but with little success, so far as stopping the fire was concerned. His opinion is given in Pepys's next entry. 'Here, meeting with Captain Cooke, I in his coach which he lent me, and Creed with me, to St. Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people being carried away in their beds.'

Pepys found Sir Thomas working hard. 'At last I met My lord Mayor in Canning Street (he means Cannon Street) like a man spent, with an handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried: "Lord! What can I do? I am spent; the people will not obey me. I have been pulling down the houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it!"'

Pepys might have stayed and done a little to help, but it was always his course to carry out his own programme, whatever might be happening in the outside world. So he returned home as he had guests coming to dinner. 'Mr. Moone' was one of them. It appears it was 'Mr. Moone's design and mine which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, and was wholly disappointed, for we were in great trouble and disturbance at the fire.'

The next sentence is thoroughly characteristic: 'However, we had an extraordinarily good dinner, and as merry as at the time we could be.' It would have taken more than a Fire of London to put Samuel Pepys off a good dinner.

'Soon as din'd, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people. We parted at Paul's, he home and I to Paul's Wharf where I had appointed a boat to meet me. Met with the King and the Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe.' (Queenhithe was then half the Port of London.)

'When we could endure no more upon the water we to a little alehouse on the Bankside over against the Three Cranes, and there staid until it was dark and saw the fire glow, and in the corners and upon steples, and between Churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill to the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the flames of an ordinary fire.'

'Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid, it still being darkish, and saw the fire as one entire arch from this to the other side of the Bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long. It made me weep to see it.' Pepys also records his fears for his own house in Seething Lane. It was, as a matter of fact, untouched.

His entry for the Tuesday shows that the King's commands had been carried into effect. 'Now begins the practice of blowing up of the houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower which at first did frighten people more than anything, but it stopped the fire where it was

done, it bringing the houses down to the ground in the same places they stood in, and then it was easy to quench what little fire there was in it.' On the Friday morning Pepys was up by five o'clock and, 'Blessed be God!' finds all well.

Only a sixth part of the City of London was left standing. At least a hundred thousand people were rendered homeless. The actual casualties were negligible; not more than a round dozen people lost their lives. The area destroyed within the City itself was roughly three hundred and seventy acres. Outside the City it amounted to little over sixty-three acres.

Besides the Guildhall and St. Paul's, eighty-four parishes suffered the loss of their churches. The loss of private property amounted to at least thirteen thousand houses. The livery companies lost forty-four of their halls; the City gates were consumed; the Royal Exchange, Leadenhall, was the only market that escaped. Every jail was razed; the Inner Temple (except for the hall, church, and a portion of Fig Tree Tower); the gateway into Fleet Street.

Most of the wharves and landing-stages; even some of the boats had to be included in the general estimate of damage done. Estimates vary considerably, but it may safely be accepted that it was in the neighbourhood of ten millions sterling, a sum not represented in these days by less than five times that amount. The fire finished in the Cripplegate district, having burned solidly for four days and four nights.

The King had done much to make himself popular these four days and nights. He had been seen everywhere, usually riding on horseback. His presence, his calm dignity and superb courage had been an example to all. Whatever may be said against King Charles II—and there is a great deal, of course—we can never accuse him of forgetting that the first gentleman in the land was bound to exercise an influence over the masses. The court of Charles II was a blot on Stuart history; the personality of the King in times such as these was something to admire.

A truly indescribable picture of desolation and misery : timber still smouldering everywhere, masonry still falling at odd intervals, the streets blocked at every turn, heart-broken citizens still seeking to recover any treasure that might have escaped the flames. Pepys says the winter of 1666-7 was the coldest ever remembered, and that the sufferings of the still homeless poor was too dreadful to contemplate.

We must now leave the scene of the Great Fire of London—assuredly the greatest conflagration since Nero watched the burning of Rome—in order to continue our examination of events during the rest of the Stuart period, after which we shall return to it in order to see how the great Christopher Wren went to work to rebuild the stricken City.

The arrival of the Dutch fleet at Sheerness the following year was the next event to terrify Londoners. Evelyn says it put the city into panic—‘ a panic and consternation I hope I shall never see more ; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither.’ On the evening of the eleventh of June news reached London that Sheerness was taken. As the train-bands had to be on duty in the morning the drums were beating all night, and the residents (whose nerves were in rags after the effects of the plague and fire) were in a state of terror. The Dutch fleet had sailed up the Medway. London opinion seemed to be that Chatham was safe, but there were great crowds at Westminster shouting for a Parliament. They broke the Lord Chancellor’s windows in their excitement. London was blockaded for some weeks.

Patriotism was at a low ebb and, had the Dutch sailed up the Thames beyond Deptford, there would have been a revolution. The whole affair was regarded as a nuisance and a disgrace. The treaty of Breda put an end to the Dutch war on July 29, and Londoners breathed freely once more.

The rest of the story of the reign of Charles must only be summarized. The story is not really London’s though it affected its people. I must, out of consideration for

the rest of the Stuarts, content myself with mere mention of points of interest to Londoners during the last years of the reign of Charles.

The fact that he and his brother (the Duke of York) became Catholics in 1668 is worth mentioning, because it does seem that Charles, in particular, was anxious to profess the faith he honestly held.

Londoners criticized the secret treaty of Dover and the French alliance of 1670; they were none too sure of the Declaration of Indulgence, which began well enough and seemed to be paving the way for general religious toleration, but which progressed a trifle too harshly for some; they approved of the Test Act as being a measure to prevent Catholics getting too much power, but hardly knew what to make of the resignation of the Duke of York from his commission as Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, even though they had a good opinion of Prince Rupert, his successor.

Every one showed interest when William Prince of Orange arrived in London to marry the Princess Mary, but nobody dreamed that the time would come when he would be William III and she Mary II.

The plot engineered by the disreputable Titus Oates was really serious, and the presence of cannon planted round Whitehall, as well as the train-bands being under arms each night, reminded Londoners that the struggle between Catholics and Protestants was by no means over; but the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1679 heartened every one. It was felt that, at long last, a man could possess his body as well as his soul in peace.

The climax came over the succession of James. London was in a state of riot. 'No popish King shall ever reign' was the declaration of thousands. Schoolboys fought in the streets over it; insults were flung at your neighbours if they held an opposite view to your own. In fact, you were either a Whig *or* a Tory; you could not be both. Then came the Rye House Plot, in which a few desperadoes aimed at the assassination of both Charles and James.

On Sunday evening, February 1, 1685, Whitehall Palace

was unusually gay. Charles sat with the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the Duchess of Mazarin. There was a full court that night. A large party of courtiers, none too sober, were playing cards, and the scene was characteristically animated. Charles, however, was feeling none too well, and retired early.

The next morning he seemed better, and fully intended to spend a busy, if a somewhat bitter morning in controversy with his council. As usual, he had an audience while he was being shaved and dressed. He did his best to carry on his customary light and witty conversation, but suddenly his face turned black and he fell into a fit. A physician opened a vein with his penknife, having nothing better at hand, and Charles was put back to bed. The Duchess of Portsmouth rushed in and attempted to take command of the proceedings, but, for once in a way, Queen Catherine asserted herself and ordered the Duchess to retire.

The Queen's grief seems to have been sincere, though it is hard to believe she had any real love for her profligate husband. As for James, he hardly left his brother's bedside for three days and nights. Charles was in agony. He said he felt as though a great fire was burning within him, but he bore his pain with fortitude—so much so that the Queen realized what he was really suffering, and, fainting, had to be carried to her own apartments.

Every doctor of repute was summoned. Even medical men of the Whig persuasion were allowed to attend. According to custom, the patient was bled fairly frequently, and heated iron was applied to his forehead. A kind of volatile salt, made from human skulls, was also given him. He recovered a little and was able to speak.

The Duchess of Portsmouth told the French Ambassador that she had 'a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The King is truly a Catholic, but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergyman. I myself cannot enter it without giving scandal, and the Duke is only thinking of himself. Speak

to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late !'

Barillon spoke to the Duke, who commanded the room to be cleared. He approached the bed and spoke to his dying brother. 'Yes, yes, with all my heart,' said Charles. 'Shall I bring a Priest?' 'Do!—er, but no, James, you had better not! You will get into trouble.' James decided to risk it. 'If it costs me my life,' he said, 'I will fetch a priest.'

To find a Roman priest at a moment's notice was not very simple. There was one at Whitehall who had been privileged because he had saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester. James interviewed him. He was ready to risk his life for the second time, he said, but was afraid he did not know quite what to say to the King on such an occasion. He hurriedly consulted a Portuguese priest and, armed with full instructions how to proceed, was taken up the back stairs to the King's room.

'Sir,' said Duke James, 'this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul.' 'He is welcome,' said Charles, who then roused himself sufficiently to make his confession. The priest pronounced absolution and administered extreme unction. The priest made his way out by the same staircase, and the company was readmitted. The King's natural children were brought to him—the sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, and Eleanor Gynn's boy.

Charles was wakeful that night and conversed with James. He begged his brother to be good to the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy, 'and do not let poor Nelly starve,' he said, 'whatever else you do!'

The Queen was not present. She sent her excuses by a courtier, who informed Charles that 'her Majestie is too disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implores your pardon for any offence she might unwittingly have given.' 'She asks *my* pardon?' said Charles, honestly. 'I ask *hers*, with all my heart.'

The King's conscience seems to have been at ease after

his confession. He asked for the curtains to be drawn the next morning so that he 'might have another look at the day.' He apologized to those present for all the trouble he had caused. 'I am a most unconscionable time dying,' he said with a grin, 'but pray excuse it.'

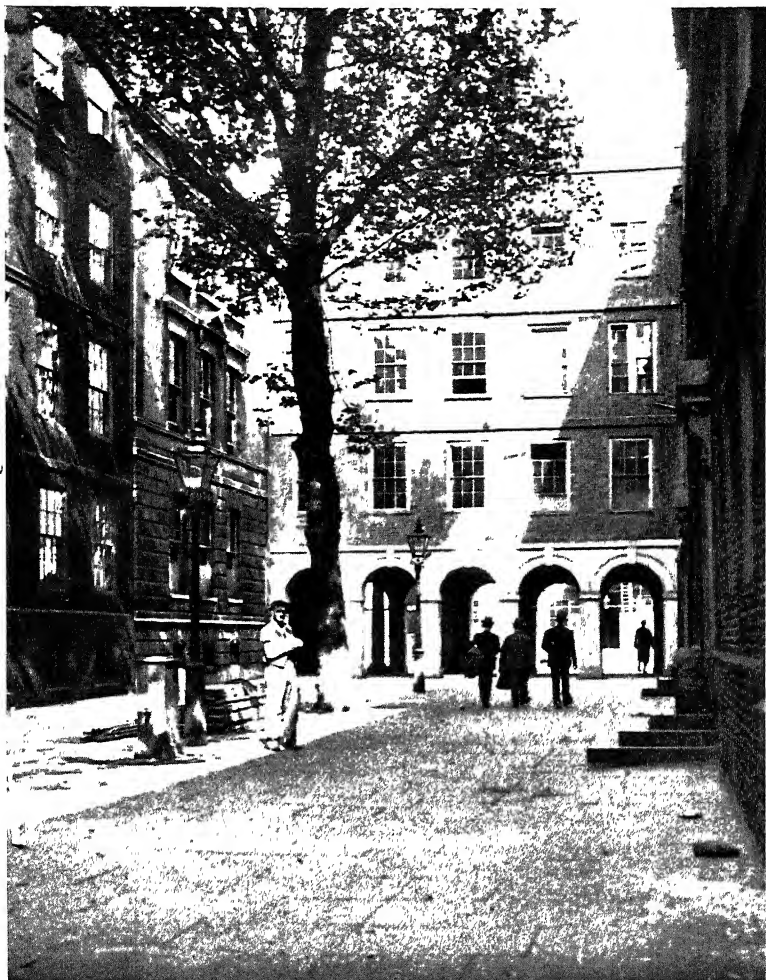
All London was on its knees that morning. Services were held in every church. When the prayer for the safety of the King was read whole congregations burst into weeping. Charles was London's most popular King up to that time. He died at noon on Friday, February 6, 1685.

Looking at the City of London in the years immediately preceding the Fire, we are struck with the fact that there was still much wood and plaster which, of course, accounted for London's being burned so readily. Bricks had 'come in and gone out again,' so to speak. Those in use were badly baked until Wren took the situation in hand; then they improved.

The streets were still far from well built, and decidedly dirty, for the custom of throwing garbage into the roads had not yet been forbidden. How the owners of large houses near Covent Garden market endured the constant noise, the screaming of the vendors and frequent brawls, passes comprehension. Conditions were not much better in open spaces such as Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there were mansions of the size of Winchester House. The noise of an evening there was disconcerting, to say the least of it, when loafers from Fetter Lane and district congregated to settle their differences.

Street lighting came into general use in London during the reign of Charles. It did not amount to brilliance—far from it—but it served a good purpose. A certain Edward Heming obtained a letters-patent from Charles which allowed him to place a light opposite the door of every tenth house in a street, but the lamps were lighted only on moonless nights.

Dryden's plays were popular all through this period. He lived in Gerrard Street. Nell Gwynn was one of his chief actresses at one time. His type of wit—never



WITHIN TWO MINUTES OF TEMPLE BAR:
PEACEFUL PUMP COURT

delicate—was the type understood by the people, and as a satirist he was considered to have no equal. His work eventually aroused the admiration of men like Congreve, Addison, and Pope.

A word or two on the painters of the age. Rubens must come first. A visit to the court of Charles I seems to have given pleasure to King and artist alike. There is no doubt that Charles sat for a portrait, but there is no notice of the existence of such a portrait in the King's catalogue, nor any direct reference to it by contemporary writers. It seems somewhat strange that Rubens could infuse a political significance into his professional visit to Charles, but there is evidence that he persuaded the King to pledge his word not to participate in any undertakings against Spain while the treaty was being discussed. Rubens painted much of the decoration at Whitehall, and a very beautiful work called 'The Blessings of Peace' which now hangs in the National Gallery.

Rubens's pupil, Van Dyck, was greatly admired in London, almost as much for his good looks and graceful manners as for his work. He was not unlike Charles himself to look at; perhaps that is why he said the King's face was the only one in England worth painting, wisely adding that it was worth all the others put together. He died on December 9, 1641, at his house in Blackfriars and was buried in Old St. Paul's, Charles placing a Latin inscription on his tomb.

Mention must be made of the good Sir Godfrey Kneller for whom the second Charles had a great respect. He came to England in 1674. He was of German extraction. Kneller had a studio in Covent Garden for some years, but eventually moved to Twickenham where he built Kneller Hall. His style is now considered inferior to that of Rubens and Van Dyck, the chief criticism being directed at his favourite trick of lengthening the oval of his heads; also his preference for brilliant colouring whether actually true or not. His portrait of Sir Christopher Wren (which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery) is certainly brightly coloured, but one feels it to be a true portrait and a fine

likeness. Kneller was knighted by William III. His habits were frugal to a degree; probably this fact accounted for his having left a large fortune.

London's musicians were never finer than during this period. The work of Captain Cooke, Henry Purcell, John Blow, Orlando Gibbons, Pelham Humphreys, and others greatly developed the art. Purcell was attached to the Chapel Royal. He dedicated some sonatas to Charles in the following words:

'To the King. May it please your Majesty! I had not assum'd the confidence of laying the following Compositions at your Sacred feet; but that (as they are the immediate Results of your Majesties Royall favour and benignity to me which have made me what I am) so I am constrain'd to hope I may presume amongst Others of your Majesties over-oblig'd and altogether undeserving Subjects, that your Majesty will, with your accustomed Clemency, vouchsafe to Pardon the best endeavours of your Majesties Most Humble and Obedient Subject and Servant, Henry Purcell.'

Purcell's tomb is in Westminster Abbey not far from that of his good master, Dr. John Blow. The inscription reads thus: 'Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded. *Obiit mo die Novembris anno aetates suae 37mo. Annoq. Domini 1695.*'

As soon as Charles was dead his brother James was proclaimed King. James addressed the privy council and said he intended to follow the footsteps of his late brother, 'especially in that of his great clemency and tenderness towards his people.' He also said he would 'make it his endeavour to preserve this government, both in church and state, as it is by law established.' Furthermore—and this caused the greatest satisfaction, coming from an avowed Romanist—'he would always take care to defend and support the Church.' London's pulpits, the following Sunday, were consequently the scenes of loyal sermons. The churches were filled to overflowing.

Even so, London thought James was acting somewhat precipitately in releasing all Catholic prisoners. Many sought to defend his action by saying he was in favour of tolerance to all men, but others pointed out that the non-conforming prisoners were still in custody. Thousands of Catholics were now free, as well as fourteen hundred Quakers, but the Covenanters came in for a bad time. Two of their women, condemned to be drowned, were tied to stakes when the tide was low and left there to wait for it to rise.

Although James did not deny that he was a Catholic, the coronation with his Queen (Mary of Modena, also a Catholic) was performed in Westminster Abbey according to the rites of the Church of England.

James's real character was soon evident. 'Concession,' said he, 'ruined my father. I will have none of it!' The results of that declaration affected London a great deal; perhaps the easiest way of dealing with them is to summarize the chief events of the reign.

Titus Oates was put on trial a few weeks after the accession. That he was guilty has never been questioned, but the barbarous severity of his punishment was a move on the part of James to gratify the Catholic party, of whom hundreds crowded into Westminster Hall to watch the proceedings. The sentence condemned him to be pilloried in the Palace Yard, and again at the Royal Exchange, in order to give London an opportunity of seeing the man who considered the King's accession a 'popish plot.' Further, he was to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, from Newgate to Tyburn the next. He was to be imprisoned for life, and was to be brought out to stand in a public pillory five times every year.

He was flogged at the cart-tail almost to death on the first day. James was asked to remit the second flogging. 'No,' was the reply; 'he shall go through with it if he has breath in his body.' He received seventeen hundred lashes and lived to tell the tale. The judges really wished him to be executed (merciful in comparison), but the law did not allow execution for this particular offence. When

William III came to the throne Oates was released and given a pension. He died in 1712.

Richard Baxter was the next. Judge Jeffreys—the brute of the Bloody Assizes—was determined to make an example of him to terrify the Puritans. Baxter was tried for seditious libel ‘contained in his *Paraphrase on the New Testament*.’ Jeffreys wanted to have him whipped in the same manner as Oates had been, but the other judges were against it. When the friends of the poor Puritan preacher wept aloud in court, Jeffreys silenced them. ‘*Snivelling calves, you!*’ said he.

The rebellion by the Duke of Monmouth had its sequel in London. The Duke, having been dragged out of a ditch (where he had hidden amongst nettles) was brought before James. He knelt to ask for pardon. James merely asked him if he would like to see a priest. His execution was appalling. The executioner missed three times and then threw down his axe. The sheriff ordered him to go on and, at the fifth stroke, the work was done. It must be said in defence of James’s seeming harshness that he never intended to pardon Monmouth; the prisoner himself had begged for the interview.

The story of Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assizes is not a story of London, but of Winchester, Dorchester, and Exeter. ‘Show me a Presbyterian and I’ll show you a lying knave,’ was one of his frequent declarations. ‘I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles off.’ Jeffreys boasted he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors put together since the Norman Conquest. For his reward King James made him Lord Chancellor.

Then the slaughter in London began. A merchant of repute named Cornish was hanged in Cheapside at the corner of King Street. Elizabeth Gaunt was burned at Tyburn the same day for sheltering the conspirators in the Rye House Plot. John Fernley, a Whitechapel barber, was hanged for the same offence. The autumn sessions at the Old Bailey that year (1685) were remembered for long enough.

The Declaration of Indulgence caused a profound stir

in London. James issued it to afford relief to the Catholics, thus setting aside the Test Acts which had oppressed them. It was ordered to be read in every church in London, but owing to the great influence of Archbishop Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's during the time of the plague and fire (of whom more later), the Declaration was read in four churches only.

Sancroft was summoned to appear before James to explain himself. Jeffreys asked whether the other six bishops had or had not signed the petition against the declaration. Sancroft ignored Jeffreys and addressed James. He regretted, he said, that he should appear before his Majesty as a criminal, and hoped he would not have to answer questions which would make his position any worse. A confession of having signed the petition was forced from the other six bishops, Jeffreys making it clear that the King would proceed against them. The trial would be at Westminster Hall; their release now was merely a favour.

On the day of the trial enormous crowds thronged Whitehall and the approaches to Westminster Hall. 'God save the Bishops!' was heard on all sides. Citizens were thoroughly roused. When the prisoners were taken by water to the Tower, the banks on both sides were packed with people, some of whom actually waded in to express their sympathy. The subsequent release of the Bishops brought forth such expressions of genuine joy that, had James any real sense, he would have seen how matters stood and have probably saved his throne.

Then came the invasion of William of Orange and the flight of James to France. On a dark, stormy night the Queen and her infant son—never to be a King in London—crossed the river in an open boat to Lambeth. She proceeded, after waiting for hours in torrents of rain against an old wall, by coach to Gravesend and so to Calais.

The next day James wrote to Lord Feversham, dispensing with further services of the army. He then burned the writs for a new Parliament and retired. At one o'clock in the morning he rose and, telling Lord Nor-

thumberland not to open the gates until the usual hour, disappeared down the back stairs with Sir Edward Hales, drove in a hackney coach to the nearest ferry, and boarded a boat. While crossing over James threw the Great Seal into the Thames. It was accidentally fished up a month or two later. And that was practically the end of James and the 'Glorious Revolution.'

The Jacobite rebellions (to reinstate James on the throne) hardly affected London. Of far more interest to Londoners was the establishment of the Bank of England—a 'Governor and a Company of the Bank of England,' as it was first called. The idea was put forward by a financier named William Paterson; the first charter was received in 1694. The charter gave the Bank certain privileges and turned over to it the entire management of the national debt.

Business was begun in the Mercers' Chapel, but was soon removed to the Grocers' Hall, the Bank first acquiring premises of its own in 1732. The idea did not find favour at first. The Tories said a bank and a monarchy could not exist together. The Whigs said there could not be a bank *and* liberty, because the King could always command the wealth. This was avoided by a clause preventing the loan of any sums to the King or Government without the full consent of Parliament.

There was a bad outbreak of small-pox in the winter of 1694. Doctors did not understand how to treat the disease, which carried off hundreds, but Londoners were almost struck dumb when it was known that Queen Mary had been ill for two days. William was distracted, for he adored his Queen. Burnet tells how the King sent for him and burst into tears, saying there was no hope for his darling. 'I have been the happiest—now I shall be the most miserable creature on earth,' said William. 'Never during the whole course of our marriage have I found a fault in her. There was a worth in her than no one knew besides myself.'

Queen Mary II died three days after Christmas, deeply lamented by the citizens of London. 'She was such an

admirable woman,' said Evelyn. 'She has outdone the renowned Queen Elizabeth.' After her death William seemed to retire from public life as much as his duties permitted. He made Hampton Court, which Wren had enlarged for him, his chief residence. He died in 1702.

William's subjects thought him cold and forbidding, but his friends knew him to be jovial and kind. He was asthmatic and wheezy, sometimes irritable; but when he was laid low with a mild attack of small-pox, and Bentinck (his chief gentleman-in-waiting) nursed him to health, William acknowledged his servant's devotion handsomely.

Queen Mary had been a wonderful head to the Court, and William had known a deep happiness while she lived. On his death-bed he called for Bentinck again. When he appeared William just pressed his hand and so died. When he was laid out, it was noticed that he wore a small piece of black ribbon on a chain. When removed it was found to contain a ring of Mary's and also a lock of her hair.

William III was never very popular with Londoners. He did not attempt to be. He explained to those who knew him best that he simply did not understand English people. He also said that Mary used to tell him not to worry himself about them and that she would take his place socially. This she undoubtedly did.

The reign of Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts, presents little interest from the point of view of a narrative of London. She was regarded as good natured, but by far too much under the thumb of Sarah Jennings, the imperious Duchess of Marlborough. It was entirely through the influence of the Duchess that the Whigs were not wiped out, for Anne was a staunch Tory.

Anne's reign, however, was remarkable for advancement in the arts and sciences as well as in trade. London was prosperous in her time. A national bank was established and paper-money introduced. Also the first permanent standing army came into being.

Literature saw marked advancement. Joseph Addison (who, besides his literary qualifications, was Secretary of State) was thought well of in London. Swift, Newton, and John Locke were further ornaments of the period.

Anne went in solemn procession to St. Paul's to celebrate the Peace of Utrecht; otherwise she did not evince much interest in Wren's cathedral, which was finished and formally opened for public worship in her reign. The mention of St. Paul's is a reminder that this review of London of the Restoration cannot be complete without a survey of Wren's work. In order to make this survey, it is necessary to go back to London as it was five days before the Great Fire.

Wren had been introduced by Evelyn to King Charles II less as a scholar, a scientist, a mathematician, an astronomer, than as a potential architect. It was Evelyn's goodness of heart and power of sterling friendship that led him to persuade the King to create a 'Deputy-Surveyorship to the King's Works' and offer the post to Wren. Charles told Evelyn he did not feel disposed to dismiss Sir John Denham, the actual Surveyor, although he knew him to be incompetent, because he had served his father so faithfully. Evelyn appreciated the position, the more so when Charles raised no objection to Wren's surveying Old St. Paul's, now in a condition of decay.

The whole state of the building had been gone into by Evelyn and Dean Sancroft (already mentioned in connexion with the trial of the seven Bishops), and the Dean had communicated with Wren. The young Surveyor came to St. Paul's to meet him, together with Evelyn and some members of the Government Commission. The result of the survey was that Wren declared the building unsafe and advised it to be pulled down. The Government representatives opposed this view, largely on account of expense, and the matter was more or less left at that point. Five days later the Fire destroyed the building.

Wren busied himself—so did Evelyn—in a plan for

a newer and better London. Both plans were submitted to the King but, from one cause or another, neither were carried out. Summarized—and very briefly—Wren's plan was to construct new streets at least ninety feet in width with ornamental piazzas at intervals. He would have erected a magnificent triumphal arch at Ludgate Circus, a forty-foot quay from Queenhithe to Temple Gardens, and so arranged Ludgate Hill that a view of the complete front of his cathedral would have been obtainable from the triumphal arch.

The scheme came to nothing, and Wren turned his attention to a new cathedral. He designed a church in the classic style and in the form of a Greek Cross. The cry of the clergy—of the Dean especially—was for a Gothic ground-plan, which meant a *Latin* Cross. Wren built a model of his church in wood; which is still preserved in St. Paul's and is well worth seeing. It is not, however, on view to the public. This is characteristic of the aloofness of the authorities in London's great cathedral; it is rare for them to show the least consideration to the people of London.

Wren's design was refused and others were submitted. Finally, he sent in a design that hardly did him credit. He was thoroughly displeased with those who wanted a spire to replace that on the old cathedral burnt down during a thunderstorm in 1561; he was equally displeased with those who wanted a dome, even though this was his own wish. Consequently he sent in what became known as the 'Warrant Design,' which had both. To his surprise, and perhaps his dismay, the King accepted it, but Evelyn and Wren between them persuaded Charles to allow alterations as found necessary. Charles, ever willing to please, gave permission to make such re-adjustments as were deemed expedient, and Wren set the broadest construction upon the permission given.

Not being able to trust the foundations of the old building, Wren set his cathedral seven degrees to the north. Even then he had great trouble over the north-east corner of the site. The Romans had quarried there

—at least that is what he thought—and it was found necessary to bore down to a great depth.

Wren always declared he admired Inigo Jones's classic portico at the west end of the old cathedral, but it is difficult to believe he approved of it as an adjunct to a Gothic church. At all events he decided to raise another, but modified his intentions when he found it difficult to obtain stone of the required size from the Portland quarries. Also the fact that a portico of single columns would require a heavy cornice above it was a further deterrent.

In order to support his great dome—he had already 'tried out' another dome at St. Stephen's, Walbrook—Wren built eight piers of extraordinary slenderness considering the responsibility they have to take, as well as four bastions.

The bastions form a great square. The piers form an octagon, two being at the entrance of the nave, two at that of the choir, the other four being divided between the north and south transepts. Wren gave the effect of a circle by means of pendentives.

Above the eight arches comes the Whispering Gallery, where the walls begin to lean in slightly to form the inner dome, the paintings of which were undertaken by Sir James Thornhill. They present a somewhat faded appearance now.

The ceiling of this dome is not identical with the curve of the dome as seen from the street. What you see from the floor of the church is the inner dome which is a shell, eighteen inches thick, bound by a huge chain of iron embedded in a band of Portland stone at a point which can be identified from the street as the Stone Gallery.

The chain is necessary at this point because a brick cone (also eighteen inches thick) springs upwards at this point. This cone, of course, is not visible either from inside or outside; it is part of the 'works.' It takes the weight of the stone lantern, ball, and cross—a matter of seven hundred tons.

Much as I should like it, I am prevented from any

further or closer description of the building of St. Paul's, by lack of space. To those interested in Wren or his work I can only suggest a study of the complete story as given in my biography of the architect. I must be content here with the recital of a few statistics.

The cathedral was begun in 1675 and finished in 1710. Wren was paid four pounds a week during the period. When the Commissioners thought he was not progressing as quickly as they would have desired they cut down his salary to two pounds until the completion of the work. Wren was paid his arrears, but only after petitioning both Queen Anne and Parliament. He was knighted by Charles II, but was summarily dismissed from the Surveyorship by George I. He had personally served five sovereigns. His death took place at his house on Hampton Court Green in 1723. He was over ninety.

Wren rebuilt over fifty of the churches destroyed in the fire. Of these only about thirty-four remain. Of secular buildings—Greenwich Hospital, the Monument, and the like—there were about twenty-five, of which fifteen remain. The rest of his works were in various parts of the country.

The original idea was to construct the Monument where the fire stopped, but the King insisted that it should be erected where it began. He pointed out that the fire began in a building whose site was definitely known, whereas it finished over a broad area. Thus Fish Street Hill was chosen.

Wren was a Royalist to the backbone and easily the greatest genius London ever produced. Thus it is fitting that his name should conclude this survey of a period in which he worked so hard for those who employed him, who in their turn admired him so sincerely.

He needs no monument. St. Paul's remains for ever to his honour. There it stands, with its noble dome and western towers, its handsome carving by Grinling Gibbons, its iron-work by Tijou—sixty-seven thousand tons of it, 520 feet long, 290 broad from the north to the south portico, 363 feet high from the floor level. It was the dream of

a noble-minded English gentleman whose character was above approach, whose integrity could never be truthfully questioned. It belongs to the age when the Stuarts reigned in England, and is still what it was then—the Crown of London.

CHAPTER XIII

GEORGIAN

1714 to 1837

LONDON was without a monarch in its midst for seven weeks after the death of Anne, in which period citizens prepared a welcome to the first of the Hanoverian Kings. When they saw him they were distinctly disappointed. He was fat, ugly, and undignified—and fifty-four.

He knew no English, neither did he ever wish to know any. His mother had implored him to learn the language years before, but he had always scorned the idea. It took him years to learn even the commonest words. When he pronounced them neither his English nor German courtiers had the remotest idea what he was driving at.

George did not attempt to make himself popular in London, in which he always lived as a sort of exile. He had been married to Sophia of Celle but that was years ago. After the birth of his two children he had accused her of an intrigue with Count Philip von Konigsmark, and had imprisoned her for life in a lonely castle at Ahlden. Since then he had preferred his German mistresses.

The elder of these was Melusina von Schülenburg, commonly called 'The Maypole' by Londoners owing to her height and sparseness of figure. She enjoyed his deepest confidence, which (be it said to her honour) she never betrayed. The younger was the Baroness von Kielmansegge. Londoners called her the 'Elephant and Castle.' Neither woman took the least interest in London or its people.

The coming of 'German George,' as he was called, was a signal for the pleasure-loving spirits to enjoy themselves.

The court of the religious Anne had been a little too severe for some of them ; now had arrived their chance. George roystered to his heart's content, leaving matters of state to his ministers.

After eighteen months of London he decided to take a holiday in Hanover, where the people (he said) understood him. Had they not shed tears at his departure for England ? He left London at the end of June 1716, together with the ' Maypole ' and the ' Elephant and Castle,' and went where he could eat his heavy German meals and soak himself in German beer.

Whether he really cared about the probability of further Jacobite trouble or not is doubtful. ' King James,' as a few enthusiasts still called the son of James II by Mary of Modena, was popular. His religion, however, was not ; he was a Catholic. Had he been a Protestant, London might have witnessed a return of the Stuart line. Bishop Francis Atterbury, Dean of Westminster, was greatly in favour of the Jacobites. George subsequently banished him for life.

Early Georgian London was the scene of the greatest activities of Whigs and Tories. The ministry was composed of Whigs, George being wise enough to know that his only safety lay in their hands. The Earls of Bolingbroke and Oxford sought to pay their respects to him, but he treated them with deliberate contempt and rudeness. He had been informed of their Jacobite sympathies.

The ministry of Sir Robert Walpole was typical of the Georgian period. He has been accused of being corrupt, but it is nearer the truth to suggest that he employed bribery as a means to an end because there was nothing else for it in so corrupt an age. Walpole, at one time, was the subject of practically every satire written in London.

That London was anti-German there is not the slightest doubt. Citizens were annoyed with Englishwomen of rank (who contrived by various means to persuade George to promote them to the rank of Duchess) for affecting to speak broken English. This, of course, pleased George

immensely. Perhaps it recompensed him for loss of popularity in London over his ridiculous South Sea Company speech.

Then there were the constant quarrels with the Prince of Wales. George had always been jealous of his son, and had come back from Germany in a rage because the Prince had undertaken some of his father's duties in his absence. The two never met in public without insulting one another. London thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

George I died abroad. His loss was not felt in London any more than the accession of his son was welcomed. The new King had one or two qualities to recommend him ; he was just and personally courageous, and he could speak English. His chief fault was his love of money, which displayed itself at every turn. He would rattle coins in his pocket and then take them out and count them. Walpole says that one of his wife's bedchamber women (with whom he was supposed to be in love) told him that if he counted his money once more she would leave the room. Lord Chesterfield used to declare that George admitted that little things affected him more than great ones, recording instances of his rage, and even acute misery, at some trifling mistake on the part of a servant.

George II was temperate in his habits, which his father had never been. He rarely deviated from his usual daily course. If circumstance ordained that he should do something out of the ordinary he would be miserable for twenty-four hours after. 'Having done a thing to-day,' said one of his courtiers, 'was an unanswerable reason for doing it to-morrow, and the next day, and the next.'

Queen Caroline was to be admired. London *did* admire her. Her private character was blameless, and even when she quarrelled with George because his was not, she conducted herself with the greatest dignity. She ruled him, but was astute enough never to let him know it.

Her patronage of the arts was of value to London. She appointed John Christian Bach, the youngest son of John Sebastian, as her music master, and took the greatest interest in the child Mozart when he came with his father

and sister to visit London. Christian Bach used to take Mozart on his knee and teach him how to improvise fugues at the keyboard. The Mozarts had rooms in Cecil Court, off St. Martin's Lane.

There is no better way of taking a view of London's artistic and musical condition during the reigns of the first two Georges than by a study of the activities of the great Handel, whose portly figure was probably known to every Londoner. His life was bound up with London, and London's artistic life was bound up with him.

Handel was originally Kappelmeister to George I when Elector of Hanover. During a visit to the Hanoverian Court of some English nobles, Handel was not actually invited to come to London, but was promised a good time if he came. He obtained leave from George and arrived in London in 1710.

He could not speak a word of English, but he soon altered that. He found Dr. Pepusch (later of *Beggar's Opera* fame) as his only rival, Purcell having been dead fifteen years. Musically, he found London hopeless. Opera after opera had come off the stage, not only because of its poor quality, but because it was not safe to be out in London at night. The robberies in Piccadilly alone were a disgrace; houses in Bond Street were broken into almost every day. The night watchmen were overpowered by desperadoes while their comrades robbed a passing coach. Few enough would venture to the Haymarket Theatre of an evening, still less to Drury Lane.

However, Handel made a hit with his first opera *Rinaldo*. In so doing he damaged Steele, who was arranging concerts at Drury Lane. This brought about a reply on the part of Addison, who wrote cruel criticisms of Handel in the *Spectator*. For all that, the opera succeeded, and Handel was lionized in London Society. He went everywhere, not forgetting to express his opinion—he was learning English rapidly—of Addison and the *Spectator*.

When Queen Anne died and George came to London as King, Handel found himself in a difficulty. He had been twice recalled to the German Court, but had slipped

away again and come back to London. Now he found that the outraged monarch would have nothing to do with him, and a few failures with his operas did not add to his comfort. Later a reconciliation was effected, and George patronized Handel's operas.

Lord Burlington gave Handel a suite of rooms in his mansion in Piccadilly; the Duke of Chandos took him up; Society made more of him still. He met Pope, at that time very poor but also very proud; he was living in Chelsea. Handel also met John Gay, who was doing quite well, but who lived entirely for what he could get out of life.

Lord Burlington started the Royal Academy of Music, with Handel as chief composer. Had he let him remain so, things might have gone better for Handel, and London might have been saved a few riots. The Academy was brought into existence to further the interests of opera in London, but it was unfortunate that Burlington enlisted the help of the Italian composer Bononcini to carry on the work, because in so doing he brought a serious rival into conflict with Handel.

Unfortunately for Handel, Bononcini made a success on arriving, just as he himself was suffering from a failure. London began to take sides, and Bononcini was extolled to the detriment of Handel, who was not seen about quite so much as usual.

Handel's reply was to send over to Italy for the famous soprano Francesca Cuzzoni. He had probably never heard her sing, but her reputation was enough. Anyhow, he offered her a salary of two thousand pounds a year to come.

London laughed at her as soon as she appeared. She was fat, ugly, and dressed badly. When they heard her sing it was another matter; they roared their applause.

Cuzzoni quarrelled violently with every one she met, not least with Handel. There she made a mistake. He told her how to sing one of his arias and she told him to mind his own business; she would sing it as she wished. His reply was to catch her round the waist and threaten

to throw her out of the window. That tamed her ; she sang the song as directed. As for her audiences, they stampeded to hear her.

The success of Handel's venture with Cuzzoni only stirred up the supporters of Bononcini. It is not in the least an exaggeration to say that London talked of nothing else. If Handel put up a poster the Bononcinists tore it down, and vice versa. Families quarrelled over them. Society was divided into factions. No wonder Swift wrote :

'Some say that Signor Bononcini
Compared to Handel is a ninny ;
While others say that to him Handel
Is not fit to hold a candle.
Strange such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.'

Handel's next shot at Bononcini was one that set London in an uproar. He sent for a fine Italian soprano named Faustina Bordoni, who was not in the least like Cuzzoni, in that she did not spend whole mornings composing paragraphs about herself for the newspapers, describing what she ate for dinner the night before. Moreover, Faustina possessed by far the finer voice and certainly had twice the brains.

Handel wrote *Alessandro*, in which he gave an equal share to Cuzzoni and Faustina. Cuzzoni was madly jealous, but Handel told her he would wring her neck if she made a fuss. So she left it to her friends in the audience. As soon as Faustina began to sing, Cuzzoni's party hissed. From that it became a veritable war in London society. Cuzzoni and Faustina favours were worn in the streets. If you passed an erstwhile friend in Piccadilly wearing one when you wore the other, you immediately struck that friend off your visiting-list. There were riots in the Haymarket every night of the season ; two horses ran at Newmarket, called respectively by the names of the two belligerent stars ; a duel was fought in France. As Handel himself observed : 'it was all ferry gomatical, but no goot to opera.'

The climax came when all the roughs of London helped throng the streets to watch the fun, the real cause of which they could not have properly understood. They divided themselves into gangs, and in the general upheaval there were not a few hospital cases. Windows were broken, coaches overturned, society ladies thrown out into the filth and dirt of the streets. Finally, the battle finished on the stage itself when Cuzzoni seized Faustina by the hair. The two women fought like cats.

The story of Handel's ultimate success with the *Messiah* is a story less affecting London than Dublin, where it was first produced in 1742, but he did win in the end. When he died—a year before George II—he was honoured by burial in Westminster Abbey in the presence of thousands of people. Many were his charities, not least to the Foundling Hospital of which he was a governor for some years. Many were the performances of the *Messiah* he gave there for the Foundlings; many were the organ recitals, blind though he was.

London was an intellectual London in Georgian days. Yet it had never less to offer its literary geniuses in the way of pecuniary reward. Samuel Johnson, who almost starved during his first days in London, and who was twice arrested for debt (though released by the kindness of the novelist Samuel Richardson), shared many a shilling with Richard Savage, the poet who died in a debtor's prison at Bristol. Johnson's house in Gough Square, Fleet Street, still stands and is open to the public. It was there he wrote his famous dictionary, the first readable work of its kind.

The verdicts on all literary matters of the famous Club founded by Johnson in 1764 were devoured by the reading public of London. Such brilliant men as Goldsmith, Garrick, Gibbon, Reynolds, Burke, and that curious and querulous Boswell constantly met to review the latest issues. A word from them would sell an edition outright in a fortnight; a word the other way would drop the value of a book to such an extent that it was not worth the paper on which it was written.

Dr. Johnson lived to be seventy-five; he lies buried in Westminster amongst the brilliant men whose biographies he wrote: Denham, Cowley, Congreve, Dryden, Gay, Prior, Addison—men who had been literary ornaments in the London of their day.

Garrick died before Johnson. They had been lifelong friends. They had known each other since those early days when they had reached London from Lichfield, Garrick with fourpence in his pocket. He, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey. As for Goldsmith, he owed much to Johnson, who sold the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* on his behalf for sixty pounds to help pay the author's debts. Goldsmith also died before Johnson, two thousand pounds in debt. A memorial to him is in Westminster with an inscription by Johnson himself, but his actual grave is not known. It is somewhere near the Temple, where a slab marks what is considered to be the place of his burial.

Johnson was one of the first contributors to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, published in Clerkenwell by the well-known bookseller Edward Cave, the Hansard of the Georgian period. He used to commission his friends to report speeches in both Houses.

The Wesley brothers, John and Charles, were known to Londoners of the Georgian period, especially in their last days when they had given up travelling. John lived for some years in a house of his own in City Road. He died there in 1791. John was never so fine a preacher at Whitefield Chapel as his brother Charles, but he was the real leader of the movement. On the other hand, he never acknowledged himself a Nonconformist. 'I live and die a member of the Church of England,' he wrote in the year of his death. 'No one who regards my advice or judgment will ever separate from it.'

The retirement of Walpole, and his elevation to the peerage as Earl of Oxford, was the talk of London in 1742. His administration had been prudent, and he had directed his energies in the cause of peace, not only in his own country but abroad. He had been greatly admired

in London and not without just cause. On the other hand, many had intrigued against him.

The great rebellion of 1745 belongs to the history of Scotland, but the trial of the famous Jacobite, Simon Fraser (Lord Lovat) was the cause of much excitement in London. 'The Fox of the North,' as he was called, was regarded by some as a barbarous chieftain, by others as an accomplished gentleman. No doubt there was much to be said for both views. He fought in 1715 on the Hanoverian side, but changed sides in 1745 and joined the Jacobites. He was captured after Culloden and brought to trial. Hideously ugly, very fat and ungainly, but possessed of a rare repartee, he stood before both Houses for a solid week. His defence was a masterpiece of wit and satire, but he was unable to sway the judges to his point of view. It was proved up to the hilt that he had agreed to support the Young Pretender, that he had accepted from him the title and office of Lieutenant-General of the Highlands, and that he had ordered his own followers to join the Prince's cause.

There was not an earthly chance for him from the beginning, but his spirited defence was reported in the London papers and devoured by the people. When sentence of death was passed he still kept up his joking. 'Farewell, my Lords,' he said, looking round the House with a grin. 'Farewell! We shall never meet again in the same place.' Lovat was executed on Tower Hill on April 9, 1747, where he showed the same unconcern.

London had grown during the reigns of the first two Georges, but there were still large spaces presenting a rural appearance. Lord Burlington gave Handel a suite of rooms at the back of his mansion because the Maestro said he 'preferred to look upon the meadows rather than on Piccadilly.' Burlington complained because 'they were building Bond Street way.' Later Handel went to live in Brook Street in one of 'those modern houses there.'

The City was picturesque in those days, with its varied signboards. There were Black Bears, White Bears, Blue

Bears, Red Lions, Black Lions—in fact, ‘*any-coloured*’ Lions. The Mitre in Fleet Street was looking fairly old in Georgian times. It was very popular with the nobility. The Cork and Bottle in the Strand (near Charing Cross) had been the scene of many a Cabal; it had stood since the time of James II. The Good Woman in Oxford Street, if there at all as early as this, must have indeed been a ‘country pub.’

The Sign of the Cock was a tumbledown old shanty in Georgian days, but it had seen long service. Stow seems to think it was there in the fourteenth century. He recalls how ‘the good man of the Cocke in Chepe at the Little Coduit was murdered in the nyghte time by a theefe.’

‘Y Eagle and Chyld in ye Minories’ was another inn of note all through the early Georgian period; not a few plots had been hatched there in earlier days.

Then there was the Broad Arrow in Grub Street; the Bolt and Tun in Fleet Street; the Bull and Mouth, near Aldersgate; the Pickled Egg in Pickle Egg Walk, Clerkenwell; the Goat in Boots, Chelsea; the Dog’s Head and Porridge Pot, and the Three Loggerheads at Spitalfields; the Bell Savage, Ludgate Hill.

Very attractive some of these old haunts must have been. Some of the new ones also. The Adelphi, as built by the brothers Adam, must have been quite beautiful. Belgravia was still a clay swamp, known as Five Fields; Bethnal Green was not more than a village with a few scattered cottages; Brompton, or Broom Town, was still a mass of thickets and bushes; Essex Street (off the Strand) was quiet but very select; Fenchurch Street had lost its ‘fennie or moorish’ look, and had been largely built over; Finsbury owned a cricket ground where Kent played All England in 1746; Holborn was still famous for its lovely gardens. Ivy Lane, which runs from St. Paul’s to Newgate Street, still boasted a Prebendal House on the walls of which ivy was growing in profusion to the delight of Dr. Johnson who held one of his literary clubs there; Kensington Gore was country,



ADELPHI

but fashionable (*gore* is a narrow strip of land, not *blood*) ; Longacre was still a 'long field' but was being built on ; Lombard Street no longer had any connection with the money dealers from Lombardy and was by this time an important thoroughfare ; Maiden Lane lost all connection with an image of the Blessed Virgin that had once distinguished it ; neither had Mincing Lane any of what Stow describes as 'tenements there sometime pertayning to the Minchuns, or Nunnes of St. Helen's,' any more than the Minorities could boast its erstwhile convent of the Minoresses, the Nuns of St. Clare. Paternoster Row no longer sold its paternosters, beads, and rosaries ; Park Lane was still Tyburn Lane ; Oxford Street was still a country road ; Regent Street a mere path and unnamed.

On the other hand Billingsgate was old ; its language as 'healthy' as now. The bladder-sellers had just left Blowbladder Street, which was now occupied by seamstresses 'and such as sell a sort of copper lace called St. Martin's lace.' So, as Samuel Foote says : 'Let us have none of your Blow Bladder breeding. Remember you are at the Court end of the town.'

Old Bond Street had matured since 1686 ; New Bond Street was cut in 1721. A street of fashion, ever. 'Why don't you stand up ? The boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.' 'Ah, that's the fashion, father ; that's *modern ease*. A young fellow is nothing now without the Bond Street roll, toothpick between his teeth, his knuckles crammed into his coat pockets.'¹

Or, to quote Lytton : 'Bond Street . . . where the gay minor signs for fashion ; where majors live that minors cash on.' This was 1831, so that Bond Street never altered.

Said Bramston, in *Art of Politics* (1751) : 'What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand ? Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand ? Pease, cabbages, once grew where now stand New Bond Street and a newer Square.'

The reform of the calendar in 1751 attracted consider-

¹ *Weekly Journal*, June 1, 1717.

able interest. The changes effected by Pope Gregory in 1552 (when October 5 had automatically become October 15 in order to bring about a synchronization between the movements of the sun and statements in the calendar) had not been adopted in London. Lord Macclesfield, the able President of the Royal Society, was responsible for the bill going through, but the opposition in London was strong at the time, as Hogarth's picture *An Electric Feast* plainly shows. A Whig candidate is represented with the banner on which are the words 'Give us back our eleven days!'

Eighteenth century elections were far more exciting, by the way, than ours. In Georgian days there were no laws to limit a candidate's expenditure for the purpose of securing his seat in the House. Laws against bribery were passed, it is true, but they were flagrantly disregarded. A candidate entertained his friends as elaborately as his purse allowed; the longer purse often decided which way the vote went.

Gay and Pepusch produced their joint *Beggar's Opera* in 1728, almost to the ruin of Handel. This was at once recognized as a satire against Walpole, who stood it well, but flatly refused to allow the sequel *Polly* to continue. He said he objected to 'suffer himself to be produced for thirty nights upon the stage in the person of a highway-man.'

The opening of Ranelagh in 1742 (a rival to Vauxhall as a public garden) caused great excitement in London. Vauxhall had been the only real public garden since the Restoration. Walpole describes Ranelagh as containing 'a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for a shilling. Building and laying out the gardens cost £16,000. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos at guinea tickets, for which you are to have supper and music.' A *ridotto*, by the way, was a sort of assembly for dancing, music, and light entertainment generally. They had started at the Haymarket Opera House twenty years earlier, chiefly as a winter entertain-

ment. This affair at Ranelagh was designed for the summer.

George II died of heart disease in 1760. He was succeeded by his grandson, George III, his son having died nine years earlier. George III was twenty-two at his accession, and was destined to be King in name, if not always in actual fact, for sixty years. He and Queen Charlotte were always popular in London; their coronation on September 22 was a gorgeous spectacle. A platform erected by St. Margaret's for the coronation of George II had produced a revenue of forty pounds; for that of George III it yielded over two thousand.

The following year marked the retirement of Pitt, whose administration at the War Office had been so much admired during the previous reign. Pitt was justly regarded as an Empire-builder. Other well-known statesmen of the period were Charles Pratt, first Earl of Camden—one of the finest of the Whigs; Colonel Isaac Barre, the famous speaker and opponent of Lord North and of Richard Grenville, Lord Privy Seal.

London was peaceable for many years, but there was serious trouble when the weavers of Spitalfields rioted because a bill prohibiting the importation of foreign silks was rejected in the House. Still, the Whigs were popular. You would have thought they had not a care in the world had you visited Almack's in Pall Mall of an evening. Had you been one of them, you would probably have covered your spotless lace ruffles with a piece of leather and have worn a large straw hat to keep your hair tidy. If you preferred a fashionable ball or a swell supper to mere gambling, you went on to the other Almack's in King Street (St. James's) where you took care to be dressed to perfection.

Dressing to perfection in those days meant dressing extravagantly. The vogue called *Maccaroni* was at its height. The 'Maccaronies' were originally some young men of fashion who had been in Italy and had learned to eat macaroni; now the name was applied to any who adopted the eccentricities of the period. Contemporary

writers describe these fashions fairly closely. One says: 'The Maccaronies wear hats of an inch brim that do not cover their heads, with about two pounds of fictitious hair, formed into what is called a *club*, hanging down their shoulders as white as a barber's sack.' The women's method of hair-dressing was absolutely ridiculous, if contemporary pictures are not exaggeration. Almack's became Willis's Rooms in 1863, but another club adopting that name was formed in 1904.

The art of this part of the Georgian period was not to be despised. Gainsborough was exhibiting yearly at the Royal Academy. Hardly had he arrived in London when he received an invitation to Court. He was a handsome man, tall and fair, but irritable to the last degree—as his sitters found out. Amongst those whose portraits he painted were Sheridan, Burke, Johnson, Franklin, Canning, Clive, and Mrs. Siddons. His wife suffered much from his temper, but their quarrels were always made up in the same way. He would write her a loving letter and gave it to his dog Fox, who would deliver it to her little spaniel Tristram. It was always worded as though Fox had written it to Tristram, and her reply came as from Tristram to Fox. His own favourite picture was the 'Wagon and Horses passing a Brook,' now in the National Gallery. London's favourite was at the time the 'Duchess of Devonshire,' so famous for its disappearance in 1876. Gainsborough and Reynolds were undoubtedly the greatest portrait-painters of the English School of the period.

In the later days of George III London was nightly going to see Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Macbeth*. She had long recovered from her failure in Birmingham as *Portia*, and the subsequent refusal of the management at Drury Lane to re-engage her. 'I am banished from Drury Lane as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune,' she had said. In her last days she was anything but worthless. Walpole, though at first sceptical, became one of her greatest admirers. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her portrait and Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her dress in that picture. 'I would not lose the honour this

opportunity afforded me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment,' he told her. Sarah Siddons is buried in Paddington churchyard. Reynolds, incidentally, was the first President of the Royal Academy.

Art of another kind was interesting London at this time—that of the pottery of Josiah Wedgwood. He made a wise move in presenting Queen Charlotte with a service of his cream-coloured earthenware, for it secured him the appointment of Master-potter, first to her and afterwards to the King. He was a man of great worth intellectually, besides being a skilled artist in pottery; he associated with the eminent men of his time. One of his daughters was the mother of Charles Darwin.

There was a solemn and really heartfelt thanksgiving in St. Paul's for the recovery of the King from a temporary mental derangement. There had been trouble over the Regency Bill, but the King's recovery had settled the dissensions, and, on St. George's Day, 1789, London was ablaze with bonfires. The excitement of the previous year, when Warren Hastings was first impeached so bitterly by Burke and Sheridan was increasing as time went on. For seven years he was never free from trial of one sort or another, and even though he was acquitted in the end with a clear reputation, the large fortune he had brought back with him from India had been swallowed up in the costs of his defence.

London watched these events with interest, but few knew of the miseries of the King during his insane period. Pitt and Fox were fighting in the House over the question of a Prince Regent while George was at the mercy of ignorant physicians and lazy servants. The doctors had prescribed a rigorous treatment, but the palace servants had interpreted the injunctions by acts of brutality. At last a physician named Willis was called in. He prescribed a gentle treatment under which the King rapidly recovered. George's popularity in London, however, underwent a temporary change as a result of the influence of the French Revolution; his carriage was attacked by a mob as he was driving from the House of Lords after

opening Parliament. A bullet broke one of the windows of his carriage but the King escaped injury.

The magnificence of the funeral of Nelson at St. Paul's on January 9, 1806, deeply impressed London. He had been brought home in his flagship. Knight, who was present, says: 'The pageant lives in the ineffaceable remembrance of our boyhood. Impassioned grief, audible sighs, tears coursing down rugged cheeks, marked the funeral pomp of Nelson.' The monument to him in Trafalgar Square was completed by Bailey in 1849, Landseer's bronze lions being added in 1867.

During the Napoleonic wars, men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five lived in constant dread of the activities of the press-gang. This method of raising recruits for the Army and Navy was not new in Georgian days, but until 1815 it was far too active for the comfort of those whom it affected. A picture by Johnston shows a waterman being arrested by the press-gang on Tower Hill immediately after his marriage.

The victory of Wellington over Napoleon at Waterloo sent London wild with joy. Even Nelson's victory at Trafalgar paled into insignificance by comparison. There was an intense feeling of relief which, perhaps, accounted for the heartfelt thanksgivings which followed.

The first locomotive had come. 'Puffing Billy' belongs to the year 1813; the Rocket was built in 1829. The story of the early railway, however, is not connected with London.

The accession of George IV in no way altered the position he had occupied for nine years past as Prince Regent during the illness of George III. He was not popular even though he was cultured. His tutor, Bishop Hurd, summed him up aptly at the age of fifteen. 'Either he will be the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe,' he said. The latter part of the prediction was the more accurate.

He had irritated his father for years, not only by his amour with 'Perdita' Robinson (the actress), but because he was in constant association with Fox and Sheridan,

whom George III detested. At the Prince's coming of age, in 1783, the King had established him at Carlton House with an income of fifty thousand pounds from the Civil List, together with a grant of sixty thousand from Parliament to pay his debts.

George IV posed as the patron of the Whigs, in which he was helped by Fox and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Mrs. Fitzherbert—'Mary Ann' as she was called in London—held the young Prince's affections for many years. She was a widow and a Catholic. George dared not marry her openly because the Act of Settlement would have prevented his succeeding to the throne, but they were married secretly in December 1785.

The marriage was only half a secret before very long. It was never publicly acknowledged, but, having become hopelessly involved in debt once again, the Prince shut up Carlton House and went to live with Mrs. Fitzherbert at Brighton. In the House of Commons Fox declared the story of the marriage to be untrue; Sheridan made a subsequent speech, but not in quite such definite terms. Mrs. Fitzherbert went so far as to obtain a formal decision from the Pope pronouncing the marriage valid, but George left her for Lady Hertford, which brought about a final separation from 'Mary Ann.'

As the King would not consent to pay his son's debts on any other terms, George consented to a marriage with Caroline, Princess of Brunswick. The marriage proved a failure; she was flippant and silly, he bad-tempered to the point of brutality. After the birth of Princess Charlotte, their only child, they were formally separated, the House once more voting a large sum to pay the Prince's debts.

As may be imagined, the relationship between the new King and his Queen was the talk of London. Caroline had been in Italy for six years—practically all through George's regency—whence came many rumours regarding her private character. George, without examining these rumours, applied for a divorce. He ordered that no prayer for her as his Queen should be admitted into the Book of Common Prayer. She challenged this omission by return-

ing to England although she had been warned that proceedings would be taken against her if she appeared in London.

Public opinion was wholly in the Queen's favour. People said they did not care whether she was guilty of the charges against her or not; they liked her and hated George. Her trial in the old House of Peers lasted three months. Under the provisions of a *Bill of Pains and Penalties* there was an attempt to deprive her of her 'title, prerogatives, and privileges'; also to dissolve the marriage. Brougham, a young lawyer and politician, defended her with such skill that Londoners fought in their anxiety to secure a copy of the newspaper reports. Every time the Queen left the House of Lords she was greeted by cheering crowds. The third reading of the *Bill of Pains* resulted in a majority of nine, and this was the real cause of the Queen's acquittal, hailed in London with delirious rejoicing. Her death, a few months later, settled the question for all time, and George was free to do as he liked—which he certainly did.

The scene at his coronation, though, had been pathetic. The Queen had not been invited—she had in any case been refused coronation as Queen of England—but was determined to be present. As she had no ticket she was refused entrance, and drove away from the Abbey to the accompaniment of many expressions of sympathy. The episode was not without its effect on the King who 'seemed much oppressed and ill at ease.' His robes (which were of a ridiculous length) were more than he could bear. 'He frequently wiped his face while he remained seated. In descending the steps of the platform he seemed very feeble, and requested the aid of an officer who was near him.' For the coronation banquet Westminster Hall was decorated in the gayest manner. This was the last banquet of its kind, for William IV (George's brother and Duke of Clarence) refused to have anything of the kind.

Contemporary accounts of this particular banquet state that there were 7,742 lb. of beef; 7,133 of veal; 1,474 of mutton; 2,330 chickens, and 8,400 eggs. People fought

for places, and prize-fighters had to be requisitioned to keep order. At the conclusion the guests scrambled for any small souvenir of the feast on which they could lay hands; it was only by the smartness of the Lord Chamberlain that the coronation plate itself did not disappear.

The ministries of Canning and Wellington were the chief of this reign. Canning was an orator and led the more liberal section of the Tories, but was disliked by the King, who would never receive him into his presence if he could avoid it. Wellington was George's own nominee.

The accession of William IV was far less ostentatious. He and Queen Adelaide were popular. When it was discovered that William had dressed in naval uniform, instead of the elaborate robes George had worn, there was the greatest enthusiasm in London. 'God bless our Sailor-King!' resounded from end to end of Whitehall.

Charing Cross Hospital was founded in 1819, just before the accession of William, by Dr. Benjamin Golding. It began in a small way as a dispensary in St. Martin's Lane, but was moved to King William Street, Strand. A fashionable bazaar was held in Spring Gardens, St. James's Park, where a model of the proposed building was placed on view.

In 1834 the Houses of Parliament were burned down, but Westminster Hall was saved. The fire was caused by overheating of the flues when a large pile of sticks, known as 'tallies and foils' (used for recording large sums), were burned by order. The present buildings are a modification of the original designs by Sir Charles Barry, whose first plans were reduced on account of expense. The foundation stones were laid in 1840; the House of Lords was finished in 1847, and the Commons in 1852.

A word about Westminster School. It dates back to very early days but, as a foundation, must be considered Tudor. Famous headmasters have included William Camden, and the famous Dr. Busby, one of the 'hottest' royalists in the time of Charles I. Sir Christopher Wren was at Westminster under Busby. Other famous pupils of the school were Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley,

Dryden, Locke, Cowper, Warren Hastings, Gibbon, and Southey.

St. Paul's School was founded by Dean Colet in 1509. The first high master was the famous William Lily. The first building perished in the Great Fire; the second was used from 1670 to 1820; a third (on the same site) was occupied until 1884 when the school was removed to Hammersmith.

William, as a King, was regarded in London as both well-meaning and conscientious, but public opinion was often against him when he drove his ministers to despair by his anxiety to avoid strong measures. London was nearly the centre of a revolution in his reign. On the other hand, he had many friends, and his death was sincerely regretted by those who knew him intimately. A kindly, warm-hearted man, but hardly strong enough for the times.

With his death comes to an end the Georgian period. With the accession of his niece (Queen Victoria) came new thoughts and new ways for the people, but London was yet to be a City of spaces for years to come. It retained much of its rural aspect until the middle of the nineteenth century. But it was still possible to hear its cries in the markets—the famous cries of Old London—whether *Sweet Lavender!* or *Round and round, Fivepence a pound—Duke Cherries!*

CHAPTER XIV

VICTORIAN

(1837 to 1901)

ON the death of William IV, Alexandrina Victoria, only child of Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and fourth son of George III, came to the throne. Owing to somewhat straitened circumstances the Duke and Duchess of Kent had been living abroad, but they returned to London so that their child should be born on English soil.

The daughter of George IV, Princess Charlotte, had died in 1817. This had left the succession somewhat uncertain—so much so that the three unmarried sons of George III—the Duke of Clarence (who became William IV), and his brothers the Dukes of Cambridge and Kent, all married in 1818, the two elder on the same day. The Duke of Clarence's two girls died in infancy, and the Duke of Cambridge's son George was set aside owing to the birth of a daughter to the Duke of Kent—the Princess Victoria. Thus her claim to the throne was established.

What to name her was difficult to decide. The Duke himself wanted to call her Elizabeth in the hope that she would be 'more than a second Elizabeth.' George IV, at that time Prince Regent, wanted Georgiana, but whether he wanted that name as a feminine variation of his own, or whether he was thinking of the Duchess of Devonshire, I am unable to say. A little of both, perhaps. At all events, the suggestion was not adopted.

The Tsar was to be sponsor. He stipulated that one of her names must be Alexandrina; to this the Prince Regent agreed, seeing no chance of her being called Georgiana. 'I agree,' said the Duke of Kent, 'but I

will have her named Victoria, after her mother.' Thus it was Alexandrina Victoria.

The Princess was kept in entire ignorance of the fact that she was heir to the throne until she completed her twelfth year, and until she actually became Queen she never slept a night away from her mother's bedroom. Neither was she allowed to hold conversation with *anybody*—whether tutor, friend, or servant—unless the Duchess herself was present, or at least her private governess, Baroness Lehzen.

William IV was fond of his young niece, and quarrelled quite bitterly with the Duchess because she refused to let the little Princess come to live at his Court for a month or two each year. During his last illness William gave it as his opinion that Victoria would be a 'good woman and a good Queen.' 'It will touch every sailor's heart to have a girl-queen to fight for,' he said. Then he added, with a certain knowledge of the sailor, 'They'll be tattooing her face on their arms, and I'll be bound they'll all think she was christened after Nelson's ship.'

On the night of the King's death the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) set out for Kensington in a landau, reaching the Palace at five in the morning. His servants rang the bell, but there was no reply. They then thumped on the door until some one answered and showed the Archbishop and the Marquis Conyngham into a room on the ground floor. Presently appeared a maid who informed them that the Princess was asleep and could not be disturbed. The Archbishop told the girl he had come on state business and that sleep was a 'secondary consideration.' He was anxious to get back and have some breakfast. The Princess duly appeared and, according to her own account, 'felt no exultation, but something like fear.'

Victoria opened her first Parliament in person. Her speech—literally a maiden speech—referred to her extreme youth. She was only eighteen; she placed herself, she said, in the hands of her capable advisers. A Civil List bill was passed granting her £385,000 a year.

Naturally a husband was an early consideration. The gossips of the London drawing-rooms married her every evening to a different husband, some predicting a public marriage, others (who, of course, *really* knew) telling stories of private marriages of which they had authentic details. The young Queen was, according to their gossip, a bigamist many times over.

The coronation took place on June 28, 1838; it was, perhaps, the most impressive ceremony witnessed up to that time. The historically minded may have cast back in their thoughts and tried to picture others who had been crowned as queens and not as consorts. They may have thought of Anne, who waddled painfully up to her throne, wheezing the while; they may have thought of Bloody Mary, whose accession had been so hateful to the Protestants; or of Elizabeth, whose vanity was her chief characteristic. None of these could compare with the sweetness of this young Princess—save one alone, Lady Jane Grey, who reigned for nine days and was never crowned at all. Memories were not so short that citizens had entirely forgotten that the crown had far too frequently rested on the heads of disreputable old rakes who had not a shred of morality about them. The streets were hung with tapestry; there was a flare of red in the soldiers' uniforms. Wellington was in that procession, cheered at every step.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of June 28, eight days before her coronation, the young Queen had met her Privy Council at Kensington Palace. The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham) administered the oaths (as was customary) and those present paid homage. Amongst them were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Russell, and Lord Palmerston. Victoria almost tremblingly received their courtly obeisance, but when it came to the Dukes of Suffolk and Cumberland, her own uncles, she was so overcome that she blushing stepped down from her throne and kissed them both affectionately. It was perhaps this quality in England's greatest Queen that made her so really great. Later, when her own age permitted her to



DURING A LULL IN THE TRAFFIC :
MODERN MILLBANK AND VICTORIAN WESTMINSTER
TAKEN FROM THE NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE

accept homage and reverence, she held her position to the last degree of imperiousness ; at this time she showed her own respect for age.

The announcement of the Queen's betrothal to her cousin Prince Albert was received enthusiastically in London. ' Albert's beauty is so striking ; he is so amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating.' wrote Victoria to King Leopold.

The marriage was, of course, *the* social event of 1840. It was solemnized in St. James's Chapel Royal. The Queen's bridal dress was of English manufacture, made in London. It was of Spitalfields silk. Her veil was of Honiton lace ; her ribbons came from Coventry ; her gloves were English made of English kid. This last was a patriotic move because French gloves were the fashion.

The position of her husband had now been finally settled. It had been decided that he could not be made King-Consort, but Victoria had been anxious that his title should give him the precedence, not only in London but in foreign Courts. Lord Melbourne did his best for her in an attempt to alter the naturalization laws, but found all he could do was to leave the Queen herself to settle the question by letters-patent. As her powers only signified within her own realm, she was unable to protect her husband from discourtesy at the hands of foreign Princes who occasionally treated Albert's position as one of mere courtesy rank. Those, however, who sinned in this way were never invited again.

There was an attempt by a half-crazy pot-boy to assassinate the Queen on June 10 of that same year. The Queen and her husband were driving up Constitution Hill when a pistol was fired directly at the royal carriage. The shot missed. When the Queen appeared later in the day she was received with such enthusiasm as could leave her in no doubt of her real popularity. This was not the only attempt on her life.

Victoria's sympathy soon went out to the poor of London, and she talked of reducing her household expenses in order to save money to relieve their sufferings. When

she spoke to Peel on the subject he returned an answer she did not like, but one of which she saw the wisdom. 'Your Majesty is not perhaps unaware,' he said, 'that the most unpopular person in the parish is the relieving officer.' The Queen looked at him in surprise. 'If the Queen were to constitute herself the relieving officer for all parishes in the kingdom,' he continued, 'she would find her money go a very little way, and she would provoke more grumbling than thanks. The Queen must do all things in order, not seeking praise for doing one thing well, but striving to be an example in all respects, even in dinner-giving.' Victoria took this very well, and the matter was dropped.

In June of 1842 great excitement prevailed in London when it was known that the Queen had expressed her intention to take her first railway journey from Windsor to Paddington. There was great fun over the attitude of the Master of the Horse, who was mightily offended because a 'stinking engine' had put him out-of-court. He strode into Windsor station with his nose in the air, and demanded to inspect the 'new atrocity.' The Queen's coachman, who was something of a wag and who secretly disliked the Master, told him he must at least *pretend* to drive the engine. The railway authorities, however, were inclined to dispute the matter. At all events, the Master of the Horse was at length permitted to ride in the pilot engine preceding the royal train. He was hardly dressed for the occasion, being resplendent in scarlet livery, white gloves, and powdered wig. These suffered so much from soot and sparks that the worthy Master decided the next time her Majesty should elect to travel by train (instead of by coach) she could do it without his assistance. The Queen enjoyed the trip immensely, from all accounts; it would seem so because, a fortnight later, she paid her first visit to Scotland.

The Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park was the greatest success of its kind in the history of London. It was promoted by the Society of Arts at the suggestion of the Prince Consort, and was visited by over six million people.

It was amazing that the Prince met with such opposition as he appears to have done. Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, declared he would never consent to admitting the right of the Crown in the matter at all. The Prince could not, he declared, hold an exhibition in Hyde Park. In the Lower House, Colonel Sibthorp told the Commons London would be overrun with 'undesirable foreigners.'

As for the Prince, he was inundated with abusive letters in which the writers told him it was 'just like a German to try to corrupt London.' The Prince went on quietly with the work and, on May 1, the Queen opened the exhibition. The profits were £150,000. These were devoted to the purchase of land in South Kensington and the endowment of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington was the outstanding event in London of 1852, the procession from Chelsea Hospital to St. Paul's an impressive spectacle. The coffin was placed on a bronze car, covered with the Duke's insignia and some of his trophies. There were huge crowds in the streets, especially in front of Apsley House, the mansion in Piccadilly presented to him by the nation. Practically every European power was represented; even France sent an ambassador. The Duke was buried under a sarcophagus in the crypt at a spot beneath the dome near to the tomb of Nelson; the handsome monument in the north nave aisle was subsequently raised to his memory.

The Queen settled the question of the Prince's technical position by letters-patent in 1857. She still clung to the idea of his being King-Consort and ruling jointly with her, as had been the case with William and Mary, but the Prince never agreed. It was only to please her that he accepted the title of Prince Consort.

Then came the Crimean War. The Queen superintended all committees formed for the relief of the wounded; she assisted Florence Nightingale in getting together bands of trained nurses; she visited hospitals. The Victoria Cross was instituted by her at this time.

The death of the Prince in 1861 caused the Queen a sorrow from which she never recovered. The Albert Hall and Memorial remain as her permanent tribute to his memory.

The Jubilee of 1887 was marked by solemnity as well as rejoicing. A solemn service was held in Westminster Abbey to which the Queen went in state accompanied by a princely escort such as had never been seen in London. Other events of note at this time were the opening by the Queen of the People's Palace; the review of the Volunteers at Buckingham Palace; the laying of the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute; a notable review at Aldershot and another at Spithead. These last two are mentioned because so many Londoners were present.

The Diamond Jubilee of 1897 exceeded its predecessor for pomp and splendour. The procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's went by way of Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and the Strand, returning by London Bridge and along Borough Road to Westminster.

Those who witnessed the state visit of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie to London (1855) must have remembered the event for long enough. The Royal party went in full state from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall. Another event was a state visit to Her Majesty's Theatre. 'Never did I see such enormous crowds at night,' wrote the Queen afterwards, 'and all in the highest good humour. We literally drove through a sea of human beings, cheering and pressing near the carriage. The streets,' she added, 'were beautifully illuminated.' There was also a state visit to the Opera under similar conditions.

The opening of the Law Courts in the Strand—the fine Gothic buildings designed in 1872 by G. E. Street—was another social event which attracted attention in 1882.

Lord Melbourne guided the Queen well in early days. He did more than guide; frequently he intimidated his young mistress, but his tact with her was remarkable.

It was during his ministry that Rowland Hill succeeded in establishing the penny postage. Until then no letter had been carried for less than twopence. Long-distance postage was much heavier. From London to Durham, for example, a letter cost a shilling. The natural consequence was that the poor did not write letters at all. Or, if they did, they contrived to make a mark on the envelope which gave their correspondent an inkling of the contents. The correspondent would then refuse to take in the letter (having deciphered the mark) and the revenue, which was not prepaid, was lost. Hill's suggestion was that the postage should be prepaid.

Peel's ministry was remarkable for the corn-law debates, every word of which was followed by business men in London. He was a model statesman, but Wellington was the most loved of all by the Queen herself; Palmerston was certainly no favourite.

The names of eminent men of the Victorian Age are indeed legion. Statesmen such as Melbourne, Peel, Wellington, Palmerston, Russell, Disraeli, Bright, and Gladstone, stand out in the history of London's really great, but no more than those devoted to less energetic forms of employment. Men-of-letters such as Thackeray, Kingsley, Dickens, Fitzgerald, Swinburne, Meredith, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson come to the mind immediately, as do the artists, Frith, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Birket Foster, and Orchardson. Cathedral organists such as Stainer and Bridge; actors such as Irving and Ellen Terry; singers such as Santley and Jenny Lind; light opera writers such as Gilbert and Sullivan; violinists such as Joachim and Sarasate; pianists such as Rubinstein and Liszt; great masters such as Mendelssohn, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Grieg and Gounod—even though not all English or Londoners—were known and appreciated in Victorian London. It is true to say that never in the history of our capital have there been so many eminent men alive at the same time as during the reign of Queen Victoria.

To turn from the people to the place once more. The greatest engineering achievement of the reign—and there were many—was undoubtedly the construction of the Victoria Embankment. Both architects and geologists, all through the ages, have been of the opinion that the Thames was formerly less a river than an estuary, bounded on the south by the hills of Camberwell and Sydenham, and those of Highgate and Hampstead on the north. At low-water—Wren thought this—there was a large sandy plain. Wren always declared that these sands suffered from the gales and were driven into sandhills, and that when the Romans embanked them they became undulating meadows, after which the Thames was made to behave itself, and keep within prescribed banks.

Wren had remarkable faculties for being correct in his assumptions, but it seems to me that the embanking of the Thames must have taken place very early in London's history because so much of London is lower than the high-water level of the river. It may have been that the early Britons embanked it, and that the Romans completed the work or at least did a good deal towards its completion. There are evidences that the work was not really finished until the Normans arrived in England.

It will be remembered that Wren planned a fine and 'commodious quay on the whole bank of the river from the Tower to Blackfriars.' Evelyn improved on the suggestion. He wanted 'another plan with the same view, and besides lessening the most considerable declivities, he proposed further to employ the rubbish in filling up the shore of the Thames to low-water mark in a straight line from the Tower to the Temple, and form an ample quay, if it could be done without increasing the rapidity of the stream.' As is well known, neither project materialized.

During the reigns of George IV and William IV, Sir Frederick Trench brought up the question of an embankment for the Thames before Parliament but, as usual in those days, nothing was done. It may have been all to the good because there were no very great engineers

alive at the time—certainly nobody with the brains or skill of Bazalgette.

Sir Joseph Bazalgette was the greatest engineer of the Victorian Age. He was responsible for an entire reconstruction of London's drainage system in 1848. This had hitherto been divided between eight municipal bodies. Owing to his activities they were consolidated in 1855, when he became chief engineer to the newly formed Metropolitan Board of Works. He fought official formalities for three years, but his temper was so acid and his views so eminently sensible that he managed at last to assume something like a dictatorship. Within ten years he had established his new system consisting of eighty-three sewers draining over a hundred square miles of buildings and dealing with over four hundred million gallons each day. The cost was over four-and-a-half millions.

At the same time Bazalgette laid his plans for the Thames Embankment. He built the sections between Westminster and Vauxhall (the Surrey side) between 1860 and 1869; the following year the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) opened another section between Westminster and Blackfriars. Three years later the Chelsea section was finished, and in 1876 Northumberland Avenue was opened. Bazalgette also built bridges both at Putney and Battersea. He died at Wimbledon in 1891.

The Victoria Embankment was begun in 1864 and finished in 1870, largely from Walker's plan of 1840. The river-side footway was opened in 1868 and the carriage-way two years later. The length of the Embankment is a little over a mile and is a hundred feet wide everywhere, the 'carriage-way' being sixty-four feet wide. The wall is carried down to a depth of thirty-two feet below high water mark and fourteen feet under low water-level.

Cleopatra's Needle—which always looks strangely odd and out-of-court, so to speak, on the Embankment, has always been one of 'the things' to see in London.

It is one of two granite obelisks erected by Thothmes III at Heliopolis. Thothmes was the third of four Egyptian Pharaohs of that name, and is now generally thought to be the famous Pharaoh of the Oppression. From what I can learn of him, he seems to have liked anything that had length about it. As he himself was under five feet in height a reason may lie in the fact. At all events, he erected two of these obelisks (1475 B.C.), which were removed to the Caesareum at Alexandria about twelve years before the Christian era. Mohammed Ali offered one of them to George IV as a coronation gift. George said he did not see what he could do with it, facetiously remarking that nobody could *sew* anything with it, and declined. In 1877 it was decided that Egypt could spare it, and the column was encased in a cylindrical towing-raft, despite the fact that it was sixty-eight feet in length and weighed something over a hundred tons. The raft struck a squall in the Bay of Biscay and had to be abandoned. It floated about for several months. Then, by the generosity of Sir Erasmus Wilson, it was recaptured and brought to England in 1878, set up on its grey granite pedestal, and adorned with bronze sphinxes by Vulliamy. During the War a bomb from a German airplane nearly concluded its existence. Fortunately, only a piece was chipped off the plinth. That was the memorable 'air-raid night' of September 4, 1917. The other needle, slightly higher and nearly twice as heavy, was set up in the Central Park, New York, in 1879.

In attempting any sort of general survey of London of Victorian days it is obviously necessary to observe at the outset that the period saw both extensions and internal additions at the same time. In the space at my disposal it is impossible to try to show the development of the great metropolis as a whole; such a method would turn out to be a long list, none too easy to assimilate and certainly not interesting enough to warrant its being undertaken. It is therefore my intention to attract your notice to an area which, as it is now, can be pointed to

as typical of the best style of building in the Victorian era : *Whitehall*.

Going down Whitehall from Charing Cross to Parliament Street on the Western side, that is to say, the right-hand side, we find nothing but public buildings. The Admiralty, admittedly, is not Victorian but early Georgian. The fact gives us all the more opportunity to make comparisons. The Admiralty was erected from designs by Ripley on the site of the mansion built by Lord Knollys and called Wallingford House. (He was also Viscount Wallingford.) This house was built during the reign of Charles I, and was used by Cromwell and his councillors for the purpose of discussing important public affairs. The mansion was bought in the reign of William III and used as the Admiralty Office, which had until that time been in Duke Street, Westminster.

The present building, with its two deep wings and handsome central Ionic portico (over which the Admiralty arms appear on a pediment), is decidedly imposing from the outside, but the interior is not really remarkable. In the large room on the ground floor Nelson's body lay in state on the night of January 8, 1806, prior to interment at St. Paul's the following day.

The Horse Guards (adjoining the Admiralty) was so named because a troop of these Guards has always been constantly on duty there. The buildings were designed by Kent about 1753. Roughly, the Horse Guards is the site of the old Tilt-yard of Whitehall Palace.

The Treasury Buildings give us our first glimpse of Victorian Whitehall on that side. The frontage must be at least three hundred yards. Originally designed and built by Sir John Soane, the Treasury Buildings were altered in 1850 by Sir Charles Barry who added a façade in full Corinthian style. No. 10 Downing Street is really the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury who is *generally* the Prime Minister, though not necessarily so. No. 11 is the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and 'next door' is the



IN MEMORY OF A GREAT QUEEN:

THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

office of the Government Whips. At No. 14 Wellington and Nelson met for the first and only time.

Opposite are the Foreign, Colonial, and Home Offices, all of which were built by Sir Gilbert Scott and belong to Victorian London. This part of Whitehall therefore may be regarded as thoroughly Victorian in style. It is, of course, late Renaissance, and sprang from the earlier work of Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren. How well it all blends with the Gothic of the old Abbey or with that of the Houses of Parliament! They, too, belong to Victorian London. Purists may not be inclined to agree that Renaissance and Gothic blend, but I maintain that if the Record Office and the Houses of Parliament *actually flanked* the National Gallery, the Gothic of the first two would blend superbly with the Neo-classic of the last.

Portland Stone distinguishes any building, no matter of what period or in what style. We have all learned to love it, whether washed white by summer showers and winter storms, or whether black as coal where the rains have failed to cleanse it. So that Whitehall, from the Admiralty to the Abbey, is something of which London lovers may be proud. All the same, not everyone who passes down Whitehall realizes he is making use of what once was a right of way through the grounds of the old Royal Palace of Whitehall.

The next time you walk from Charing Cross (by which I will ask you to mean the equestrian statue of King Charles) to the Abbey I suggest you let everything fade around you as soon as you come to the Horse Guards on your right, and the Banqueting Hall (now the United Services Institution) on your left, and try to imagine yourself within the confines of a wonderful old palace, once the home of Kings.

As far back as 1240 (Henry III) a large mansion existed on the river side of Whitehall. It was built by Hubert de Burgh. Having failed to keep a vow to go to the Holy Land and join a crusade, he left this property to the Church of the Black Friars in Holborn, instructing the

Friars to sell it as soon as convenient and devote the proceeds towards the crusade in which he himself had been unable to take part.

In 1248 the Friars sold the palace to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. The transaction is important because the palace remained in the possession of the succeeding archbishops until the fall of Wolsey—that is to say, for nearly three hundred years. Thirty archbishops occupied it in turn. The palace, during the whole of that period, was known as York House. Wolsey, as was his wont with places and palaces in which he elected to live, enlarged it considerably. When he fell into disgrace with Henry VIII the property was delivered up to the King by charter and was then re-named Whitehall Palace. It was characteristic of Henry to demand the submission of the great house of one whom he had formerly called friend, and then to change its name so that it had no longer any connection with its erstwhile associations.

Shakespeare noticed that. In *King Henry the Eighth* occur these lines :

‘ So she parted.
And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.’

The rejoinder corrects the above, thus :

‘ Sir,
You must no more call it York Place : that’s past :
For since the Cardinal fell, that title’s lost.
’Tis now the King’s and called Whitehall.’

Whitehall came in very handy, as it happened, for old Westminster Palace had fallen into a bad state. That, too, was extensive. It covered twenty-four acres of land. Inigo Jones designed a magnificent building to take its place, but nothing came of it. His pupil John Webb designed a new Whitehall Palace. Both these men spent much of their time designing enormous buildings which never materialized. Let us hope they were paid for the plans they made.

Wolsey’s Palace—or shall I call it Henry’s?—was in full Tudor style. Whitehall—the street—had to be kept

as it was, because there was a right of way. Henry therefore built a bridge or gallery across the street in order to make easy access to the cock-pit, the covered tennis court, and other buildings which stood where the Treasury Buildings are now. The 'tennice-courte,' from the outside, looked like a Tudor chapel. At the side of the Banqueting House a magnificent gallery ran dead north towards Charing Cross. The site of it is now occupied by Montagu House, Whitehall Gardens, and the offices of the Board of Trade. There were two handsome gates known respectively as Whitehall Gate and King Street Gate built out of respect to the laws governing right of way. The former was also known as the Holbein Gate.

By the time James I came to the throne the palace was as dilapidated as old Westminster Palace had been when Henry stole York House from Wolsey. Inigo Jones had been appointed Surveyor-General by James, who consulted him immediately after his accession. Jones, by the way, was succeeded by Sir John Denham, who was Wren's immediate predecessor. Webb made the plans.

John Webb had expensive ideas. He conceived a design which, had it found expression in stone, would have taken 1152 feet of the Thames bank and have extended west for a matter of 874 feet, which would have meant that its western extremities were well into St. James's Park. He intended to have four great towers, one at each corner of the building, a large 'quad' in the centre, and six smaller ones round it. There were to be two magnificent corridors and a huge Persian Court (or Circus) on the Park side, filled with wonderful statuary, fountains, arches, broad-water terraces, flower gardens, and everything else that even a King in those times could want. As James said, it was very impressive, but far too dear. All the same, James told Jones he could get on with the Banqueting House, and then 'he would see.' This the worthy architect did. He built it in three years and charged £14,940, 4s. for it. It is the only part of Whitehall Palace built by him, and the only part to survive the great fire there in 1698.

When Charles I became King John Webb's plans were looked at again, but that seems to be all. Rubens was on a visit to London at that time, and the King commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting Hall. That cost Charles three thousand pounds. Rubens made the initial sketches in London, but actually painted the canvas in Antwerp. Charles paid him the three thousand pounds he asked, and knighted him at the same time. Generous men, those Stuarts!

The ceiling is well worth seeing. It has been restored many times. Kent worked on it for George II, but Cipriani seems to have done still more for George III. Whether or not George knew that Rubens had been paid three thousand pounds is more than I can say; if he did, he cannot have been too pleased when Cipriani's bill came in for payment—it was for *two* thousand for renovations only!

In 1829 the Banqueting Hall was closed, but when Queen Victoria came to the throne it was entirely repaired and the ceiling restored. The last time it was touched was in 1906 and, to look at it, you would think it was done last week.

The subject is attractive. The central compartments represent the English Solomon, enthroned, pointing to Prince Charles who is supposed to be learning wisdom. Judging from what happened to the said Prince outside that very hall on a cold January day in 1649, it would seem the lesson was given in vain.

Cromwell lived for some time in Whitehall Palace. It also served as a place in which to refuse the Crown of England and, incidentally, to sign the death-warrant of Charles. After the Restoration, Charles II asked Wren to submit designs for rebuilding the Palace. Nothing came of the scheme, but Wren was asked again by William III for plans. He submitted two sets which William compared with those of John Webb. He seems to have inclined toward Webb's ideas, but eventually asked Wren (whose designs are still in existence) to think no more about it and add to Hampton Court instead. In

1698 a fire put an end to the possibility of a rebuilding scheme of any kind.

The famous weather-cock placed on the Banqueting House by James II still tells the true wind. *He* watched it anxiously enough! Would it blow a fair wind to let the Prince of Orange (William III) sail to the shores of England to wrest the kingdom from him, or would it blow a hard sou'wester? That was often in the mind of the unhappy James in 1688. 'It blows a southerly gale to-night, Sir,' said one of his courtiers. 'Then let it blow like hell,' said James.

The Banqueting House was converted into a Royal Chapel at the accession of George I. It was never actually consecrated—George was not particular about such things—but services were held there until as late as 1891, excepting, of course, from 1829 to 1837, when the whole building was closed. In October, 1890, Queen Victoria sanctioned the final closing of the chapel; on the first day of 1891 the Royal United Service Institution came into possession and began at once on an addition to the south side, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) in 1893.

Apart from the Banqueting House, nothing remains of all this glory. The Holbein Gateway, which stood near to Charing Cross and which was a perfect specimen of Tudor building, had gone since 1795 when it was pulled down to widen the road. The King's Gate, in Gothic style, which stood at the north end of King Street near Old Scotland Yard, had been done away with since 1723. The Privy Garden, in which Charles II walked with Nell Gwynn so often, had long since become Whitehall Gardens. So that Victorian Londoners knew little of what had once been there.

The death of Queen Victoria on January 22, 1901, closed an epoch in English and London's history. Her reign had covered a period of sixty-four years. She had been the idol of her people. Her funeral lasted four days, for she lay in state at Osborne, whence she was conveyed from Cowes to Portsmouth, through London to

Windsor. She was buried in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore.

It is hardly necessary to comment upon the character of the great Queen herself. Her characteristics are just as well known; she was often '*not amused*' when others were convulsed. Philip Gibbs, in *The Golden Years*, says, that ladies-in-waiting nearly fainted when called on suddenly to go into the 'Presence,' and also that old soldiers who had fought in the Indian Mutiny or in the Crimean War wiped the perspiration off their brows and went weak at the knees before a private audience. He also describes a scene where the Prince of Wales was standing outside the Queen's door, waiting for Mr. Gladstone to come out. 'Every now and then he loosened his collar and breathed as though the air was sultry,' says the writer.

'It is rather oppressive to-day, don't you think?' he said.

'It is certainly warm for the time of year, Sir,' answered Isobel demurely. 'Devilish,' said H.R.H. 'And I am afraid it's going to be warmer.' He nodded towards the Queen's rooms and made a comical face, and then whispered to her: 'I am in for a wiggling . . . the prodigal son . . . Heaven help me!'

So that even the future King was afraid of this extraordinary little personality. And yet the day came when he himself was feared, not least in Prussia where a bitter war was even then in the mind of a certain War Lord.

CHAPTER XV

EDWARDIAN

(1901 to 1910)

VICTORIA'S great son, Albert Edward, was born in 1841. Thus he was sixty years of age when he ascended the throne—indeed a ripe age at which to begin his greatest work. The coronation was originally fixed for June 26, 1902, but the King's severe illness (it will be remembered) caused a postponement. Eventually it took place on August 9 of that same year. For splendour it may not have surpassed other coronations in days when more emphasis was placed on such things, but those who witnessed it may recall the robes of Queen Alexandra which were of cloth-of-gold, draped with embroidered net of silver and gold. Her embroidered velvet train was eighteen feet in length, purple-red in colour and lined with ermine throughout. The King wore a coat of crimson satin trimmed with gold lace, a purple velvet robe also lined with ermine.

King Edward opened his first Parliament on February 14, 1901. The Queen and the Princesses were still in semi-mourning for Queen Victoria, but the rest of the Court had abandoned it and the scene was one of great brilliance. From that hour the King enjoyed London's trust and affection.

Edward's reign seems to be a period covering not merely the nine years he lived as King, but *thirteen* years—up to the Great War. What I mean is that those nine years saw a great spiritual change in London and formed a link between Victorian London and Post-War London. When King Edward came to the throne the very fact that we, who had never known any sovereign but a Queen,

found ourselves the subjects of a King brought about the change, or at least part of it. Society took a different view of life, so to speak. When King George came to the throne we had been used to having a King in our capital, and no change was felt.

To pursue the argument further is to point out that King George continued the good work of his father, but did not make sweeping changes. He did not alter the state religion to Roman Catholicism like Mary, nor yet change it back to Protestantism like Elizabeth.

It was during the War that London felt the presence of its new King who must have known how dear he was to his people the night of August 3, 1914, when hundreds of thousands cheered him and his Queen outside Buckingham Palace. Those cheers came from the heart of a people determined to go on towards a goal none could foresee. So that, for convenience' sake, I am inclined to regard the whole period of King Edward's reign, together with the first four of King George's, as complete in itself and entirely transitional so far as London and its people are concerned.

It was during this period that it became the custom to speak of *Greater London*. What a thought! Greater London! Greater and greater every year, spreading to the north and west—everywhere but *east*.

It would be tiring to attempt to sketch a development of the suburbs during the period. I mention two only, just as examples. I lived in Golders Green during the first half of the War. In 1910 there was nothing of any account between Hampstead Heath and the first of the Finchleys. In 1914 the Hampstead Garden Suburb was springing up at an incredible speed. Golders Green is now no longer a youthful-looking daughter of Hendon. She 'fends for herself,' so to speak.

I remember cycling to Chorleywood during the first part of the War. A country ride all the way from Hendon. Not a brick between Harrow and Pinner. I am writing these very words *in* Pinner; to-day, travelling by the Metropolitan Railway to Baker Street I shall realize that



SYMBOL OF ETERNAL YOUTH :
THE PETER PAN STATUE, KENSINGTON GARDENS

Pinner is part of Greater London. My telephone number is in the London book and would *still* be if I lived ten miles farther out! Some of this is Post-War development, but the seeds of it were sown in the period under review.

We rightly assign to the Great War most of our present conditions—those we like and those we do not like, but London of the War hardly comes into this story. There is no reason why it should; it is a story in itself—a story of London when hardly a building of note was used for its normal purpose. It was a London when this building was a V.A.D. hospital, when that park was commandeered for military or air-force needs; when streets were darkened in some districts and left surprisingly light in others; when a man carried his birth-certificate and his meat-card, and put saccharin into his coffee because he had used up his allowance of sugar; when the timid watched the moon with as much anxiety as James II watched the weather-cock on the Banqueting Hall, and cursed the nights in which they sought refuge in basement kitchens or dismal cellars.

All that is a story in itself. It does not concern the normal development of London. On the other hand, this little period between Victorian days and post-War days, regarded exclusively and without any thought of the War, has every right to be considered by itself and, as I think, to be set down as a period of transition from one to the other.

The invention of the Tube Railways, important to London life for many years now, is not an Edwardian invention, admittedly, but its transitional stage was developed in Edward's reign. The first tube in London was on the City and South London line, with tunnels ten feet diameter. The Metropolitan line was opened as far back as 1863. It began between Bishop's Road, Paddington, and Farringdon Street, but the Company had reached South Kensington in 1868 and Aldgate in 1876. The Inner Circle was finished in 1884. Four years later the extension to St. John's Wood was opened, and gradually the line was developed towards the country. It was

not, however, until 1904 that Uxbridge was connected to the Metropolitan line. The first electrification of these and other lines belongs to Edwardian London. Some of the early tubes were driven into the London clay at a depth of two hundred feet; many of the later constructions go deeper still.

The Edwardian period saw the early development of most of the inventions we have perfected since the War. It would be almost idle, for instance, to compare our modern telephones with those of the latter part of the Victorian period, but if we look at the system in use in London of Edwardian times we shall see the connecting link. We consider ourselves old-fashioned in these days if our houses are not lighted by electricity; in the early days of Edward VII we should have considered ourselves very up-to-date by having them so lighted—yet electric lighting was known in Victoria's reign. Few of us care to ride a bicycle in London in 1933 because of the traffic, but only the venturesome cared to ride a 'penny-farthing' *anywhere* in 1883. Yet in 1903, owing to the development of what was called the 'safety' bicycle, cycling was very general in London.

The Edwardian period saw the development of the motor-car, of the tramway systems, also a regular express service on the railways. Horse-buses gradually died out, likewise the hansom cab, though I must here record the fact that I saw a hansom in St. Martin's Lane in 1933. The hansom, by the way, takes its name from J. A. Hansom, who registered his 'patent safety-cab' in 1834.

Cinematography emerged from the stage when it nearly blinded us to watch it only to enter a transitional stage between its first condition and our superb modern filming, but the theatres of Edwardian London, in the main, were those of the Victorian and even Georgian London. Most of them remain as they have been for generations. Some, in the matter of comfort, are a disgrace to our great city.

One of our oldest periodical forms of entertainment has been the Christmas pantomime, behind which there is

a long history. The Edwardian period saw the first changes and the establishment of what we have since called *revue*. Serious music, too, developed largely during this period. The Promenade Concerts, now known the world over largely through the activities of the B.B.C., were begun in 1895, but their establishment came in the early days of Edward's reign.

Even the Church knew development in Edwardian times. Anglo-Catholicism was known all through Victoria's reign, but, so far as London is concerned, it found only small expression until the early part of this century—the Arts, also. Sculpture and Painting are the Arts of the Ages, but Futurism (so-called) first attracted notice in Edwardian times.

Architecture, again, showed signs of change at the beginning of the century. Wren's influence has never died; probably it never will, but the tendency to modify the late Renaissance style was evident when the plans were first laid to rebuild Regent Street. The completion of that work belongs to Post-War London, but the style belongs to Edwardian London. The period was also that of the establishment of the great stores. A building like Selfridge's, for example, is of the late Renaissance style as thought out by Edwardian architects. Westminster Cathedral is an excellent example of Edwardian adaptation of the early Christian Byzantine style. It was consecrated the year the King died.

The very fact that a King was in London's midst, amongst people whose parents, and probably grandparents also, had never remembered a ruler excepting a Queen, was enough to bring about a great change of heart, reflected in literature, music, and painting. The type of novel read in Victorian times was recognized as belonging clearly to that period. An Edwardian son understood his Victorian father when he upheld the type of novel in vogue in his day, but he himself looked for something a trifle more 'advanced' for his own reading. What applied to that type of reading applied also to more serious study. Psychology and philosophy were studied

as part of a New Thought, even though as old as the hills. Christian Science, though it derived its tenets largely from pagan thought of Greece and Rome, and though it had been established in 1875 by Mrs. Eddy in America, was not widely recognized in London until 1908, when it first came under discussion during a conference of Bishops at Lambeth.

Contemporary music, as heard in London during the period, may be said to have found its greatest native expression in the works of Elgar. We are not far wrong when we regard his music as a link between music of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the more modern utterances of the twentieth.

Edwardian London saw great changes of thought in its homes. The notion that a woman's place was *in* that home, and nowhere else, was considered Victorian even in the first years of the new century. It is certainly true to say that she whom we now call the modern girl was not to be found in London at that time, yet suffragism was nearing its height in the last three years of Edward's reign. The connecting link again.

So that whichever way we regard London of Edwardian times—whether we watch the additions to its underground railway services or merely study the mural decorations of its houses—we find it forming a definite link between the peaceful Victorian days and the strenuous Post-War days in which we live.

CHAPTER XVI

POST-WAR

(1933)

EVERY time I sit and drink coffee on the first floor of my favourite café in Fleet Street, just a few yards west of the bottom of Fetter Lane, I gaze over the road at a little sign which tells me the Mitre Tavern was once there, and I remember how John Evelyn stood opposite to that old inn (and therefore probably just under the window at which I am sitting) to watch the procession when King Charles II returned to the throne of England. The newspaper offices then seem to fade away, and in their stead arise tumbledown, half-timbered houses with attractive balconies, and I see them all, 'set with fair ladies' leaning over to throw down red roses into the rough roadway, to hear the delirious shouting of the Cavaliers, to see the survivors of Naseby, or a Roundhead, here and there, who seems to hesitate before daring to shout too loudly.

As I leave the café and walk up Fleet Street towards the Strand—Temple Bar Memorial catches my eye, but I like to allow it to fade, and to find myself looking at the old stone gateway that stood there in 1553, and to remember that Wren's Bar was to be 'a dignified Structure worthy to define the exact Spot where a Royal Visitor might be welcomed within the City Gates.' I imagine I see the Mayor and Aldermen waiting to present His Majesty with the sword of the City. I see Wren, Evelyn, Pepys, and the obese Lord Brouncker watching the ceremony on the occasion of a visit of King Charles to the City.

Wren must have cast about him for a suitable idea for his Temple Bar, because there was nothing traditional he

could very well carry on. He must have run his eye over the narrow roadway and have come to the conclusion that he would have to make the best of a 'narrow job,' for there was none too much space. He made the best of what space he had, and Temple Bar was dignified. The niches—two on either side—were to be for statues of considerable size. Those facing the Strand for Charles I and Charles II; those facing Fleet Street for James I and a lady whose identity seems to be a mystery. Some say she is Elizabeth, others Anne of Denmark. She does not seem to me to resemble either. A visit to Theobald's Park may settle the question for you.

To turn down Middle Temple Gateway and into New Court or Essex Court is to place less strain on the imagination, because everything around you is Stuart. The noise of Fleet Street has faded away entirely; there is a hush, and a blackbird sings in the enormous plane tree above you. In April it is well worth walking down to the gardens leading to the Embankment, if only to inhale the scent of the hyacinths, or to see the magnolia trees in full bloom. Walking back up Essex Street is a pleasant experience. The noises of the traffic increase in a perfect *crescendo* as you make your way once more into the Strand.

You may gaze at the roof of St. Clement Danes and wonder why Wren allowed it to be seen from the street, especially if you happen to know that it was against his principles. Had you been there two hundred and fifty years previously, you might have met him and asked a direct question. His reply would have been that the cost of the building had to be cut down as the parishioners could only afford bare necessities. He probably would not have told you that he gave his services free, nor would he have taken you inside and commented on the fact that he and Grinling Gibbons had decorated this church more elaborately than any other.

You may not thus transport yourself into Stuart London, but you may be fortunate enough one day to be near St. Clement's when the Rector is presenting the



CONTRAST IN RENAISSANCE :

THE LATE STYLE OF SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE AND THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

children with oranges and lemons, a ritual Dr. Johnson may have witnessed. He attended this church ; his pew is still pointed out.

As you pass Aldwych and the Kingsway you will find much that speaks of 1933 and nothing that reminds you of 67 B.C., but you need not forget that when the site was cleared for the foundations of the larger buildings, and the sun and rain acted on the earth, Italian flowers sprang up from seeds the Romans had planted.

Turn back for a moment. Go to No. 17 Fleet Street, not far from the Law Courts, and see the charming Jacobean room called Prince Henry's room. You will not find many people there though the room is occasionally used for meetings ; you will generally find it unoccupied in the middle of the day. The house was built in the reign of King James I. Prince Henry was his son, who died in 1612 at the age of eighteen. This Prince Henry was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's best friends. He frequently visited him in the Garden House of the Tower. 'No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage,' he once said.

Savoy Hill, to many people, is a reminder of the early days of broadcasting. They forget the Chapel Royal whose parish must be the smallest west of Fleet Street. Nothing, unless it is the graveyard, remains to tell of the great house built by Simon de Montfort on a site given by Henry III to his Queen's uncle, Peter of Savoy ; neither is there anything to suggest that both John of Gaunt and Geoffrey Chaucer lived there. The chapel was built by Henry VII in the Perpendicular style and restored by Victoria after a fire in 1864.

On your way to Charing Cross you can do worse than turn down Buckingham Street, on the south side of the Strand. You will find it quiet and pleasant. At one time Pepys lived at No. 14, near to John Evelyn who lived in Villiers Street. The Adelphi, especially the Terrace, will remind you of Georgian London and of the days of the four brothers Adam—Robert, John, James, and William. *Adelphi*, brothers.

The next time you pass down Holborn, turn through the old Jacobean archway into Staple Inn, and rest a while in the shade of the plane trees, as Dr. Johnson was so fond of doing. This is one of the most charming of all relics of old London. You may not concern yourself with the fact that the wool-staplers were once associated with it, but you may be interested in Grinling Gibbons's carvings, or the sunk garden in the second court. Took's Court may not now attract you, its former beauties having disappeared; but you may remember with sympathy that Sheridan lived there in the direst poverty during the last years of his life. His friends paid for his funeral in Westminster Abbey, probably the only case on record of such a thing having been done.

On the north side of Holborn is Gray's Inn. Here you must think of fashionable London of Stuart times. If you know your Pepys—and you *should*, if you love this London of yours—you will recall how he was very well pleased with the sight of 'a fine Lady' he often saw in Gray's Inn Walks, or how 'when church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn to observe fashions of the Ladies because of my wife's making some Cloathes.'

The Hall is exquisite. Elizabeth attended a banquet there. It was the scene of the first performance of the *Comedy of Errors*. Admire, if you will, the beautiful mullioned windows, and the hammer-beam roof of the north bay. You need not forget, either, that Bacon once lived in Coney Court (No. 1); or that old Jacob Tonson, the famous bookseller and secretary of the Kit-Cat Club of 1700, began business near Gray's Inn Gate. He was the first publisher to issue cheap editions of Shakespeare. He also published for Addison and Pope.

Turn into Ely Place, once a sanctuary for all rascals. Even now the residents (caretakers chiefly) boast they undertake to protect their own domain independently of the police. Go along the tiny passage into Hatton Garden after having looked at St. Ethelreda's Chapel, of thirteenth century origin, where John of Gaunt took

refuge for so long. Stand still for a moment in the cloister, close your eyes, and try to visualize the portly figure of Bluff King Hal meeting Archbishop Cranmer for the first time.

Let me suggest Lincoln's Inn for your next ramble. Note the charm of the old groining in the vault of the gateway, and the Inigo Jones houses (Nos. 59 and 60).

The theatre has gone; it stood behind the present Royal College of Surgeons. So that you cannot picture Pepys meeting Nell Gwynn, nor imagine him watching his first *Hamlet* any more than you can visualize the first performance of the *Beggar's Opera*, when Lavinia Fenton played Polly Peachum; but if you are there at nine o'clock of an evening you will still hear a curfew rung.

The Record Office has much to show you in its little museum. It is worth a visit, if only to see the historic Domesday Books. If you should cross over into Fetter Lane, go into Nevill's Court and see the little cottage gardens in front of some late Stuart and early Georgian houses; also the Moravian Chapel, used by the Moravian Brethren since early Georgian days.

Then Clifford's Inn, the oldest of the Inns of Chancery, where the Great Fire stopped on its westward course. In its hall sat Sir Mathew Hale and other judges to settle property disputes arising from the destruction. Samuel Butler lived at No. 15 for nearly forty years.

The Charterhouse and the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great are obviously the next things to see if you are travelling towards the heart of the City, but do not forget St. John's Gate, dating from 1504; it is one of the most picturesque relics of the early Tudor period in London.

If inclined for a ramble in Chelsea, you may walk streets traversed by London's famous men before you. You cannot see Sir Thomas More's mansion—though there may be pieces of it incorporated in the foundations and basements of the houses at the corner of Oakley Street

and Cheyne Walk—but Crosby Hall is there. Since Sir John Crosby built it, the house (when in Bishopsgate) has belonged successively to Richard III (while Duke of Gloucester), Sir Thomas More, and the Countess of Pembroke.

Chelsea has, in its time, housed Sir Robert Walpole, Dean Swift, Dr. Burney, and Nell Gwynn. In later times Meredith, Turner, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Whistler, and Leigh Hunt, with occasional visitors such as Johnson, Reynolds, and Oliver Goldsmith. In Chelsea Old Church—quite worth visiting—Henry VIII and Jane Seymour were secretly married.

When you chance to be in the City, and have an hour to spare between eleven and three, you can hardly spend it better than by visiting some of Wren's churches. St. Martin's, Ludgate, with its almost black furniture and clever suggestion of cruciformity; or, going behind the cathedral, St. Faith's, Watling Street, the smallest of them all; St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with its groined ceilings; St. Stephen, Walbrook, with its slender pillars supporting a handsome dome; St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Vedast Foster, St. Lawrence, Jewry; St. Michael and St. Peter, Cornhill; St. Magnus-the-Martyr, London Bridge, where conversion to Anglo-Catholicism adds a further interest. Or, if you want Wren's Gothic, St. Mary Aldermary, St. Dunstan-in-the-East, St. Albans, Wood Street.

All these tell you of days when church-going was the habit of Londoners, of days when it really did matter what form of the Christian faith you professed. They are, one and all, the product of the mind of a refined Stuart gentleman who served five monarchs, and who climbed all over Westminster Abbey at the age of eighty-four, and to the top of St. Michael's tower a few days before his ninetieth birthday.

These, together with such obvious sights as the Abbey, St. Paul's, the Guildhall, and the Monument, are all—or nearly all—we have left of old London. We never tire of them, for, as Johnson once said: 'When a man is tired

of London he is tired of life ; for there is in London all that life can afford. But, Sir,' he added, 'if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts.'

Still, for all that, Post-War London has much to offer that need not be despised because it is modern. It is not uninteresting to note the various stages through which architecture (as exemplified in large buildings) has gone in recent years. You look at the National Gallery, for example, and note its classic features. You would label it Neo-classic, not even Renaissance. Then you look at St. Martin-in-the-Field's, built by Gibbs, the pupil of Wren, and you decide at once that Gibbs carried out his master's ideas of Renaissance design, and feel you are looking at something evolved from the original classic style. The fact that the National Gallery is a hundred years younger than St. Martin's does not enter into your thoughts; the period of style rather than the age of the actual building is what matters.

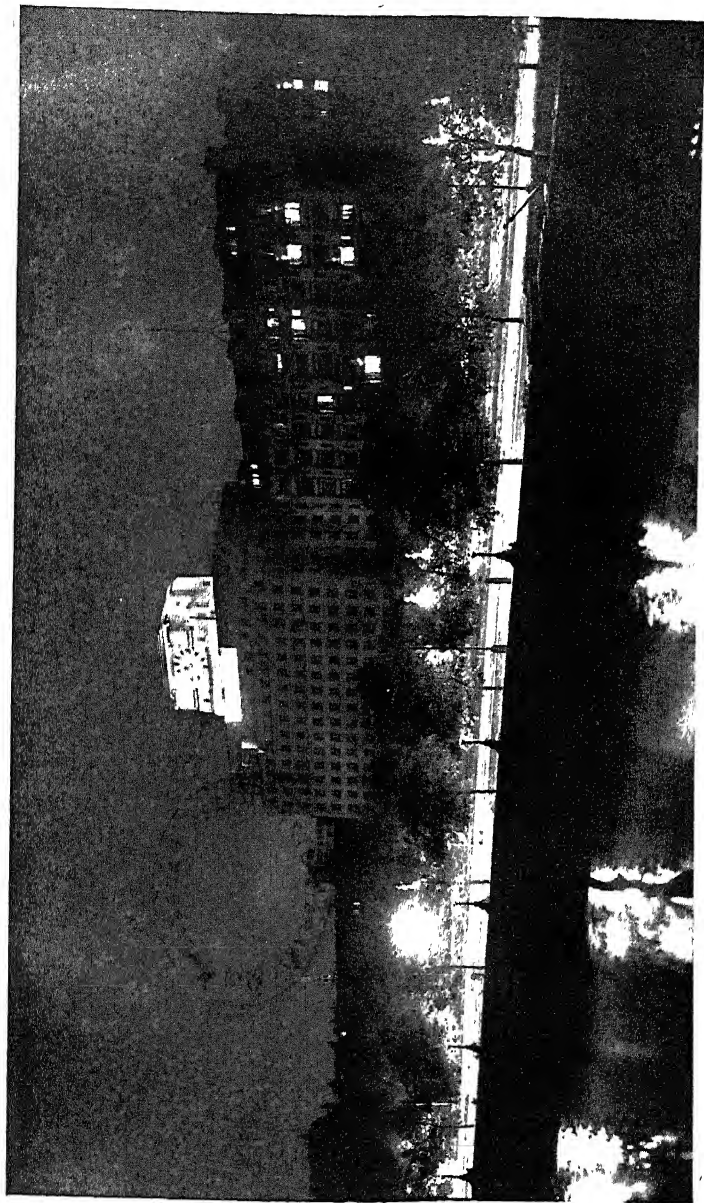
If you walk up Regent Street and look at the general style there, or go as far as Selfridge's, you will find there has been a tendency to convert actual pillars into pilasters by 'engaging' them with the walls. Yet there is a distinct suggestion of Corinthian and other classic styles. Here and there you will notice how the fluting has been filled up and that the effect seems to point to something rather new. You may also notice the tendency to drop classic *pediments*—those large triangular pieces above the cornices which, by the way, are not dropped, but are less imposing. Much of what you see was actually fashioned after the war, but the thought behind it is not Post-War at all.

Go down Park Lane and look at the old bowed houses you knew in Victoria's days. Compare them with the new blocks of flats and you will see a great change. Whether you will be inclined to call it a *development*

depends on your feeling for such styles. If you want to draw sharper comparisons still, go down the Strand to St. Clement Danes, which is a mixture of Wren and Gibbs (Gibbs did the tower). Look at the Law Courts in order to see a type of Gothic peculiar to that building—there is nothing that I know which is quite like it—and then turn on your heel and look at Australia House. Try it again, further down Fleet Street. Look up Fetter Lane at the Record Office for a moment, and then hurry on towards the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. You may detect little in common between the two, but if you glance quickly at what you can see of St. Paul's from that point you may realize that Wren's influence has not yet quite disappeared, however much you may think he would have disapproved of the newspaper building. Then, if you can bare your eyes on what the *Daily Express* has done for its new home, you may find some suitable name for its style. If so, you will have done more than I have ever been able to do.

So long as there is no attempt to look to America for new styles, you need not regard these innovations with misgivings. What suits New York does not suit New London. So that you can afford to admire Shell Mex House for some of its proportionate conception, especially when you stand on Waterloo after dusk and see it flood-lighted. The system of flood-lighting is ineffective where Renaissance buildings are concerned because this style of architecture will not stand being lighted from below. It is not convenient to have the cornices in full light because they were constructed to take the *sun's* light, which brings the shadows *downwards*. To flood-light a building like Shell Mex House, or even the Abbey Road Building Society's new offices (by Baker Street Station), is artistic because of the absence of cornices. Such buildings admit a minimum of shadow in the sunlight and nothing much happens when the light comes from an unusual direction.

What an odd mixture it all is, and how we take care of some of it, but negatively adorn other parts with electric



SHELL MEN BY FLOODLIGHT

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE THAMES AT 10.5 P.M. ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY, 1933. THE LIGHTED WINDOWS ARE IN THE SAVOY HOTEL. NOTE ST. MARTIN'S ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE

signs that blink out advertisements of things we eat, drink, wear, and smoke! I personally enjoy the sense of space in Trafalgar Square. I like to run my eye the whole length of the National Gallery or to admire the grace of the Admiralty Arch, but become humiliated when I turn round and read a sentence in coloured light which tells me I should eat somebody's bile beans at bedtime in order to keep fit.

Post-War London is largely mechanical. I went into a tube station the other day and wondered how I should get quickest to my destination. Before me was a series of circular tables arranged alphabetically which, when consulted by a system of dialling, not only told me where I should change trains, but showed the fare I was expected to pay. Having nothing less than a shilling, I entrusted the coin to the care of another machine which guaranteed to give me the required change. Having collected a sixpence and six pennies, I plunged three of the latter into a third machine which expelled a ticket. I then descended a very new-looking type of escalator, obeyed the directions of the first machine, and survived to tell the tale.

A review of Post-War London would hardly be complete without some sort of survey of Broadcasting House, which is not only a present-day building but a home of a great development for the future. It so happens that I am writing these very words on its first birthday, and perhaps it may not be out of place for me to say something about it here, if only because it will one day be the centre of the greatest modern development of the age—television.

In 1926, finding the offices in Savoy Hill totally inadequate for the purposes of broadcasting, the B.B.C. decided to look for other premises. The idea at first was to convert rather than to construct. Old Dorchester House was under consideration for a time, and several other commodious buildings of the kind, but at last it was decided to take over on a long lease (with the ultimate option of purchase) a site at the corner of Langham Street and Portland Place.

The great difficulty facing the architect was that of constructing the building in such a manner that the twenty-two studios required should each be insulated from external sounds, whether from the street or the rest of the building. The shape of the house, something like a flat-iron, arose from respect to ancient lights, but the height was not restricted except in the sense that *all* buildings are restricted by the London Building Act. The plainness of the style conformed with the Adam and Regency buildings in the immediate vicinity.

As the requirements of the staff necessitated offices lighted by ordinary daylight, it was decided to arrange these in the form of an outer shell built round an inner core or tower, which latter was to contain the studios. This arrangement automatically solved the problem of unwanted sounds issuing from the street because, between the offices and the studios, a corridor surrounded the tower.

The question of internal insulation was solved by avoiding all vertical steel stanchions (so commonly employed in modern building); the tower being fashioned entirely of brick, with an outer wall of unusual thickness.

The entrance hall has much to recommend it—the stone in particular. It is an English limestone, made up of tiny fossil shells, and had a look of granite about it which, to my mind, is exceedingly attractive.

Directly above the hall is the council chamber, panelled through with a light brown Tasmanian oak. Behind the entrance hall is the ground floor of central tower.

The concert hall is, architecturally speaking, the most important feature of the building. Thirty-one feet in height, it occupies the space of three floors, and is as wide and long as the site permits. This hall was never intended to accommodate the full orchestra of 114 players (the old 'barn studio' near Waterloo Bridge has been retained for that purpose), but eighty instrumentalists

are able to play before an audience of five hundred. The volume of 125,000 cubic feet would be totally inadequate for so many people, but for the admirable ventilation system.

There are twenty-two studios of varying dimensions and with still more varying acoustical properties. Two examples will make this clear. Studio 3 C, used for talks, is fifteen feet long, eleven feet wide, nine in height, with a cubic capacity of fifteen hundred feet only. This studio is what is known acoustically as *dead*; in other words, there is no reverberation period at all. The vaudeville studio measures $44 \times 36 \times 19$ feet and boasts a volume of thirty thousand cubic feet, with a reverberation period of very slightly over a second. The effect on any one entering this studio after having been enclosed in the other (which had literally no echo) is very marked. A little of a dead studio goes a very long way.

The real nerve-centre of Broadcasting House is the control-room, situated on the eighth floor. Functionally it is divided into two halves. Eight control desks are provided for use in rehearsals and six for the actual transmissions; there are also adequate stand-by equipments in case of default.

The system of ventilation is a feature of the B.B.C.'s new home. The studios—remember they are entirely surrounded by the offices and so built that no sound from outside reaches them—are provided with artificial light and ventilation. It is a region of 'conditioned' air. The system (roughly described) provides for raw air to be drawn down through intake panels placed well above Langham Street. This is effected by suction fans serving plants in the sub-basement. The air thus inducted passes through water sprays which wash out dust and soot, the humidity and temperature of the air supplied to the studios being automatically maintained at a reasonable level by means of thermostats which correct any variation caused by the entry or exit of people. For summer use a refrigerator, capable of freezing two hundred

tons of water a day, is used to keep the air in the studios pleasantly cool.

A few minutes in Broadcasting House is enough to remind an historically minded person that he is indeed in Post-War London. The style of mural decoration and sculpture alone is sufficient to impress the receptive mind with a sense of what is to come, rather than of what is past. Yet it forms part of London's great story of to-day.

Perhaps you may rejoice that your London is not entirely made up of such places as Broadcasting House as you leave it to find yourself in the street of Regency days. You like to enjoy the wonders modern science has put in your path, but also to think of days when the Royal Society was first founded, when Wren, Evelyn, Pepys, Dean Sancroft, and King Charles the Second listened to the scientific discussions on what must have been wonders to them.

You think of London's great commerce in these Post-War days, but also of how that commerce began—of the Mercers, who controlled the markets of the thirteenth century and who rose from being mere pedlars to dealing in linens, buckrams, fustians, silks, wools, and even drugs, and who benefited from the guidance of such as our English Dick Whittington; or of the Grocers, who traded in a wholesale fashion (*en gros*—hence the name) and who sold their spices, ointments, confections, in the days of Nicolas Chaucer and John Churchman; of the Drapers, who were not *sellers* but *makers* of woollen 'cloathes,' and who were so proud of that fact that one of their number (Henry Fitz Ailwyn) was the first Lord Mayor of London; of the Fishmongers, whose Guild was in existence before the days of Henry Plantagenet; of the Goldsmiths whose *Gilda Aurifrabrorum* belongs to Norman days; of the Skinners, the fur merchants of early times; of the Merchant Taylors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, the Clothworkers. And yet of those who could not lay claim to a place amongst the twelve great companies

—the Bakers, the Barber-Surgeons, the Coachmakers, the Chandlers, the Weavers, the Cutlers, the Spectacle-makers.

It is two thousand years since Julius Caesar first made himself known to the dwellers in Londinium and introduced Roman manners and customs into British society ; it is one thousand years since Londoners forgot all the Latin they ever knew and spoke pure Anglo-Saxon ; it is five hundred years since Londoners first heard of the burning of Joan of Arc ; four hundred since they witnessed the death of More, Fisher, and the Monks of the Charterhouse ; three hundred since Archbishop Laud became the spiritual head of the Protestant Church ; two hundred since Walpole began to lead the famous Whig ministry ; a century only since the abolition of slavery.

Through these two thousand years London has grown from the humble little river-side hamlet to be the metropolis of the western world. Her story is a story of blood and crime, of strain against oppression, of internal strifes, of religious persecutions—a great and glorious pageant of the struggle of her sons to make her the home of an Empire, the soul of this England of ours.

The development of London, the place and its people, is so coherent a story that it is possible to sum it up in a reasonable and consequent fashion. There is, admittedly, a period of silence between the death of Boadicea in 62 and the time when you can pick up the story again at the end of the third century ; but two hundred and fifty years out of two thousand need not be greatly missed because, otherwise, the whole story pieces itself together admirably.

It is pleasant to speculate a little and wonder why London ever came into being at all, and why the little hamlet of three hundred acres began *when* it did and *where* it did. Those early Britons must have thought it worth while to build their funny little village between two graceful hills, conveniently near the Fleet and the

Walbrook, which could supply them with fresh water, where they were above serious tidal changes in the great Thames, by which they had originally come, and in which they found fish for their tables.

There must have been something peculiarly attractive about the position, despite the marshes around Westminster. You can imagine the primitive mother warning her children of the dangers of the waterside, advising them to play at low tide on the sands farther in. So that when you cross St. James's Park to admire the well-shaven lawns and the array of cultivated blooms, you can think of those fair-headed kiddies building their castles on the warm sands in days before Father Thames submitted to the restrictions of an embankment.

The coming of the Romans was an intrusion. The natives thought so at all events. You may be inclined to say (in effect) to the Londoners of those times: 'Yes; you may have resented Roman rule, but you must admit you learned something from the Romans. You must not forget they had attained a culture—through association with an older part of the world—entirely denied you who were, as yet, undeveloped. After all, they built you decent roads, lighthouses, and waterworks; they showed you how to dress and told you more than you ever dreamed of about architecture. Caesar may have exacted tribute—it was a way Caesars had—but you must admit you received good value for your money.'

You can imagine a Londoner of the first century replying with some heat. He would suggest that you, in 1933, have never known the indignity of a foreign yoke, that he was as British, and as little inclined to be ruled as you are; that you have reasonable courts of justice, and if the laws are not to your liking you can at least set about getting them altered.

The position of the Londoner of 33 and the Londoner of 1933 represents the extremities of social condition; between those extremes have existed every conceivable mean. So that you must be careful when you essay to talk in a fatherly fashion to the Londoner of the year

33, even with your nineteen hundred years of experience. If you read keenly, and with a love of history, you may sigh with relief when the last of the Roman legionaries was recalled in 407, but you must not forget that London was left without guidance or help, prey to its nearest enemy. It is not easy to draw an exact parallel in these times, but if you imagine that to-morrow you will wake up to find no King, no Parliament, no law-giving, no administration, in what sort of state will you be at the end of the month?

In the dark years following the exodus of the Romans, of which there is not one word written in history, you can imagine the natives gradually shaking off Roman influences, even if they still continued to make use of Roman inventions. Many had Roman blood in their veins, but there was precious little in their speech to betray the fact.

Saxon London of the seventh century has a claim to interest because of the first serious attempt to build its great cathedral. You can picture Bishop Mellitus poring over plans made for (perhaps by) King Æthelberht, who seems to have held the welfare of the Church so near to his heart. That was in days when what you call the East End was open pasture-land for sheep and cattle.

It was the same in English London of Edward the Confessor and Danish London of Canute the Great, and remained so until the Normans came with fresh ideas and methods. By that time the first St. Paul's had crumbled in a heap after the great fire of 1087, and the second Westminster Abbey had long since been consecrated.

Consider, if you will, the days of early Plantagenet London, when your citizen lived an outdoor life on a farm at Hackney or Islington, when St. John's Wood was in the wilds of the country; of the solemnity of the procession at Queen Eleanor's funeral when London wept because its King was broken-hearted at the loss of a Queen he really loved; of the days of strife and bloodshed when one-half of the flower of England cut down

the other half in the bitter Wars of the Roses ; of the coming of the great Tudor dynasty when Bluff King Hal could hunt from St. James's to the north side of Hampstead Heath without inconvenience to any one ; of the London of William Shakespeare, Wren, Pepys, and Evelyn, with its noted taverns and its hundred-and-one churches—the London to be burnt to a cinder and built again without thought for the future, when the chance of a modern Ephesus was missed.

You may recognize in the London of Handel's day something of the form of your own London, but you may forget when you drive to the opera in your car, with its automatic gears and silent engine, that your carriage of Georgian days would probably have been held up by footpads in Piccadilly. In these days of democracy you may indeed smile at the autocrats of Victoria's reign, when your grandfather kept his servants cooped up in basement kitchens (regardless of the effect on their health), and went to church of a Sunday morning less as an act of worship than because it happened to be the fashion. Those were the days of pseudo-respectable London, when nothing mattered so much as your neighbour's opinion. Thus you drift through the little period of Edward the Peacemaker when you laughed at the idea of a Territorial Force and slept soundly in your bed, whilst a war of invasion of London was being planned across the water.

When you read a report of a debate in the House you might sometimes think of Canute the Dane, and of the speeches he made in the Witan of Westminster ; of the twentieth day of January 1265, when Simon de Montfort harangued the members for five hours and established the principle of a true parliamentary system ; or of Richard II who screamed in childish rage when his Parliament told him he was spending too much money ; or of Charles I who sent his members about their business and ruled for years without their help or hindrance ; or of Oliver Cromwell who scorned a fool's bauble and claimed Divine authority for his every word. There he stands—

a fine statue, too—near Westminster Hall where, for twenty-five years, his head rotted on a pike in the sun and the rain.

A few yards farther away there is a magnificent statue—one of the finest in London—of King Richard the Lion-hearted, and you are reminded of a King who was an exception in that he had no love for London, who boasted that he would have sold it if he could. Yet his Crusades remind you of all that religion has gone through. It must be sixteen hundred years since the Church was established in London—longer if you believe the tradition of St. Peter's, Cornhill—and the thought brings before you all the martyrs London has known: King Charles, Lady Jane Grey, Archbishop Laud, Archbishop Cranmer amongst them.

On the very day I write these words I have been reading accounts of His Majesty's Courts, and I find myself thinking of all that has happened since the days when Canute first held the throne of England; of the Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian, Yorkist, Tudor, and early Stuart days, when the King's word was the final word on most matters; of the eleven years when there was no King; of the return of the Stuarts and the gradual building-up of our great constitutional monarchy to this day when the Throne of England is safer than ever it has been.

The Throne is the symbol of the whole order of things in England—military, naval, social, commercial, religious; it is the ensign of our life as a nation; it is the emblem of culture—*Sapientia*, the seat of Wisdom and Knowledge—because Art, Science, Commerce, and Religion regard it as their patron. Again, you are reminded of how the Throne has been fought for, of the blood that has been shed because of it—of the famous monarchs who have honoured it—Edward I, Henry III, Elizabeth, Anne, William IV, Victoria, Edward VII, and our own George V; of those who misused the power it gave them—William II, John, Edward II, Mary I, even James I; and, again, of those who were dismissed from their right to it—

Edward II, Richard II, Henry VI, and James II; finally, of two whose lives were taken—Edward V and Charles I.

Whichever way you think of London and its people, you find a coherent story of gradual development. A thousand years ago London was under the sway of feudalism at its worst; it is seven hundred since the great struggle for the charters came to an end; four hundred since the close of the despotism of the early Tudors. Three centuries ago it was still King *against*, not *with* Parliament; two since the beginnings of the New Monarchy. The Crown became really secure under William III and Mary II, which in itself marks a great development, obvious when we think of how their predecessor (James II) slunk out of the back door of old Whitehall Palace to leave a Kingdom he failed to rule. And we do well to remember that the Throne of our great Empire is *in London*.

It is not altogether idle to speculate as to the future of London. If you walk down Regent Street from Oxford Circus and allow your eye to travel the extent of the skyline you will conclude that London will never be a city of sky-scrapers. The London Building Act definitely forbids anything approaching the giddy heights attained in New York but, were it otherwise, such procedure would stand self-condemned. Yet you will be quick to declare that every building *not* up to the required height is just as inartistic as though it were too high. A glance along Conduit Street, for instance, tells you that everything that does not rise to the Regent Street height must surely come down as soon as the leases expire.

Conformity, where it can be attained without the demolition of something too valuable in itself to be destroyed, is highly desirable. Think of Park Lane once more. You once enjoyed it because of those bowed houses. As you passed down, you compared the paint on No. 1 with that on No. 2 and No. 3. Now that the new blocks of flats have appeared—even if you are inclined to regret their intrusion—you feel you will be

glad when *all* those houses are down and you have your new Park Lane complete.

St. John's Wood, from Lord's to Swiss Cottage, is another section likely to develop a new style of its own. The old Eyre Arms has disappeared within the last few years; other landmarks of the days of William IV are gradually disappearing also. In their place will rise a district in the new style.

This is likely to occur in most districts lying to the north and west of Oxford Circus—others, too, probably; these, however, are good examples. Such parts of London will undoubtedly develop in a modern fashion and exhibit a certain conformity of design, but Regent Street is a good example of the restrictions that must ever be imposed over most of the 'West One' districts.

Within the City, architectural inconsistency has been a feature ever since the Fire. You have only to think of what Wren *wanted* to build and compare it with what others were *allowed* to build to realize that unless we have another fire, and of far greater magnitude, we must go without a proportionate London. Chancery Lane will always remain narrow because it is obviously as impossible to move the Record Office, on one side, as it is inadvisable to take down the gateway to Lincoln's Inn on the other.

It is manifestly unthinkable to plan London afresh now. So that your great-grandchildren will have to make do with the present spacing of the streets in the City. Demolition is going on almost everywhere, but not one inch of ground can be taken or given for any purpose, however worthy or ideal. Where irregularity of height exists it can gradually be remedied; where irregularity of width in the streets exists it must remain. So that the London of to-morrow will be as disproportionate as the London of to-day, which is also the London of yesterday.

If you resent the new style and the immaculate whiteness of the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* in Fleet Street, because they clash with the grime of Wren's Middle Temple

Gateway, you may at least take comfort in the knowledge that the fog and the rain soon mellow Portland stone, and that each year renders a new building a shade darker.

In these days of rapid construction the future soon becomes the present and then the past. If you watched Broadcasting House rise from its foundations to its transmitter you must have been thinking of the future. Now that it has been there a whole year you have almost forgotten the 'old Savoy Hill days.'

That is the secret of London's charm. It is a symphony of Old World and New World movements. So that if you fall to admiring the majesty of the latest luxury liner a-steaming into its dock, you must not look down upon the old-time barge, which is just as river-worthy if not actually sea-worthy. If you delight in the expensive limousine you need not despise the old horse-dray, for both are equal in the sight of the law of the road. It is always a combination of ancient and modern.

That is what has made this London of yours and, as far as the eye can see, will always make it. The day may come when you agree to forsake your open fire grate (and the use of soft coal) in the interests of preventing fog; when you will vote to enact laws against hoardings and electric signs in the cause of artistry; when you will approve the abolition of slums in those of health and hygiene; or when you will help to find something to drive your car without expelling a poison gas from its exhaust-pipe—but you will never see your London anything but odd and quaint in its inconsistencies, even though it eventually stretch from Reigate to Rickmansworth. *Nor will you want to!*

Such, then, is a mere fraction of London's story—of the Londinium of Caesar's days. Emerson was right when he said that London was 'the epitome of our times and the Rome of to-day.' 'London,' said Disraeli, 'is a roost for every bird.' Said Dunbar: 'Blith be thi chirches, wele sowndyng be thi bellis.'

Leigh Hunt remarked that 'in some parts of London we may go through the whole English history, perhaps

the history of man.' 'Yet London lacks not poetry,' said Maxwell Gray. 'She has her voices, whose deep tones, and human laughter and human bones, and all her beauty, all her glory, spring from (or blend with) man's strange story.'

So that it does not greatly signify where you find yourself in your travels through London—whether you pass Marble Arch and think of the bad old days of Tyburn Tree; whether you glance up at Eros, whose arrow may have sped into your heart to make of you a true London lover; whether you pause to regard the pigeons that drop down at your feet to solicit the bestowal of a crumb on the steps of St. Paul's, or whether you merely seek solitude in the seclusion of a quiet court—you *are surrounded by memories of the past*, by all that happened in those dark times when the conduits ran with wine one day, the gutters with blood the next.

London is yours—yours and mine. She expects so little, yet gives so much. Her heart is generous. She has beauty and dignity, peace and tranquillity, to set off against the thunder of her traffic, her dirt, her grime. You may seek her in Springtime when her parks are ablaze with daffodils; you may tread her burning pavements at noon in high Summer; you may watch the last of her leaves seared in the blast of an Autumn storm; or you may seek her in the light of a hundred thousand lamps while she hides her proud head in the gloom of Winter fog. *She is London*, whichever way it is—England's Old Sweetheart, loved by her sons for two thousand years.



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